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The Personal Story of A GIRL of the WHITE NORTH and A MAN from the GREAT BEYOND



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Women are telling each other more than formerly

### ...the dangers of poisonous antiseptics are no longer concealed through silence

THERE are times in the life of every woman when silence is a crime.

Suppose you know that a friend—another woman—is a user of poisonous carbolic acid compounds for hygienic purposes. Suppose the evidence stands on the bathroom shelf, evidence in the shape of a bottle with the deadly skull-and-crossbones as required by law. Is it not the duty of one woman to another to speak out and speak the truth about poisonous antiseptics?

And this truth is something any physician or trained nurse can verify from personal knowledge. It is something any woman can vouch for after a certain length of experience with such compounds, either bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid sold under various trade names.

### Zonite is not dangerous to women

Not that women should abandon their efforts to maintain a strict regimen of personal hygiene. Such an ideal of surgical cleanliness is most praiseworthy. But it is no longer necessary to risk the use of poisons for this purpose. A new germicideantiseptic has been perfected which removes all danger.

The name of this antiseptic is Zonite. Its germicidal strength is remarkable and yet its use brings no danger of hardening the delicate membranes or producing areas of scar-tissue.

### Neither is Zonite a danger to little children

Another reason for using Zonite is the presence of little children in the house. How common are the tragedies brought about by the mistaken use of a bottle of poison—perhaps by a child too young to know the meaning of the death's head on the bottle; in

other cases by man or woman groping among the bottles in the dark.

Zonite, on the contrary, has the clean wholesomeness of an ocean breeze. There is nothing sinister about it. Just think of a powerful germicide so safe that it can be held in the mouth! Yet actually far more effective than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed to touch the body. No wonder women have welcomed it as a godsend.

### 2 important statements

Zonite
is not a
poison
Zonite
does kill
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### Frank booklet—free

Send today for our newest booklet on feminine hygiene. Read it yourself and pass it on to others in your circle. It deals frankly, concisely and scientifically with this subject, so important to women of all ages. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Use Zonite Ointment for chapped hands, cracked lips, cold sores and windburn. Also as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form.

**Z**onite

In bottles: 25c, 50c and \$1 Full directions in every package

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### The BEST True-Life Stories

Sinners? . . . . . So Long Ago 58 I Tried to Do the Right Thing A Mother's Battle for Her Son's Happiness Must a Girl Use Her Sex in Business? 26 Can a Woman Love More Than Once? 65 By a Business Girl Who Says, "Yes" I Have Had Four Husbands, So-The Prize My Beauty Won Flappers Make Me Afraid to Marry 68 I Had to Choose Between Love, and-Why I am a Bachelor When Is Naughty? I Didn't Mean What He Thought 70 I Was a "Nice" Girl, But in These Days-How I Paid My Gambling Debt My Mysterious Husband . . . What Happened Because I Loved Speed . 74

### The BEST True-Life Features

Speak No Evil . Breaking the 10th Commandment 52 O. O. McIntyre's Best True Story This Month By Eric Maschwitz This Girl Tried to Get Away With It 38 Friendships With Married Men . 78 By Elsie Robinson By Martha Madison For Being Nice to the Guests. This Funny World 80 By an Assistant Night Club Hostess By Aleck Smart Cover Design Painted by Henry Clive Screen & Stage Pictorial 29-32: 61-64

Assistance in the production of photographic settings was extended through the courtesy of the following companies: Producer's Distributing Corporation, page 46; First National, Gertrude Short and Holbrook Blinn in "The Masked Woman", on pages 44 and 45, also pages 47, 76 and the picture of Anna Q. Nilsson and Huntley Gordon on page 79; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Gwen Lee on page 65, Claire Windsor and Walter Haines in "A Little Journey", page 66 and Ronald Coleman and Lillian Gish in "The White Sister" on page 67.

### Next Month



Girls! Beware of
Second-Hand Husbands
by MADAME ELINOR GLYN

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The World's Greatest Authority on the Greatest
Thing in the World—LOVE

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General Auditor
Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.
Detroit, Mich.



Plant of Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co., Detroit, Mich.



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"In m pleased to advise you that Mr. Hyde has had several promotions, until today he holds the position of Manager of our Auditing Department and has under him several Auditors, together with the entire Bookkeeping Department of our business." In reward for his faithful serve.

our business.

"In reward for his faithful service we made him a stockholder in our company on January 1st of this year. His work is most satisfactory, and I only learned today that he acquired the basic principles of his auditorship thru the course he took with your University. If every student becomes as proficient as he in his work, then you are making it possible for many men to hold much better positions."

(Signed)

FRED WARDELL, President Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.

### And-as General Auditor of the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.—he is still climbing!

OULSON B. HYDE, molder in a local foundry, was discontented. He checked the words "Higher Accountancy" on a LaSalle coupon, signed his name, and mailed it in.

It brought him a free book, but a book worth many times its weight in gold—for in it he found the opportunity that started him toward bigger things.

Today he is General Auditor of the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company; and in his letter of May 12, 1925, he writes, "My compensation for the past year was \$9,000, and I fully expect to double that the coming year."

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"Three years later I resigned the position as cashier to go into public accounting with a local accounting concern. This led to my connection with the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company.

"When I started with this company, in 1919, we had only four branch offices and did not even manufacture our own product. Today, in a little less than six years, we have twenty branch offices and about 600 factory employees. This does not include our sales and service staff at our various branches.

"I started with this company at \$150 a month, and have never asked for a raise in salary. That comes thru service. Naturally you can see why I am such a booster for LaSalle and take great pleasure in recommending it to anyone who is interested in doubling or trebling his salary. It can be done.'

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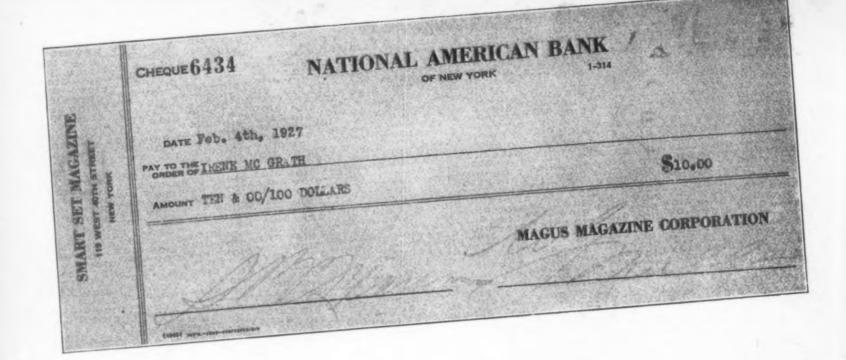
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SET reader who will receive the prizes: above check or one of the other 17 prizes.

In practically every home there is a favorite recipe for some toothsome dish. It may be some kind of soup or meat, a dessert or candy. You may know a special way to prepare a plain, everyday dish that makes it exceptionally good. It might even be some old-fashioned recipe your mother or even your grandmother used. Whatever it is, send it to us. For the

OU may easily be the lucky SMART best 18 recipes we will give the following

First Prize \$10.00 Second Prize..... 5.00 Third Prize...... 3.00 And \$1.00 will be given for the next 15 best recipes.

The Good Housekeeping Magazine cookery experts will act as judges in the selection of the best recipes, with the editor of SMART SET as the final authority. This contest is open to men as well as women.

You have just as much chance of winning as anyone. Just fill out the coupon and mail it with your favorite recipe to Ruth Gardner, c/o SMART SET.

You may easily win—be sure to send your recipe today for the contest closes April 15th.

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Name ..... (Miss, Mrs. or Mr.)

Town and State....

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Founder of the Merke Institute, 5th Avenue, New York

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the third week a new
growth of hair could be
seen all over my head."

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SAVE yourself from baldness! Stop could they ever possibly grow new hair? falling hair! Grasp this "no risk" offer to grow new, healthy hair in 30

### Here's My Contract!

If your hair is rapidly falling outif your appearance is spoiled by approaching baldness—if you have tried countless expensive hair treatments un-successfully—it makes no difference. My contract stands! I'll grow new hair in thirty days - or the trial costs you NOTHING!

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after day experience in treating thousands of cases of loss of hair at the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. have taught me many valuable facts about the hair and this, the most amazing of all-that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely dormant-asleep!

You're wasting your time you're throwing away money-when you try to reach these dormant roots with ordinary hair tonics, oils, massages and salves. For such measures treat only the surface skin and never even get to the roots, the real source of trouble. How

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It's no use trying to make a tree grow by rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. You must get to the roots!

And that's just why my scientific treatment is so tremendously beneficial! It penetrates below the surface of the scalp. It quickly reaches the cause of the trouble—the dormant, starving hair roots. It awakens them. Hair begins to sprout again. It takes on new life and color. It becomes stronger and thicker. And in a surprisingly short time—sooner than you ever imagined

COSTS OF THE TREAT-MENT MYSELF!

And best of all, my system is so simple that it can be used in any home where there is electricity without the slightest discomfortand for just a few cents a

#### New Hair or No Cost!

Thousands claim seeming miracles for my treatment. I don't. I admit some cases of loss of hair are hopeless, Only remember this-these cases are so very rare and so many hundreds of others have regained luxuriant hair through my method, that I am willing to let you try it for 30 days
—AT MY RISK!

Then if you are not absolutely delighted-say so. And I'll mail you a check immediately-refunding every cent of your money—and the treatment will have cost you NOTHING!

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The very fact that you have read this announcement shows that you are anxious about the condition of your hair. So why not investigate? Find out for yourself. If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon I will gladly send you without cost or obligation a wonderfully interesting booklet, which describes in detail my successful system, which is growing new hair for thousands all over the country. In addition it tells all about my iron-clad guarantee which enables

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Please send me without cost or obligation a copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

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A New Novel of Today by EDWIN BALMER

Who wrote "THAT ROYLE GIRL"

With the COOLIDGES in the WHITE HOUSE

by Elizabeth Jaffray

for 17 Years Housekeeper of the Executive Mansion

REX BEACH'S New Novel

of dangerous love . . . . THE MATING CALL

BUT GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES

A message of cheer from Lorelei Lee, dictated to Anita Loos

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# In This Way You Always Get Full Value

Have you ever noticed that merchants display most prominently those products with which you are most familiar? You'll find them well out front in almost any store—the same neat boxes, packages and bottles with their well-known names and trade marks.

Knowing that you are familiar with these brands, store keepers find them easier to sell. They know you will be satisfied, that you will receive full value for your money. And the prestige and integrity of a responsible manufacturer stands back of these standardized products.

No

The merits of all such merchandise have been repeatedly brought to your attention—to the attention of millions of others through advertising in SMART SET and other magazines.

On your next shopping trip, look for the products advertised in SMART SET. You'll find them prominently displayed. Merchants know that you will be pleased, that you will get full value.



The new furniture fashion—the Reed Fibre Suite... beautiful, colorful, serviceable—as bright and cheerful as a ray of sunshine in your home. Regular \$60 value—only \$39.95 at this great sale—an actual cash saving of ½.

No need to pay cash. Just \$1 with order—that's all. Use for thirty days FREE—take a year to pay. Your money back if you are not satisfied, or if you change your mind, or if you can buy for less anywhere else.

How can we make such a sensational offer, you may ask? Here is the answer! We designed this suite ourselves—cut corners on costs, without cutting quality or sacrificing beauty. Then we went to a big factory—told them that we would take so many thousands of suites if they met our price. They did. Big production on one style made it possible to make the price unusually low—Result: you get this suite below dealers' prices—yes, actually below the price in any store, anywhere!

### Your Money Back If You Can Buy for Less

This suite fits in anywhere—living room, bed room or sun parlor. Comfortable beyond your dreams of comfort. Just about the loveliest suite you have ever seen. Light in weight—yet remarkably strong and serviceable. Wind and weather have no effect on it. And as colorful as a rainbow—cushions of floral cretonne—glossy, ebony black and rich lacquer-red diamond decorations—the reed fibre finished in rich Baronial Brown—deep luxurious upholstery.

The suite is made of smooth, round, durable, handwoven reed fibre, well braced hardwood frames. All 3 pieces have semi-roll arms, apron fronts, neatly bound and braided edges. Cretonne covering is floral design of rich rose, tan, blue, grey and green against wide black stripes on a background of deep warm tan.

Settee measures 56 in. wide overall, seat 20 in. deep, back 20 in. high from seat. The thickly padded, removable cushion seat rests on a spring seat support containing 18 coil springs. Rocker and chair 28 in. wide over all. The seats 18 in. by 19 in. and backs 20 in. high from seat. Six coil springs support the well padded removable seat cushions.



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Use this Reed Fibre Suite in your home for 30 days. If you are not completely satisfied, return it and we will refund your first payment and all transportation charges.

Order No. WA 970, sale price \$39.95. Terms: \$1 with order, \$3 monthly.

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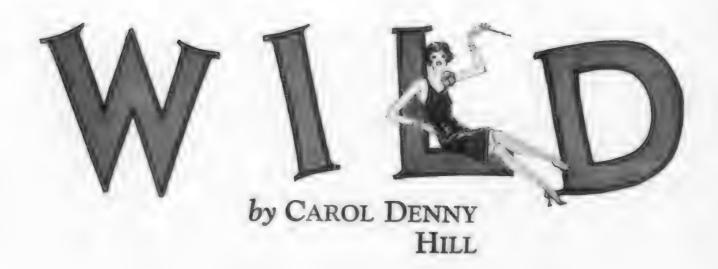
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With pictures posed by Joan Crawford.

On Sale, All Newsstands, the 17th of March

April McCLURE'S

The Magazine of Romance

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The story of a gypsy loved by a soldier, a priest, and a hunchback.

LL AT ONCE, above her lover's head, she saw a livid, convulsed face: beside this face there was a hand which held a dagger. It was the face and hand of the priest who had crept

into the room. The young girl, frozen mute by the frightful apparition, could not utter even a cry.

She saw the poniard descend, and rise dripping.

"Malédiction!" cried the captain, and fell back on the bench.

She fainted. As her eyes closed, as all consciousness left her, she thought she felt a fiery touch upon her lips, a kiss more burning than an executioner's branding-iron.

When she recovered she was surrounded by soldiers of the watch who were carrying off the captain; the priest had disappeared; the window at the back of the room, looking up the river, was wide open; they picked up the priest's cloak, which they supposed belonged to the officer, and she heard them saying:

"Tis a sorceress who has stabbed a

captain."

In Victor Hugo's famous novel, Notre Dame of Paris, the priest, Claude Frollo, archdeacon, alchemist, almost magician, had seen Esmeralda, a beautiful gypsy girl, dancing in the street and had fallen violently in love with her. Yielding to the sudden temptation he has her carried off that night, but the girl is rescued by the gay De Chateaupers, captain of the king's archers. With him she naturally falls in love; surprised in their nocturnal assignation by Frollo, the captain is poniarded by the priest and Esmeralda arrested and put to torture for his murder, although he survives the wound. She is rescued by her grateful slave Quasimodo, the hunchback bell-ringer of the cathedral, and hidden in one of the towers. Hugo's account of Quasimodo's vengeance against Frollo is one of the most thrilling in all literature. MOST TRANSLATIONS AND THE FILMS GIVE ONLY A GARBLED VERSION OF THIS WORLD-FAMOUS STORY.



have now been completely translated into English from the monumental Edition Nationale, published in Paris, and are now offered to you in absolutely unabridged and unexpurgated form at a popular price for the first time.

In these now exercited a declare to passes and sentagens. In A re-Prome the table and the base are noted. The landback were with deveton, the passes with the rate landback with deveton, the passes with the landback with the sentage and your, the remark to the rate landback with the sentage and your, the remark to the rate landback with a sentage and the landback with the rate landback with the landback with the rate landback with th

The series is table scenes of great power—the escape of Valjean, his flight through the sewers; and honey others reveal the sex genius at its heights.

In the largest the New Co. and I way 2 Deruchette, undertakes a herculean task, and, in spate of a sting, ic with a devil fish and other obstacles, succeeds—only to find his labor in vian. In the language Man a disfigured youth, lost son of a peer wholese the leastful but the I be a total in self furiously loved by a duchess—one of Hugo's most remarkable creations "a virgin Messalina," who offers herself to him. In Ninety-three you follow the strange career of a woman of Paris amid stirring scenes of the French Revolution. In Han of Iceland a young captain, in love with a chancellor's daughter, fights a great duel. In Bug Jargal a slave in love with his master's daughter leads a revolt in St. Domingo. In Last Day of a Condenned you find a startling analysis of the sensations of a name to control to death, it may of the Societi Nationally for used by French hood-layers for the

The illustrations of this edition are those prepared under the direction of the Société Nationale, formed by French booklovers for the purpose of making a set of illustrations that would be "an incomparable monument to the literary and artistic genius of France."

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We let these books speak for themselves by sending the complete set, charges paid, to you for inspection. Keep them five days and examine them closely. If they do not convince you that they should be in your library of course return them.

This edition has been printed and bound during the dull season so that we have been enabled to produce it at an astonishing low price. As this stock will no doubt soon be exhausted, it would be well to act at once. YOU NEED NOT FEEL UNDER THE SLIGHTEST OBLIGATION TO KEEP THE SET.

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and Claude Gueux 1

These 28 volumes are beautifully bound in green-blue cloth in 14 double volumes (7½ x 5 x 1½ inches). You get 7666 fascinating pages absolutely unabridged or expurgated, superbly illustrated by great French artists.

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Read about this Pleasant Way of Making Money

ISS DAISY D. WILLIAMS is a busy school teacher in a little town in Illinois. Yet for years she has been finding a few spare hours every week to devote to our easy money-making plan, thus adding very substantial sums to her teach-The attractive bungalow home shown above was paid for completely with her spare time earnings. Read what she writes about the many advantages of our pleasant, healthful plan for turning your leisure into good hard cash:

"For thirty years I have been teaching school in this little town, and I have not missed but four days in all that time.

"During my summer vacation of 1911, I was in the hospital seven weeks and they said I must walk. I had always led a very busy life and I felt I must do something while I walked, so I began to call on my friends and sell them magazine subscriptions. I have always made this town my home and I found the people glad to give me their orders.

"I have always kept a record of each order and every year I get 85 to 90' renewals of these orders. (As the commissions and bonus allowed on renewal subscriptions ire just as liberal as on new orders. Miss Williams brings out the point that, once a pare-time magazine business is estab-lished, the income therefrom is virtually permanent.)

"I find the work very interesting and easy. I have learned more about humanity than in all the years I taught school, and I have made and kept many dear friends whom I would never have known were it not for

my magazine business.

"Above is a picture of my new home—five rooms, bath and basement built with magazine money for which I am very grateful to each one who has made it possible for me to live in my own home. Here I live me to live in my own home. Here I live with my aged parents and I feel so happy, and I am so glad I was led to magazine work while I walked for my health." DAISY D. WILLIAMS.

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I ho believe :

### My Heart Despaired But Never Failed

A Poignant True Story of Marriage Told in a Letter from a Smart Set Reader

R EADING in your magazine the story, Man I Loved," has made me feel that I

must write an account of my life.

Let me say before I begin that I believe early marriage can be very happy, and I also believe that similarity of taste has little to do with happiness. I was educated little to do with happiness. in a Convent School, and when I graduated in June 1918 I had my plans made to enter a university in the Fall. As you can imagine I had had no opportunity to mingle with boys, and was not allowed to go anywhere in the evening without strict chaperonage.

In July following my graduation I went to a highly respectable summer camp for girls, taking all my very nicest clothes. I had not been there two weeks before I met in an unconventional way a boy just eighteen years old. I was seventeen and we were married five days after our meet-I loved him, but he was merely infatuated with me. A purely physical attraction on his side as I was soon to learn.

My people were so angry over my choice of a husband, an uneducated boy, they did not offer any help, and we got along as well as we could on Jack's meager wages. That first year my husband spent every evening in a pool room or playing cards. A year after our marriage our little boy was born and the evenings were no longer lonely, but my husband stayed out as much

I owned a building at that time and the rent afforded me a small income. In order to get my hu-band away from bad com-pany, I decided to sell it and go West. Two years after our marriage we moved to California. Jack secured a good position. first six months passed smoothly although my husband talked abusedly to me the greater part of the time. Then our little one came, lovely and ethereal. For eight months I devoted most of my time to her, then she left us. It was while I was working night and day to make her strong and well that Jack had an affair with a girl, a silly vapid little thing.

I almost went mad with grief. He was

ralmost went mad with grief. He was seldom home at all, and I think every woman who has lived knows what I went through. I told him he would have to choose and he did quickly. He never saw the girl again, but he drank worse than

ever, and abused me frightfully

A month later he deserted the boy and I suffered in silence. I made no effort to trace him, I just waited, woman's eternal job, and prayed and prayed. My friends urged and begged me to obtain a divorce but on that point I was adamant I did not give in to despair that time because I knew he would come back. I not say how I knew, but I did. And he came, and his face showed the anguish he had passed through and he begged me to take him back. Oh, yes, I let him beg. A year later our third child came, beauti-

ful and healthy. To say we are happy together is to put it mildly. My husband doesn't go out to buy cigarettes unless we all go. He never drinks a drop, and he tells me a dozen times a day how much he loves me.

I hope you will publish the enclosed sketch as it is absolutely true and I really believe it may help some unhappy woman. W-Mrs. J.

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### Is There Any Excuse for the Girl Who Breaks Up A Wife's Home?

### Prize Winning Letter Writers

THERE is little tolerance in the world for the man or woman who, in the name of breaks up another's home

This is proved by the sentiment expressed in the flood of letters SMART SET received in answer to the question: Is there any excuse for the girl who breaks up a wife's home. "There is no excuse." "Emphatically, home. "There is no excuse." "Emphatically, no." "Nothing can excuse an act of this sort." Similar statements occur over and over in the contest letters. Occasionally a mild attempt at an excuse is made when a Occasionally a writer suggests that real love may cover a But even love can opmultitude of sins. erate as no justification to the vast majority of those who wrote on this subject. There are many letters from girls who formed the third bitter side in the triangle. exception these unfortunates regret their ex-

perience-and write to warn others against similar frailty. Out of respect for the requests of the writers the names this month of the prize winners are withheld, but the checks have been mailed to the successful

"The other woman came into my life once, and she was not too much to blame." This is the frank statement of the wife, who wrote the first prize winning letter. In her opinion the blame falls largely upon the husband. Her letter follows:

SHE came into my life once, the other woman: and although it breaks my heart to say so, she was not too much to blame. It breaks my heart because the blame I cannot give her must fall upon the man I once loved and respected whom I still love.

She was a soft, easily persuaded little thing, very pretty, of course, but not at all intelligent. When my husband, a handsome, magnetic man, just enough older than she to make the affair romantic, rehearsed that old story of unhappy, mis-understood home-life an unloving,

nagging wife, she fell.

I found out soon enough to save the remnants of our home. How I managed it is immaterial. It wasn't hard. The affair meant to my husband just a little holiday from the narrow way. He had no intention of giving up his home and reputation for the fluffy little thing so ready to give up hers for him. Most triangle cases are like this. So, although the girl should, and usually does, know that she is doing wrong in trying to break up a home. it is often thoughtlessness, ignorance, and romanticism rather than premeditated wrong-doing that prompts her; and she is paid in

full, for she loses so much more than she

However, there is another sort of homedestroyer who deserves all the blame she gets and a lot more. She works, not because she loves her man, but because she has contempt for his weakness. Her motive is usually the money she can get from him. When there is no more, she looks for another victim.

Sometimes it is not pecuniary motives that prompt her, but conceit. By taking a man from another woman, she proves her superior powers of attraction. The reward expects and gloats over is the heartbreak of the robbed wife, even the dis-grace of the man. Heaven help the home that she singles out for her hunting ground. It will need all it can get.

The second prize goes to a wife who gave up her husband to the other woman, "I don't call her bad," this wife writes. "No girl can be bad who gives such love as hers." There is the note of love that condones all. The letter follows:

MUST say a few words for that girl branded as a "home breaker."

I realize the humilation, the disgrace, the

stripped the fold from her eyes leaving the

cold naked truth that shattered her illusions. We had been married four years. No husband could have been more devoted than mine, but out of the clear sky came the bolt of lightning which left me in agony of heart, soul and body. It came in the form of a letter—a gold tinted pitiful morbid letter from that other woman. It seemed that it had been going on a year. My husband, she said, had promised to get a divorce, but had put it off from time to time and now there was to be a little one! Immediately I left him, never reproaching him, only leaving the letter she had written so he would understand.

He did understand, and he came to me a changed careworn man, pleading for for-

giveness. But I was firm!

Yes, he married her. Whether he is happy, I don't know. She is, for her baby has a name, and what more could she ask? Of course, I stifled She is, for my own love, swallowed my pride, but that was only half of what the

other girl did.

Let us give these girls justice.

Girls who go through the terrors of what tomorrow will bring, because some man lied, can say they

know the meaning of love!

What chance has a girl in a world like this? As long as wives forgive, erring husbands are encouraged to seek pleasure at the cost of some girl's soul.

8023

8022

2265

4070

2261

8006

2263

2256

2255

4004

4002

4003

Don't judge girls too harshly— it's time to make the man pay." Here is the story of a girl who was the other woman. Her letter wins third prize, but it is one of the most poignant and moving human documents that have come into this After you have read this girl's experience ask yourself if she was seriously to blame for the pain she caused herself and others. Her

In THE year of 1920, in one of the up-to-date dance halls of New York, I met Jerry Gallaway. We had several dances together and

then he asked to take me home.

Jerry asked if he might come and see me and the next evening we went for a long drive. He told me that he was mad over me, and that he could not live without me. said that we could go to another town and get married, and we could keep it a secret because he was of a wealthy family, and they might not like it if they knew that he had married a common telephone operator.

We went around together for three months and Jerry still made torture they suffer because they happen to love to me, and said that if I did not make up my mind soon that he would make me

One evening he said he had been called at of town and I did not see him for a

marry him.

A couple of days before Jerry was to return a lady came to the door and asked if she might speak to Miss LaVernia. I told her I was [Continued on page 130]

### Write Your Story for Smart Set

What is the BIG STORY in your life?

CEach of us has at least one story in his life—one story founded on some exciting. vivid, emotional personal EXPERIENCE.

(Smart Set wants your story as you LIVED it.

(This magazine wants the TRUTHthe actual experience you have lived—the intimate account of the most thrilling emotional event in your life.

(These true vital REVELATIONS from life—not merely made up stories written in the first person—are the things that make Smart Set DIFFERENT from other socalled true-story magazines.

(Write your story for SMART SET.

(Smart Set is the BEST of the first person magazines because it PAYS MORE for the stories it publishes. So if your story is accepted you will be PAID at the highest rate for this class of material.

(Prompt decision and payment is assured. Unavailable manuscripts will be returned if accompanied by stamped, selfaddressed envelope.

love a married man!

I understand so well, because I gave up my husband in order that he might marry

the other woman!

I don't call her bad-never did. No girl can be bad who gives such love as hers. To give up friends, home and position is a great sacrifice. He tempted her before she knew he was married and afterwards he

# 20 Selections on

### All the Latest Hits to Choose From Less Than 20c a Record

Have you heard of the truly immense sensation caused by our new Super-Electrically Recorded Records? They have a great big, mellow tone, clear as crystal, which is absolutely unobtainable elsewhere. For example, take our superb songs BYE BYE BLACKBIRD, CHERIE, RED RED ROBIN, VALENCIA, MOONLIGHT AND ROSES, BABY FACE, RUDOLPH VALENTINO, HELLO ALOHA. We will positively guarantee that you have never heard records of this quality no matter what price you paid. They are literally miles ahead of old style records. The following list of records contains the "Cream" of our entire catalog. Every selection is a masterpleec of its kind. Nothing but the very best selections are included and we guarantee that you will not be disappointed. All records are in the standard ten-inch size with music on both sides, and play on any phonograph. Send no money with your order. Successful to help we for terms: All records are strictly on approval. Please act at once, as this is an introductory advertising price which may be discontinued shortly. Simply write catalog numbers you want on coupon below.



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#### POPULAR SONGS

- 2260 Valencia

- 2280 Valencia
  Within the Sunshine of Your Smile
  2285 Where Do You Work-A John
  I Can't Forget Mary
  2272 A New Star in Heaven, Rudolph
  Valentino
  A Package of Old Letters
  8023 Evening Brings Memories of You
  Poor Little Rich Girl
  2279 I'd Love to Meet That Old Sweetheart of Mine
  At the End of the Rainbow
  2269 Moonlight and Roses
  I'm Going Back to Home Sweet
  Home
- Home
  2274 That's Why I Love You
  Bermuda, My Isle of Dreams
  2275 Hi Ho The Merrio
- 8022
- 2270
- Wondering
  I Don't Mean Maybe
  I Wonder Who The Fool Is Now
  Cherie, I Love You
  Ashes of Dreams
  It Made You Happy To Make Me Ashes of Dreams
  It Made You Happy To Make X
  Cry
  When Shadows Fall
  I Ate the Baloney
  Hard Boiled Mamma
  The Prisoner's Song
  Sweet and Low
  Baby Face
  I Expect John Henry Tonight
  Somewhere With Someone
  Lone Trail Rose
  Red Red Robin
  Down Ole Virginia
  Bye Bye Blackbird
  Chinky Charleston
  Tonight You Belong to Me
  In Your Eyes
  Hello Aloha
  I Wonder Who The Fool Is Now
  How Many Times
  Wynona 2303
- 4070
- 2261
- 8006
- 2263 2256
- 2284
- 2255
- 2267

### COMEDY

4004 Flanagan In a Restaurant Flanagan's Married Life 4002 Flanagan's Second Hand Car Ili and Si and the Line Fence 4003 Button Buster (Laughing Record) Flanagan On a Trolley Car

- 4073 Uncle Josh Takes the Census The Village Postmaster
  4072 Uncle Josh at the Dentist Country Doctor and the Patient
  4081 Cohen's New Auto, Henry Jones Your Honeymoon Is Henry Jo Over

### POPULAR DANCES

- In a Little Spanish Town You're the Kind of a Girl I Can 1405
- 1387
- 8004 F
- You're the Kind of a Val Love Love You That's Why I Love You Marionette For A Little While Ting A Ling A Ling Charleston of the Evening Knock Wood and Whistle
- Black Bottom My Girl Went to the Movies 1390

- My Girl Went to the Movies

  1363 Valencia
  Every Evening

  1402 Mary Lou
  Powder Puff

  1389 Baby Face
  Sunset on The Lido

  1379 Cherie, I Love You
  Down Ole Virginia

  1391 Because I Love You. Waltz
  My Radio Romeo

  1392 Looking At The World Thru Rose
  Colored Glasses
  Anache Charleston
- Apache Charleston
  1398 Hello Bluebird
  Moon in the Heaven
  8017 I'm Just Dance Crazy
  Tell Your Gal

#### HAWAIIAN

- 4084 Aloha Land
  Honolulu Bay
  4055 La Paloma
  Kawaihau
  4023 Old Kentucky Home
  O Sole Mio
  4018 Maui Aloha
  Un Like No-A-Like
  4009 Honolulu Rag
  One-Two-Three-Four
  4008 Mahina Malamalama
  Kawaha

- Kawaha Kamehameha March 4007 Aloha Oe

### STANDARD SONGS

- 4066 Tell Mother I'll Be There Where Is My Wan-dering Boy To-
- 4100 Gerald Chapman,
  What a Pity
  Ponzi The Swindler
  4092 The End of the
  Shenandoah
- Days
- 4086 Floyd Collins' Fate Kentucky Babe 4093 The Little Brown Jug
  - Arabella

- Home, Sweet Home Sweet Genevieve 4099
- 4094
- 4090
- 4049
- 4031
- 4029
- Sweet Genevieve
  A Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother
  No Little Two Shoes
  In the Baggage Coach Ahead
  Somewhere With Someone
  Carry Me Back to Old Virginny
  Old Black Joe
  Love's Old Sweet Song
  In the Gloaming
  Silver Threads Among The Gold
  The Trumpeter
  When You and I Were Young.
  Maggie
  My Old Kentucky Home
  Star Spangled Banner 4011
- 4001 Star Spangled Banner America (My Country Tis of Thee)

#### SACRED

- 4075
- 4091
- 4046

- Church In The Wildwood Voice Of The Chimes The Old Rugged Cross Beyond The Clouds Nearer, My God To Thee The Lord Is My Shepherd Holy, Holy, Holy Rock of Ages Holy Night, Penceful Night Hark The Herald Angels Sing Adeste Fidelis Onward Christian Soldiers 4021

### STANDARD INSTRUMENTAL

- 4068 Turkey In The Straw Arkansaw Traveller
- Humoresque 4015
- 4041
- 4028
- Humoresque Souvenir National Emblem March Sixty-Ninth Regiment March Stars and Stripes Forever American Republic March Irish Jigs and Reels (Series A) Irish Jigs and Reels (Series B) Washington Post Our Director 4016
- 4022
  - Our Director

#### TEAR OUT COUPON AND MAIL

Mutual Music Club, Dept. SA-2, 135 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass. You may send me on ten days approval the ten records listed below by catalog numbers. When the two records arrive, I will pay postman a deposit of \$1.98 its price in full payment. I will then try the records ten have in my own beare, and if I am disappointed in them or find them in any way unsatisfact as I we'r return them, and you agree to refund at once all that I lawe pa f.

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### What's the Big Idea?

### Here Are Some Little Brain Teasers Based On the May Number of Smart Set

TEXT to concocting safe drinks and practising tricky dances, the great indoor sport these days is a sort of questions-and-hunt-the-answers game. We like that ourselves, so we went timidly into the office of the editor of SMART SET and told him we had a lot of answers ready if he could tell us where to find some questions. He looked at us tolerantly and said: "Take a look at the May SMART SET. You'll find a lot of questions there." We did and for once he was right. So then we said, "Why not pass these on to our friends?" "If it's for the good of the SMART SET Family," the editor answered, "Go ahead." We went, and now see what you think of our Big Idea!

- 1. Do you always look before you leap? Would you, for instance, marry a divorced man, merely because you loved him, without asking yourself whether the failure of his first marriage was partly his fault? Since there are two sides to every divorce isn't it possible that the qualities that landed him in the divorce court once, will prevent you from living with him happily ever after?

  Have you ever watched little
- 2. Have you ever watched little groups of people competing for a coveted prize? Have you watched them trying out for a place on a team and noticed the difference between those who made good and those who failed? Have you watched wistfully and wished that when the winners went on to bigger things you might go with them? And were you ready to go when the big chance came for you to share the limelight with one of the winners?
- 3. Did you ever have a long distance crush on a movie actor? Did he seem to be in every respect the perfect lover—on the screen? Well, what would you have done if this hero of yours appeared in person under circumstances that permitted you to meet him? What would you do if this wonderful being actually made love to you? Could you remain calm and unruffled or would you lose your head?

- 4. Is motherhood ever a crime? Are all little children welcome in this busy old world no matter what their heritage? What would you say to your own sister if she came to you, telling you that her lover had died before they could be married, asking you in all seriousness a question that involved so many others—her future acceptance by society, the possibilities of happiness for her child, whether or not her family would stand by her? How would you answer her?
- Girls, have you ever wished you were a boy? Do you think boys get more fun out of life? Has a man more freedom or greater opportunity to get what he wants than a woman? Do you think a woman is crazy who says she'd rather be a woman?
- 6. If you were bound, hand and foot, body and soul, to some one you feared and hated, would you find it easy to love the man who offered to rescue you? And if, having learned to love and trust him, he turned traitor, would you condemn him without a hearing?
- 7. If you had made an enemy of a man who was both rich and powerful and a woman who was hard and cruel, and if you had neither money nor friends, would you still dare to fight for a chance to be decent, with all the odds

- against you and a long chain of circumstantial evidence seeming to prove you guilty of the things you were accused of? Would you fight or would you just give up?
- 8. If the man who loved told you in so many words that you were not his kind of a girl—that he might love you—but you were not good enough for him to marry what would you do? Would you have faith in yourself in spite of that? Would pride come to your rescue so that you would still strive to win his love and respect, or would you be utterly crushed?
- Is marriage made in heaven? Can man really "put asunder" those whom "God hath joined together"? Or is there an invisible bond that is of the spirit and that cannot be dissolved by man made laws?
- 10. Is there a sinister spirit abroad in the land of the lotus flower—a something that makes a man forget the wife he loves and that tempts a faithful wife to play fast and loose with her marriage vows? Are there men and women there whose subtle fascination poisons lovers' minds and leads them unresisting along dangerous paths? Would your love be strong enough to withstand an influence like that?

Come on now. Snap into it! When you have answered these to the very best of your ability order a May SMART SET and see how the people, whose lives depended on their decisions, answered them. The questions are numbered to correspond with the stories that suggested them. (1) Second-hand Husbands by Elinor Glyn. (2) My Bush League Lover. (3) The Man With a Million Sweethearts. (4) Has She the Right to Motherhood? (5) Lady Drummond Hay's Own Story of Why She'd Rather Be a Woman. (6) Love Double-Crossed Me. (7) Forgive Me My Trespasses. (8) The Girl I Might Have Been. (9) You Can't Divorce Love. (10) Panther Woman or Wife?

### O. O. McINTYRE'S Best True Story This Month

Speak
No Evil

A reporter I was sent one day to a Broadway hotel to interview a learned old philosopher. He was a kindly old fellow whose hair had been touched by the snows of many winters.

I was in the eager buoyancy of vibrant youth and to me he was a garrulous old codger spouting platitudes. He took me to the tenth floor window and pointed down to Times Square.

It was a scene of brilliancy—the gayest city in the world in the hectic throes of night. Placing a rather trembling hand

on my shoulder gently, he said:
"If you only knew the men and women milling about in that pleasure loving crowd, bravely carrying on with breaking hearts, you would never in your life utter an unkind word

against a human being."

I glanced at him and his eyes were moist. I never forgot it.

A YEAR or so ago the shock-proof street known as Broadway was really jolted by a bit of brutality that sounded the depths of man's inhumanity to man. A vaudeville hypnotist and his assistant, primed with boot-leg gin, in the room of a West 47th street hotel, telephoned a nearby "quick-lunch" for food.

It was brought by an inoffensive waiter, new to this country and the sole support of aged parents. In a haze of alcoholic befuddlement they harangued him for what they said was an overcharge. He stood dumbly pointing at the figures on the check, not understanding what it was all about.

Finally in a demoniacal fury they seized him and before he realized what they were doing they had hurled him from the ninth floor window. He landed on a fire escape and ricocheted to a theater roof four floors below. There he lay until rescued with a cracked and bleeding skull, both ear drums burst, a broken back and leg.

The assailants went to prison and the waiter may still be seen on pleasant days, totally deaf, toiling sidewise like a land crab, with a packet of lead pencils to sell to passers-by.

A BOUT a month ago, in a southern city I met a man to whom I was instantly attracted. He had an air of gentility that had endeared him to his community with hoops of steel.

He had prospered and his life was made up of kindly ministrations to others. No one ever went to him in distress without receiving help. He had a devoted and beautiful wife and three charming daughters. His home life was ideal. To all appearances here was a God-fearing man who had attained the total sum of human happiness.

One evening we sat together in front of his great open, blazing hearth. A "norther" had sprung up and driven us indoors before the snug fire where it seemed natural that we should exchange confidences.



He told me of his youthful marriage, ending unhappily, and of a wayward son by that union. Talk turned to other things and during one of those silences that often come with introspection, he suddenly asked no what I knew of the hypnotist and his assistant who had thrown a waiter out of a hotel window in New York.

I had followed the case closely because I had been in the theater the night the waiter's body landed on the roof with a thump. My blood boiled as I retold the details of the beastly brutality. I excoriated the hypnotist and his assistant with all the expletives at my command.

My friend sat tense but he let me finish.

Then he said: "The hypnotist's assistant was my wayward

The world suddenly stopped and turned over. Had I in my unwarranted rage grievously hurt this kindly, gentle soul? He caught my thoughts, reached over and patted my knee "It is all right," he said, "I quite understand. I have told you something I have never divulged to another living person."

And he buried his face in his hands and sobbed.

On my way to my hotel that night my mind flew back to that old philosopher in a Broadway hotel room who said:

"If you only knew the men and women milling about in that pleasure loving crowd, bravely carrying on with breaking hearts, you would never in your life utter an unkind word against a human being."



I WAS always the same just before the wild music for my number struck up. I danced in the "Wine Star," a rough cabaret of Waskia whose few log cabins stood like brave challenges on the white edge of Canadian civilization. My dance-hall blood ran warm in anticipation of the intoxicating flattery of strong men's eyes and voices.

As I waited my turn, that night, three years ago, I watched the scene through the peep-hole of our little stage's red plush curtain. The Wine Star's great log-walled room of dancing fire flames, and garish lights was crowded with men who had come in behind their dog teams from far, lonely places. Men whose yearning for human companionship had drawn them miles and

miles through the silent cold to the crude amusement place Henry McGee had built under the frontier of northern skies.

Old Pierre's violin was sobbing like a heart-broken woman above the piano's tin-pannery. The rough men at the long bar and the tables liked that sort of thing. They were men whose stories were written in their eyes, and whose breeds were stamped upon their bearded faces. They had taken their chances in the raw places of the earth, and survived because they were steel-muscled, and iron-hearted. Yet, there were dreams of other days that their rough souls remembered.

There was Red Mike, called that because of the scarlet shirt he always wore, sitting over his empty glass with a look that

## HUNTED



made me know his thoughts were far away. Jerry Waters, the oldest resident of Waskia, Henry McGee, and Sourface Pete, the trapper. Bandy, the Englishman, who still shaved every day because he was in love with Fifi, one of the Wine Star girls; Jim Patout; Mackinaw Sam in his great plaid coat; Marty O'Hara, a miner. Oh! they were all in the Wine Star

that night. That is, all except Wolfclaws Colombes.

At the thought of Colombes a strange premonition gripped me. He had given me the fur saying that I must wear it, and be Wolfclaws's girl. At the moment I had been too fascinated by its beauty to give it right back, although I had no intention of keeping it beyond a few days. But, now I found myself

violently regretting I'd taken it under any circumstances and I decided to return it as soon as he came in.

Old Pierre's violin stopped sobbing. There

was a silence in the room.

Suddenly Red Mike's voice rang through the big room: "It's my buy, boys. Come on, Henry, let the girls fill 'em up all 'round."

Fifi in her green chorus girl costume, copied from the pictures we saw in the magazines that occasionally reached Waskia, Goldy Grant in her yellow outfit, and Violet in her blue dress went from table to table pouring stiff drinks. The men waited for Red Mike to give the toast he'd been drinking for

"Well, boys, here's to good old Kwaske—hoo. She's just around the corner, an' I gotta a hunch she's goin' to bring me luck this year, sure. When the rivers run water again, Red Mike's goin' to dig pay dirt. Here we go, boys, to Kwaske— hoo, drink 'er down!"

Kwaske-hoo! That was Indian for the Great Change: Spring in the far North. A time of promise and hope in the wilds as well as in the cities to the Another storm or so and Winter would be gone. I was glad Kwaske-hoo was near.

For three years I had looked forward to a spring that would send my dream man to me.

Glasses rattled against the tables. Mackinaw Sam shouted: "Hey, you Jacqueline, dance for us."

Other voices in the Wine Star took up his call for me. My blood ran warmer than ever. I was my mother's daughter. The music struck up, and I danced out to the handclapping of strong men.

Almost at that very moment Wolfclaws Colombes swaggered in, and slammed the heavy timber door with a bang. looked up sharply, and their big, hard hands flashed over revolver butts. Everybody feared and distrusted Colombes.

However, the giant half-breed ignored the stir his violent entrance caused, and stood in the midst of the big room looking at me through the smoke haze. Many men such as were gathered in the Wine Star that night had followed me with ardent clances. But, never before had any man looked at me as Wolfelaws was doing. There was an expression of ownership in his eyes.

A wave of terror swept over me. I had been a fool to encounage his attentions by taking his beautiful silver fox fur Again I wished I'd never been tempted by its beauty for I

syldenty realized that this temptation was going to prove fatal. I began singing in a cold frightened voice. Something seemed to be sucking all of the rhythm out of my dancing legs. I turned away from Colombestrying desperately to keep time with the time.

But the half-breed's eves haunted me everywhere I looked. Something of the technic that must come over trapped creatures possessed me. I shuddered with apprehension. The fiddler saw me, and sensing something was awfully wrong he stopped playing abruptly at the end of the

first verse. Fortunately, men who come mushing in out of frozen solutudes, thirsty for liquor, are not critical of a dance-hall girl's talents. There was an outburst of applause which broke the tension of the moment. I spun around with false animation, and bowed my thanks, throwing kisses right and left.

I started upstairs for the room I shared with Goldy Grant. The wide, owering bulk of Wolf-Colombes sudclaws denly blocked my way. The set of his jaw, and the lights peering out of his eyes, warned me it would be best not to try and escape him for the moment I waited, my eyes faltering from his to the two glasses of reddish stuff he now clutched, in hands that seemed so much like the paws of a giant timber The violin and wolf. piano struck up, drowning out his first few He pushed a words. glass of the reddish stuff under my nose.

I only played at drinking because it was a part of my business. There were ways to fool men about that, especially when sitting at a table, or at the bar, but a false move could have easily been detected in the middle of the dance floor so I raised the glass to my lips, rebelling inwardly at what I must do. I hated the taste of liquor, and at nineteen did not need the stimulation of it.

The glass barely touched my lips when a whirling couple bumped it out of my hands. Wolfclaws boomed out an ugly French curse as the glass broke into sparkling fragments on the floor. Knowing the man's reputation for starting nasty rows, the couple stopped and apologized. Fifi, the girl, insisted it was her fault. Colombes, looking sorry that the chance for a brawl was passing, waved them away, then caught my hand in a steel trap-like grip.

"I once keel a man for leetle less, but, heem—bah! heem hide behind woman's skirts," he snarled, transferring his gaze from the man to me. I felt his glances playing over my face, my bare shoulders, and red stockinged legs, and I shivered as if he were touching every part of me his eyes appraised. Wolfsclaws's next words sounded as if he had tried to soften momentarily for some purpose of his own.

Come to my table for drink. No one dare bump you there You, savvy?" An ugly grin slightly stretched his cruel mouth

"I—I've got to go upstairs, and take some medicine. Didn't you notice how badly I sang? Caught an awful cold last night," I said, feigning a cough. If I could only get to my room I intended to send the silver fox down to him and remain behind a locked door. Wolf claws had told me he was leaving the next day.

"I wait for you at my table, Jacqueline. You no take long, savvy?"

"I'll come right back," I promised, half-afraid the man could read my mind. That was another thing the Indians said of Wolfclaws. He was in

league with the devils, and had uncanny powers.

The steel bands tightened around my wrist one moment. His eyes bored into mine. "Jus' one minoot! When you come back you wear for me the silvair fox I geeve you. That fur worth hand fuls of money Eet is the biggest, the best

silvair fox evair. But, I'm geeve to you because eet make your hair more like my camp fire; eet make your eyes like spring violets that come soon—and," his voice dropped down to a whisper, but it reached me sinisterly clear above the rowdy tumult of the cabaret, "and, I geeve cet to you for reason I tell you when you come back," he ended, freeing my hand.

"I—I—can't keep it. It's too valuable. I told you I would give it back. Let me get it," I said. praying he would.

"What I geeve, I never take back, savvy?" he replied fiercely as he freed me.

I moved away like a cockle-shell caught in a swift current. The swaying couples pushed and bumped me from side to side. Finally reel-

me from side to side. Finally reeling free of them, I plunged through a doorway that led to the second floor. Groping up the steps I tried to shut out the now repulsive sound of shuffling feet and voices, by stuffing my fingers in my ears. But the clamor beat through storming through my soul that was still haunted by the ugly memory of what I had seen in Wolfclaws's eyes.

There was no doubt of his purpose. He wanted me. Men of his breed had a way of taking what they wanted. He was the kind who would follow me anywhere.

My hand trembled hard over the door-knob as I pushed into the dim lamplight of my room. The first thing I saw was a furry silver object, draped over the foot of my bed. In that moment I would rather have faced the sharp-toothed fox that once animated the fluffy fur, than wear it downstairs to Wolfclaws Colombes.

"If only Goldy's sweetheart were here!" I cried inwardly. He was Sergeant Jack Greystone of His Majesty's Royal Mounted Police. Jack would have stood between me and



The mystery man's lead-dog, Captam, was the biggest, most beautiful husky I had ever seen.

Colombes but he was off man-hunting, and not due back in Waskia until the next day.

I kept my nerve then by walking over to the window.

Those who have stood at the end of the trails and looked into that great raw domain whose long nights flicker with the ghostly glow of the Northern Lights, will tell you that one hears all sorts of voices up there—voices of those who have passed on, of mystery, menace, song, romance, adventure, fear and courage. I looked out into the white glory of the Canadian night and I heard a voice drifting from the mystery of vast

silent places.

It was a Voice of Courage, and it bade me remember what my father had told me when I was thirteen: "Your mother was a good woman, the daughter of a Hudson's Bay Company factor at Reindeer Lake post," he had said. "But, the love of lights, of dance music and of men's admiration was in her heart. She gave them up for me because they were cheap and false alongside of love. Those things are in your blood, Jacqueline, just as much as my love for the great outdoors is there. I was studying at Quebec for the priesthood but I came here to find a spiritual peace and exaltation that the religion of crowded places could not give me. I found my temple of God in the wilds, away from people. But, you are a woman. Your mother's blood may run stronger than mine some day. If it should lure you with the temptations of dance-halls, and danger threatens you I pray a man's love will save you."

The Voice of Courage, drifting out of the snowmantled night, repeated those words my father had spoken six years before. Shortly afterwards, he had turned his dogs and sleds toward the top of the world. The wild solitudes never gave him back. At seventeen my mother's blood conquered. For two years there had seemed no pressing reason for papa's prayer in my behalf to be answered. No real danger had threatened me for following in my mother's footsteps

until Wolfclaws came along.

"But-tonight! Oh! I need help tonight," I whispered through the icy pane. "Papa, pray again

for my dream man to save me."

The Voice of Courage reached me again. "Be brave! Have faith in the places that were beloved by your father. They will send your dream man to take you away from Wolfclaws if you'll only be your father's daughter.

"MEN, animals, the unknown, death held no fear for him. He faced them all in his white world beyond the edge of civilization. He proved stronger than everything save Death; and, he feared not Death because he walked and talked with God's spirit in the temple of all outdoors," said the Voice.

A magical change took place inside of me, and I became my father's daughter for the first time. All his love for the peril, the romance, the mystery, and hazard of the north inflamed me. My blood ran more warmly than it ever had at the sound of dance music. A new thrill, kindled by this clean flame, leaped through my veins. I held out my arms to the wilderness, swearing I would be brave and put my faith in the Voice that had drifted to me from its heart.

In that moment I believed that the Wilderness would answer my father's prayer for me, although I realized that a miracle would have to be performed because there were no men in, or about Waskia who could possibly turn out to be my dream man. They were too rough, or too old, or too unromantic for me. There was only two chances. Maybe with the coming of Kwaske—hoo, the spring change, there would be a new face in the Wine Star, or perhaps the young mystery man of North Indian Lake would mush into Waskia and prove himself the man I often spun secret, romantic dreams about.

The mystery man was the only person in those parts unknown to me. He had never been seen in Waskia except the day he passed through our settlement on his way to the [Continued on page 130]



take you to him."



# SINXERS?

"TE CANNOT help it." said Ida in a soft but stubborn repetition. "We made a mistake."

On the other side of the hearth. I looked at her. She had me at a loss. I could not even so such as guess at the most trivial truth about her. She was incomprehensibly strange. She had been my wife for eight years.

I know she was right; that is to say, accurate.

All the Ida had been saying just now had been said many times before

Von are absolutely right," I said. "But some mistakes—they are difficult to recently."

Me whole heart, and mind and soul were full to overflowing

with this trouble And in the room above, our little boy, our Jackie, was battling for his life. The nurse was there. I could hear the soft footsteps moving about. I prayed that God would give them strength and skill to save my little boy. And here was my wife, the mother of that desperately sick child, talking calmly to me about the mistake of our marriage.

child, talking calmly to me about the mistake of our marriage.

There isn't much difficulty, really," said Ida's dogged soft voice in answer to my last remark, "nowadays."

She always said that.

'It is not our fault," said Ida, "if old-fashioned marriage laws are still thrust upon twentieth century men and women." She was still right. It is not our fault



### The Confession of a Man Who Tried to Do the Right Thing

Now and again those footsteps shuffled across the room overhead, and each time my heart jumped and I listened to

'It comes to the old conclusion," I said, hopelessly, but without bitterness, "you want to divorce me."

"I know-things like this-are arranged every day," I said. "Society has found that humane—and—and civilized solution. Only in some cases

Again the soft footsteps passed overhead.
"In some cases," I said, "as in ours, there are—things—insuperably in the way."

Ida knew perfectly well that I referred to our child. "I can't lose the boy," I said.
There was a long silence during which we did not even look

at each other.

"I am sorry," I added. "So sorry. I don't know what to

do, Ida. I don't know what to do."

Ida was silent. There was only one thing to do, and it remained for me to do it. That was her modern woman's point of view.

"I can't lose him," I said again, shaking my head. Ida began to speak softly and hurriedly: "Things are arranged ... reasonable access . . . "

I cont want rea onable access" I stormed in a gust of I want him hving with me-seeing him day by day Mant to bring him up want to teach him myself to fish and Saw mutmured You can't think I should be beastly enough

to per obstacles

Your people would "



Truthfully I told the girl, "My wife wants to get rid of me. The evidence will be taken in the morning." "I'm in the same boat," she volunteered. "My husband will divorce me if I give him cause."

I though of the cruel Victorian pair You couldn't hint to them of collusion, or they'd stop it." I thought of them again, avid in persecution. "And believing me 'guilty' to the full—" I could not help smiling, mirthless as I was, "they'd get hold of you and the child and—and I'd lose all that was worth keeping in him. They'd teach him to hate me. And besides, access to children goes by favor of the petitioner but would You promise me now the innocent party. You promise me now you keep it? I tell you I daren't risk losing him.

I saw how white Ida was. She touched me with compassion. "Believe me." I said, "if it wasn't for Jack, I'd do what

We hate each other," said Ida, after a bitter pause. I agreed: "Yes, you hate me; and I hate you

We looked at one another steadily. I knew one thing above all others: that I would like to kill Ida. She knew that if a I knew one thing above wish could lay me dead at her feet, I would fall there.

'You-you want to marry again, Ida?" I asked in a sudden

I saw assent in her face, but she was

"I can't ever conceive of wanting to marry again." I said.

EET ran across the room overhead, and a bell whirred again and again A voice above, muffled through the floor cried, "Mr. Kingley!" Outside in the hall a servant was already at the telephone Ida rose and made for the door, but

At the top of the stairs a door was open, and the hospital nurse was working swiftly over a bed on which lay our sick little boy, white, peaceful. I ran in and saw the narrow white little boy, white, peaceful. bed soaked with blood. It was red like a shambles, and in

> the midst of the terror lay the child. The nurse was working like one possessed, and below in the hall the servant called urgent-

ly for the doctor. I knelt down and looked into the boy's face. There was on it hardly a flutter of life. I glanced at the nurse. Her tear-

filled eyes met mine, and she shook her head. Then there was a faint

sweet scent in the room, so that I knew that Ida stood behind me

I had thought that I knew the extremest agony of soul; but now I knew that I had

'Jack!" I called.

The little boy half opened his eyes, and his drowsing ears heard that voice which had never failed him, even if his drowsing senses knew nothing of the arms around him. "Father." he said with utterance that was scarcely more than a breath. "What is hapthan a breath. "What is hap-pening to me?" He was afraid, and he did not know of what; but he heard his father answer; somehow I replied, for always before I had been able to bring him comfort in perplexity.

"You are going to sleep, old son."

"It is so dark," whispered the boy, "I thought when I was ill, I could always have a

"When you wake up, old dear," I said, "it will be morn-

ing.

The front door below opened and shut; the doctor ran upstairs; Ida was sobbing. The little boy sank heavier

into my arms; and died.

It was not late when I walked out into the street. My brain automatically sent my feet westward. Only on hour had passed since Jack died. A very full and significant Again Ida and I had found ourselves together in the small drawing room, while overhead, the crying nurse laid out that small corpse. Ida was shivering and sobbing desolately. I was quiet, and I felt as if my heart had been drained like Jack's; as if I were actually bleeding to death. Ida and I looked at one another across a bottomless pit that held for us no hope.

I was aware in spite of all popular sentimentality, that grief does not send two people who hate back into each other's arms. There was a peculiar idea pleasing to the conventionally minded, that it did. The hands of a little child, alive or dead, do not join two people parted by their common loathing. Now I spurned all the fallacies which once I had looked upon as truth. For now I knew. I had learned; and ceased to dogmatize. looked at Ida and read in her weeping eyes that she wished herself without me. As for me, I could not have touched her.

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I stood apart, saying:

"Take a little brandy, Ida . . . Lie down, won't Let me tell you? them to make you a cup of tea.

Then in the immense silence all was clear to me.

"Ida," I said, "I will go now." She looked up, a flame of amazement passing over her face, arresting for a moment, her sorrow. To that succeeded the flame of life. I saw both the flames, sweeping over her face. The past weeks unrolled themselves, and I remembered

and understood them. I was hovering near the door.

"Ida," I said, "you have already had me followed?"

She sat still.

I went on: "Once or twice lately I've thought I was dogged. Saw the same face unaccountably often . . . It was you? . . . Were you hoping as desperately as that . . . ? Without a straw of a clue, without the ghost of a reason, you just set a hound after me, hoping he'd nose out something-catch me out as most men could be caught out by their wives once or twice in their lives. But, my poor dear, I've been too wretched even to solace myself. There was nothing. How disappointed, how helpless you must have felt."

My fingers wanted to do something; even just to wrench off

the door knob they held.

"As soon as I've gone, call your hound, Ida. He will find all he wants at—at—" I had to think for a while, for facts He will find like time and place eluded my grasp. "At the place. What is it—the Silversign Hotel, Ida—" "At the-that little

She sat forward aghast, but hope mingled with the terror in

her face.

"Tonight," she exclaimed incredulously.



I had given up all hope of ever seeing her again but I could not forget her; her brave, beautiful face, her courageous soul.

I closed the door softly after me. I went softly upstairs. The nurse had finished her work, but she was still in the room. I motioned to her, and she left it. I lay along the edge of the bed beside Jack, and looked long at the small quiet face. And all my soul cried, "Oh my son! where are you?" till the cry came to my lips and I uttered it: "Oh Jack! Oh Jack, where have you gone?" I knew that if only Jack had lived, I could have dealt wisely with him, and if the boy had stumbled in the dark, there I too, would have walked with him.

But it was over while the white ship of baby hope and joy still sailed the seas where all was sinless

WHEN I came down again I saw Ida stealing to the telephone. . . Actually she was there calling in a hard broken voice to some one whose business I guessed . . . So soon I found myself in the street with my brain compelling my slow feet westward.

I looked into the eyes of many women who invited me; but I felt a very sick man, I felt sick physically and mentally; and I could not. At last, pursuing sin doggedly up Shaftesbury Avenue. I found a girl; a slight, fair girl, who looked as tired as myself, with eyes into which, when I had looked once. I hesitated to look again, so desperate [Continued on page 127]

# Must a Girl Use By a Business Girl



O GIRLS use their sex in business because they have to or because they want to? Men say the latter, and, when they are not casting admiring glances at the girls in their employ, they are bewailing the fact that girls will not leave their sex at home when they come into the business world.

I am a young business woman. I have encountered many phases of business since I took my first position nine years ago, and now it is my firm conviction that we business girls use our sex because we must!

Had I been asked that question four years ago I would have answered with an emphatic NO! It would have angered me to find that anyone could seriously ask such a question. I would have argued until my voice gave out about business ideals and personal honor. I believed then that sex and business should be kept entirely apart. I would have argued that a girl who had to use her sex to get along in the business world did not belong there.

That was what I sincerely believed four years ago. For that matter, I still believe it. I don't honestly think a business office is the place in which to flaunt sex. My sense of personal decency, fairness and honor is against it. Business success should come as the result of ability and ambition, and the scales should not be tipped in favor of the girl who uses her sex for her personal advancement. It isn't sporting to take advantage of one's sex. I firmly believe that. Yet I use my sex in business all the time.

I do it, not because I believe in it, not because I believe it is right. I think it is wrong. I think it is horrid and cheap, but I do it because I know I must.

A friend, who possesses both the qualities of brilliance and ability, said during an argument on this subject: "Of course, I use my sex in business. How else could

"Of course, I use my sex in business. How else could I have got where I am and how else could I eventually get to the top? I am intelligent. But men, even in business, don't want intelligence from a woman. They will take it, and use it, but only when it is thinly sandwiched between thick slices of sex appeal. That is what they want, and that is what I give them."

We were all business girls. We took up the cudgels against her. We argued vehemently, for it was a subject

### \$50 in Prizes for Answering This Girl

SMART SET wants to know if you working girls and men employers agree with this girl who says she is forced to use her sex in business. What, from your own experience, do you know about this problem? Is the writer of this article right and does your experience prove it? Or is she wrong? For the best 350 word letter on your experience Smart Set will pay \$20; for the second best, \$15; for the third best, \$10 and \$1 for each of the next five best. Smart Set editors will act as judges and their decision will be final. Contest closes April 1st, 1927. No letters will be returned.

# Her Sex in Business?

Who Says, "Yes"

about which we had all thought. It was a problem that faced us, and we were seeking a solution. Did we have to play on our sex to get to the

"Just how far are you willing to go?" I asked her. "I admit that unconsciously, perhaps, we all use our sex to a certain extent, but it seems cheap to use it deliberately."

seems cheap to use it deliberately."
"Don't be a fool," she snapped back. "You're the last person in the world to talk. You say you use it unconsciously. Maybe you do. But you use it more than the rest of us. Before I ever saw you, I heard of you. I was told you had more sex appeal and you used it more than any girl in this crowd."
"We won't argue that," I replied.

"We won't argue that," I replied.
"I didn't know I had achieved such a reputation. But tell me, just how far would you go in using your sex to further your advance in business."

"As far as the men demanded." she answered, "but only on men who could be very, very useful. I use men as stepping-stones. The men who can help me get where I want to go. I will use.

"If I can go a step farther along my way by letting a man hold my hand, all right—my hand is his for that moment. If another man can help me along still another step and he demands a kies—well, he can have that. If a kies is the term to which he thinks, let him have it. It means nothing to me, and in exchange for it I have taken another stride—a stride I could not have made, had I not used my sex.

"Let men prate all they will about keeping sex out of huminess. Let them criticize women for using their sex. We use it because we have to. It is the only way we can get anywhere in the business world. A woman's ability and brains count for nothing unless she knows how to advertise them with sex appeal. The men have made this business world that we girls have gone into. We can kick, but if we want to get ahead, it is the men's rules that we must follow. And no man's thoughts ever wander far afield from sex. It is to man the most important of all thines."

"But don't you think that brains



and intelligence and personality count for anything at all?' I asked her

'Yes, a lot," she replied, "combined with sex appeal. Unless you know how to use your sex a man will never notice you long enough to find out whether you have brains and ability or not. Where are you then?'

"But, it is all so cheap," I protested.

"Well," she tossed back, "that's what the business men demand. So what are you going to do about it?"

FEEBLY the rest of us stood up against her. She spoke with a sincere conviction that carried weight. Our talk of personal honor and business ideals fell flat, for subsconsciously we knew she was right. We did not agree with her that sex should be used as deliberately as we knew she used it, but we had to admit that without playing on our sex, whether consciously or unconsciously, none of us could have gone as far in business as we had.

It was two years ago that discussion took place. That girl today is near the top. Last year she was taken into partner-ship in the firm. Why? Because she was brilliant? No-

because she knew how to use her sex in business.

And to one degree or the other, all of us young women in modern business are using our sex. Once, a long, long time ago it seems, I believed that women in business could compete with men upon their own ground. I marched in a suffrage parade, carrying a huge yellow banner inscribed with bold, black letters. "Votes for Women." I was fighting for an equal

place with men in the business world, for equal opportunity, equal pay and equal treatment. I realized that it was a disadvantage to be born a girl, but I thought that suffrage for women would eradicate that and make of the business world that man had created a place where woman would work equally by his side. To prepare myself adequately for that Utopia, I applied myself seriously to business rules. Ability, intelligence, perseverance, punctu-ality and office decorum were my Gods. Toward them I strove, failing to realize, in the idealism of eighteen, that a dress with a low neck and a feminine frill, a pair of sheer stockings, a glance out of half-lowered eyes and a shy smile would choke down the reprimand in the mouth of any male employer. A girl can be late; she can mislay every letter in the file; she can be ignorant of the spelling of the simplest words. In other words, she can be a complete and absolute failure in business, in every practical way, so long as she has mastered the art of sex appeal.

SUCH a condition is tragic, but it is so After nine years of experience in various offices, I am convinced that business progress for girls is not a matter of ability, but of the adroit use of sex, and it is so, because men demand it. They won't admit it. Never have I succeeded in forcing any man to confess that he likes sex in his He is the first to growl and grumble. Many men have poured

woes into my ears. They tell what "dumb-bells" their stenographers are. How they cannot spell and how all they think about is patting their hair into place and powdering their noses. How they come in late every morning because of their

"heavy dates" the night before.
But don't let a man fool you! That is the way he wants it. The average man must have sex, even in his office. While he dictates his letters, he wants to have half his mind diverted by the curve of a leg and the line of a graceful neck. He loves it. And girls today, if they are going to get anywhere in business must give their employers teasing, tantalizing flashes of fem-

ininity all the time.

Men may call it chivalry and protection. They can pat themselves on the back and talk themselves into thinking they are martyrs for enduring inefficient stenographers. But let a dried-up, persimmon of a woman, who doesn't even know the meaning of sex appeal but who is a cracker-jack of a stenographer, come into the office for a job. She goes out in the same second. A man much prefers being a martyr on the rack of inefficiency than on the rack of sex.

We are learning to play the men's game with men's rules

and some of us are beating them at it.

And why shouldn't we beat them at it? Once I believed I was entering the business world under a handicap, because I was a girl. I know now that it is much easier for me to gain my ends than it is for a man with the same mental equipment.

JUST so long as men are going to let themselves be swayed by sex, just so long do we women in the business world enter the race, not with a handicap, but with odds in our favor.

It is rather fun being a woman. It took me a long time, during which I had some very hard knocks, before I reached that decision. I fought against it. I thought it was cheap to smile at a man in business, when I really felt like hurling the inkwell at him. If a man attempted to hold my hand, I thought it was time for me to put on my hat and coat and walk out of the office. I was "insulted." I had been warned

by cautious, worried elders about the "wolves" that lay in wait to "seduce" little stenographers.

But now I know it is man's way. And I know that the average business man is not a "wolf." but a lumbering Newfoundland dog who amuses himself by playfully tossing the thought of Sex back and forth. I frankly get a kick out of playing man's game, with his rules and winning.

The girl who deliberately uses her sex in business, should always do it with her tongue in her cheek. Then it is an extremely amusing sport, for the prizes are big. It is a light game as played by men. Let the girl play it just as lightly, and she can play it with confidence and without harm for the game is in her hands.

SEVERAL months ago, I played the game for two hours one evening. I won my point and I left laughing. The man laughed left laughing. The man laughed too. He realized he had played his game and been defeated. He was

a good sport about it! He was one of the officers of a big company. I had known him for several years, having come in contact with him when I had been sent to his office on hydroges for sent to his office on business for my firm. On such occasions, he had always been extremely nice to me-too nice, in fact. He had always insisted on taking me back to my office in his limousine. ride was usually extended to include a drive through the park, while Mr. Jones, behind the im-

perturbable back of the liveried chauffeur, would gradually slide closer and closer to me.

I disliked his fat, smirking face, but I did not dare antagonize him. He was powerful enough to have caused me to lose my job. After several of those drives, I had everything nicely calculated. I would start out sitting close to him, so I would have plenty of room to move over when he had started the search for my hand. The first fifteen minutes were always consumed in animated conversation [Continued on page 126]

### Do YOU Girls Use Your Sex in Business?

The writer of this article says:

Of course, I use my sex in business. How else could I have got where I am? I am intelligent. But men want intelligence from a reoman only when it is sandwiched between slices of sex appeal. Let men prate all they will about keeping sex out of business. Men have made this business world. And no man's thoughts ever wander far from sex—to man the most important of all things.

Do you girls and men agree with this. See page 26 for prize letter contest on this subject.









The Girl Whose Life Story Proves That "Hell Hath No Fury Like a Woman Scorned".



# Horgive Me My Trespasses

(How I Become a Girl with a Siren Heart:

WHEN my employer Mr. Karby invited me to go to the opera with him I wore beautiful evening clothes which I had only lately acquired. After the opera Mr. Karby, under pretense of taking me to a restaurant, took me to his apartment. At five o'clock the next morning I woke to find myself in an arm chair in his living room where I had fallen asleep after one glass of champagne. As he was letting me out we were confronted by Mrs. Karby's private detectives, seeking evidence on which she could divorce him. My fury and shame knew no bounds. I told him that he simply had to get me out of the mess he had gotten me into, but he was too concerned about how it would hurt him, to care what I said. I told him I'd make him suffer for it and I meant it, too.

HAD put so much passion into my outburst that I was almost gasping for breath. Mr. Karby looked at me with contemptuous, egotistical eyes.

"You're just nervous," he said, "and you're talking a whole lot too much for your own good. Now my advice to you is to trot along home and sit there until I send for you. Your salary will go on just the same unless something happens to make it unwise. In the meantime, keep your mouth shut and behave yourself. I'm going to try my best to get out of this mess and as far as that threat you just made I consider it merely a lot of hot air. You can't frighten me. Now go on

He pressed the button of the elevator and left me. I found myself in the full flood of daylight down in the

street in evening clothes, the object of curious, leering eyes. Even the taxicab driver who carried me back to my boardinghouse had a nasty look for me, as I paid my fare. God that I met no one in the halls.

The cheap mirror on my dresser reflected, not loveliness, but

a tawdry woman in finery that was bereft of all sheen, all I brought my face close to the mirror and stared into my own eyes. There was something there that was new and almost frightened me. The die was cast!

I disrobed, got into my nightgown, pulled down the shades and, miraculously, was able to sleep. When I awoke it was the dinner hour. I dressed in my own little shabby suit and decided to avoid my fellow boarders by eating at some inex-

pensive restaurant.

I BOUGHT all of the evening papers and searched them with fearful eyes, but there was no mention of my name or the name of John L. Karby. A faint hope stirred in me that all might be well, but deeper than that was the foreboding of the coming crash. It had not yet arrived, but I could feel it close by, as we know the rain is almost at hand when the dark clouds lower in the sky.

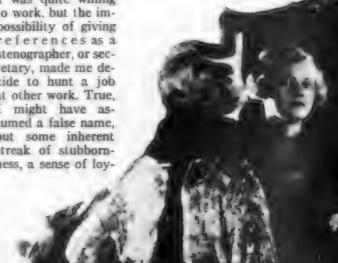
The following night it broke; not in the conservative evening papers, but in the sensational press. My picture, standing beside John L. Karby, he in pajamas and bathrobe, and I in

evening clothes. The caption read:

Speeding the departing guest at five A. M." Beneath was a luridly written story of the divorce case brought by Mrs. Karby against her husband, naming me as daughter, upon them? Such news would be impossible to suppress. It would be a sensation in my home town when it was reprinted in the local paper. The evidence was damning beyond explanation, and, the photographs were terribly realistic. My form and features were as life-like as reality itself.

knew Mr. Karby would discontinue my salary now. The money in my purse was sufficient, possibly, for a week's existence. After that God only knew. And I was the girl who wanted to be happy!

I was not lazy. I was quite willing to work, but the impossibility of giving references as a stenographer, or secretary, made me decide to hunt a job at other work. True, I might have assumed a false name, but some inherent streak of stubbornness, a sense of loy-





co-respondent, giving my address, which I presume had been found out by clever work on the part of her detectives.

That night I woke myself by sobbing on my pillow.
"I want to be happy." I want to be happy" I was moaning.

After that I could not sleep; I got up, put on my kimono, drew a chair up to the open window and looked out, miserably, upon a night sky whose very stars seemed dim beside the brilliant incandescent lights that turned Broadway's night into

How soon, I wondered, would mother and father learn of the disgrace that had fallen upon me, and because I was their alty to myself, I suppose, made me stick to Savannah Lane.

A help-wanted advertisement in a newspaper showed me the way. became a mannikin for a wholesale cloak and suit manufacturing com-

pany, with a showroom on Fifth Avenue. Here buyers from all over the United States came to inspect the clothing that was made in New York City.

It was my duty, along with a dozen other girls, to parade in different costumes before the constant stream of buyers.

"This job, dearie," my new employer told me the first day, "is worth thirty dollars a week to you, but a smart girl can make more. You're worth to this house exactly as much as you want to be. What I mean is, the nicer you are to the buyers the more stuff they buy. If they want to take you out to dinner, it is o.k. by the firm, and after dinner what you do is nobody's business.

A few months before I should have fled immediately from the place, but the new Savannah Lane, hard and crafty as sin itself, looked him in the eye and smiled as she made her terms.

I expected to lose my job as a mannikin when it became known that I was the correspondent in a notorious divorce case. Instead the boss raised my salary. "A celebrity like you will attract out of town buyers," he said

"You're perfectly right. What we do after dinner is nobody's business; not even yours, but don't get any wrong What I mean by that is that you can all go to hell, so far as I'm concerned, after five o'clock in the afternoon. If you want to hire me on that basis, all right. If not, that's up to you."

He spread his hands and shrugged his shoulders. "Of course

I want you to understand we don't insist.'

"I understand that I'm here to sell suits and dresses, and not anything else," I told him. "When I get ready to take the big hop it won't be to accommodate some cut-up from Peoria,

And the remarkable thing about it was that I put it over. This was my first experience in getting my own way with a man by virtue of a determined attack upon a man's preconceived ideas, but good mannikins happened to be scarce, and I

had the size and carriage that was required.

It has been my experience that men generally have designs upon every eligible and slightly attractive girl. They will go as far as they can, but whether their approach be subtle or frank, their progress depends not upon this but upon the degree of resistance the girl herself sets up. It takes courage to face down a man when your bread and butter depends upon that man, but it can be done, and is done every day. The girls who succumb are either merely stupid, or they wish, subconsciously perhaps, to fall.

Y THIRTY dollars a week took care of my expenses M very nicely, although it left no margin for the purchase of clothes. I had three months of comparative quiet, and then the Karby divorce case appeared sensationally on the

pages of every newspaper in New York.

Of Mr. Karby himself, I saw nothing, but his attorneys traced me from my original boarding-house, and night after night they plied me with frantic arguments to stand firm in my story that my visit to his apartment was utterly innocent of any improper event. Our interests, they argued, were mutual; the truth was mighty, and should prevail. I had a reputation to be cleared, and Mr. Karby had a reputation to be sustained.

I looked them in the eye and laughed. "Ask Mr. Karby what I told him the last time I saw him," I suggested to them, and when they came back it was almost with tears in their

"We simply must know what your testimony will be," they pleaded. "How can we go to trial when we don't know what our principal witness is going to say? If we could be sure that you would tell the exact truth on the stand we have a chance to beat the case in spite of that damaging photograph that's playing hell with us.

"You want me to tell the exact truth?" I asked them.

"That is it exactly."

"You want me to tell how Mr. Karby told me he was taking me to a restaurant when, in reality, he tricked me into going to his apartment, how he gave me champagne and promised me money and jewels if I would-

This was almost a knockout blow. It was in my power to

ruin their case and they knew it.

"But don't you see you could not testify to a thing like that, Miss Lane? It would be perjury and besides you would

completely destroy your own reputation.

'Mr. Karby knows that it would not be perjury," I said coldly, "and furthermore I think I could convince the court. I can't see why either you gentlemen or Mr. Karby should be so sensitive about my reputation, since it was Mr. Karby himself who first dragged it in the mud."

These lawyers were smart men and they looked at me keenly with penetrating eyes, their brains working rapidly. were as cold-blooded, naturally, as I had forced myself to

"In other words, Miss Lane, we are to assume that the nature of your testimony will not be friendly toward our client?'

I pretended to be surprised. "Did Mr. Karby expect me to

be friendly?" I asked.

"Mr. Karby expected you to tell the truth but I think we may as well be frank with one another. Are we to understand, Miss Lane, that the story you will tell on the witness stand is not as yet clearly formed in your own mind, that a more sympathetic attitude toward our client might be induced, let us say, by some material expression of friendliness on his part?

cannot speak definitely for Mr. Karby but I imagine it might be possible to make a discreet arrangement that would take care of-that would compensate you for certain losses and expenses you have incurred as a result of this suit.

'What you are trying to say," I told them cold-bloodedly, "is that if I suppress certain parts of the truth and color the whole story to suit Mr. Karby, he is willing to bribe me into

'Isn't that putting it rather crudely?" Their attitude was

suave with a pretense of patience.

"I don't think that is putting it crudely," I told them. "The facts themselves are crude. People have been put in jail for perjury and even brilliant lawyers have been disbarred for planning it. Why beat about the bush?"

Their faces became stony, and they got to their feet.
"Thank you very much, Miss Lane. We will take the matter up with Mr. Karby at once. May we see you again to-

YOU may," I said, and they were gone.

Alone that night I thought it all over. A deep hurt in my heart made me want to grind Mr. Karby to pieces. My nature was not the kind to endure a wrong meekly; the wound he had inflicted was deep and festered.

To the outside world I seemed, perhaps, scarcely changed; inside I was vicious as a wildcat. I wonder if anyone can understand why, from the time the scandal became public, I cut myself off completely from communication with my

Looking back now I can scarcely imagine why I did it. Most girls would have rushed home for sympathy, but my pain was so cruel that I developed the sullen aloofness of an Indian who, when dying, draws his blanket around him and turns his back on friend and foe alike. Most people are not like that: I was.

My future was black and stormy. I could not see far ahead, but I was determined to make John L. Karby pay until he was bled white. Very faintly the still small voice of conscience warned me that such a cause was wrong; that I would in the end hurt myself more than the man I had set myself against.

Yet, in spite of all this I think I might have wavered. I was, after all, only a girl and my enemy one of the most prosperous men in New York. To fight to the bitter end required more strength than it was reasonable to suppose I possessed. Morning found me admitting the possibility of failure, even though the fires of revenge were burning strong and steady.

One thing was lacking to arouse me to such a desperate pitch there could be no turning back. In the morning it came.

On the street I met, by accident, a girl from my former boarding-house who told me several letters had arrived there. At the noon hour I called for them. My fingers trembled as they held the pages penned in my mother's quaint little handwriting. She had been crushed, sent to bed by the shock of the news, which had, of course, created a sensation in my home town. Tears filled my eyes. She asked no questions; she just forgave everything and wanted her girl to come back home; she did not mention my father

ND then—a letter in a stranger's hand . . . the nurse A who had attended her. The shock and shame had killed my mother. She had died whispering my name. The tears my mother. She had died whispering my name. The tears stopped flooding my eyes. There is a grief that poisons the soul; that turns the heart to corroded brass.

I dropped everything and caught a late afternoon train for home. My father was older by twenty years, his face frozen with Puritanical intolerance. He refused to let me enter the

"There is no place for you in this house," he said bitterly. "You have dishonored your name and the shame killed your

mother. You are no daughter of mine.

I turned away from the door, numb from head to foot. The last ties of this earth had been snapped; the final twist had been given to the dagger that had pierced my heart. father had always been an aloof man, but this

I caught a return train and came back to New York with every scruple, with every ounce of uncertainty, burned out of my system. I looked at the men around me in the train. One of their sex had done this to me. John L. Karby's name was stamped in my mind in indelible letters; my hatred of him spread until it included all other men. They were my enemies -men-I was their victim. Well, it was a man's world but I was one woman who would give them a battle. I who had nothing to lose, nothing to gain.

Now, in these after years I look back and marvel at the powers of evil that had been brought out of the depth of the human soul. I have a theory that we all harbor the roots of both good and evil in some secret place of our being; that we, of our own free will, deliberately cultivate the one or the other, and I chose to water the roots of hatred.

I REFUSED now to see John L. Karby's lawyers before the trial. They sent a stenographer, a girl, who placed a sealed envelope in my hand without any explanation.

When she had gone I opened it; it held twenty-five hundred

dollars in bank notes.

Beyond all doubt, then, I knew that Karby was suffering the nervous anguish of suspense; that he was torn with fear lest I vindictively sink myself and pull him down after me. With this sum of money, contemptuously small, he hoped to sway me, to buy me, but I was a new woman, shrewd, calculat-

ing, cunning.

The possibility that the money was marked, that it might be a trick to put me in their power on a charge of perjury if I betrayed them, flashed through my mind. I decided to take no chances. The spending of it could wait. As a matter of justice, I told myself, the small sum of twenty-five hundred dollars was no compensation whatever for the sufferings John L. Karby had inflicted upon me. Without any scruples whatever I took the bank notes and ripping a slit in my mattress, stowed them away. A needle and thread quickly repaired The money was mine; in six months or a year, the damage. after the Karby divorce trial was settled and forgotten, I could spend it safely.

Meanwhile, my job as a mannikin would give me all the support I needed. I went to my boss and explained frankly to him that I was mixed up in the notorious Karby divorce

case, that I was the co-respondent.

"I happened to be innocent in this matter," I explained. "Are you going to let me stay or are you going to fire me?"

The surprise and delight on his face gave me the only

laugh I had had for many weeks. "Fire you, Miss Lane! My We will give you ten dollars more a week if you will stay with us! I thought I saw your pictures in the paper but I wasn't sure. With a celebrity like you in our showroom, and the out of town buyers . . . ach!"

E WAS a fat little man with a tendency to choke up when He became excited. What seemed to be the most heartbreaking tragedy possible in a girl's life, was, to his commercial soul, a thing to be proud of! The other girls in the place, when they heard the news, gathered around me as though I had achieved some great triumph and all the while I smiled mechanically and concealed my icy resentment at Life and at men in particular.

"Gee he must be a dirty bum to let you work all day on your feet in a place like this," one of the girls declared. "And

after all you meant in his life!"

Why should I share the real truth with these people? "It's only for a little while, dearie," I said with a sophisticated smile. "Don't waste any sympathy on me."

"I guess you got plenty jack out of the old bird didn't you?" "Plenty.

"Atta girl!"

But one of the older girls, sleek and wise, eyed me suspiciously. "You don't look like a gold-digger to me kid," she said later, when we happened to be alone together. "You said later, when we happened to be alone together. don't wear good enough clothes for one thing and you got a decent look about you for another thing. But I'll say this, you are off to a flying start if you want to take up the business seriously.'

"What business?"

"Gyping the gents; you know what I mean. Nature's been good to you. You got the right equipment. You got the looks and the style and I imagine the brains, too."

Sharply, this brought me face to face with an outside view point. Without any sentiment or politeness this girl had stated the truth about the so-called profession I was about to take



"I never want to see any of your family again," I told Kenneth Karby. "I have been wanting to see you ever since that scandal came out," he said, "and I don't intend to let you go until I get your side of the story."

up. At last I knew my proper name, I was a gold-digger! It had received my summons to appear as a witness in behalf of Karby's contention of the statutory charge brought by his wife. Well, I was ready for them. [Continued on page 105]

### Another True Story Plucked from the Heart of Life

# This Girl Tried to Get Away with It

VOU'VE been wondering about this petting business, haven't you?

Girls necking, girls smoking, girls sharing the vicious, acrid contents of cheap whiskey tlasks, and then the consequences of it all.

Wild oats for girls—you've been wondering about them.
Wondering what it was going to do to the girls themselves.
what it was going to do to the world.

"Nice girls don't do things like that," says grandma. "Nice

men don't marry girls who do them."

You're all wet," flippantly replies granddaughter. "Nice girls do do these things. Some of the nicest girls you know, girls who rate high in school, girls you'd invite into any home, do 'em. Young professional women, capable business girls, they do 'em.

What's more, the men of their crowd know they do 'em, and yet they marry them. Nice men, that expect just as much of their wives as men ever did

This is a different world than the one you lived Kids don't stick around the house and mind mama and papa the way you did. First place, most of 'em haven't any houses to stick Nothing but lil' old apartments. Where'll you do your visiting if you don't do it in a parked automobile? That's one reason why we graduate early. And the other reason is that most of us pay our own way. We've got jobs. You didn't have! Laugh that off!"

And you, sitting on the side lines, wonder which party is right. Can young people really do these reckless things, if they do do

them, and actually be able to escape the ancient punishment?
Can modesty be disregarded and innocence be banished and decency be violated without paying the old, old price?

Yes they can!

These modern youngsters can and do raise Cain with modesty, innocence and decency without paying the price their grandparents would have paid, but that doesn't imply that they won't pay any price. Not by a long shot.

Listen while I tell you the story of Edna Flack.

believed she had a right to sow

wild oats. What was the

harm? Men got away with it.

Edna graduated from the state university last June. Typical college girl. You've seen dozens of them on the streets this winter. Gay, slender, impudent young things, flashing through the storms like a flock of paraquets. Rain sparkling on their scarlet and green slickers, little felt hats pushed back, collegiate,

on tumbled, blonde, windblown bobs, or sleek, patent leather, sheik cuts. A scant inch of rambunctious skirt between the edge of their slickers and the supple knee caps. Insolent, chiffon clad legs terminating in flopping goloshes. Strutting up the street with their swaggering slouch, staring at you in their cock-sure way, razzing each other in their high, harsh voices.

Edna was one of these. Ash-blonde bair and brown eyes. Slender boneless

body. Took her ten minutes to dress from shower to lip stick. Soap, towel and talcum—stockings, pumps, dress and make-up. Not a nother blessed stitch or process.

Underwear?

Stop kidding me. When did you wake up, Rip Van Winkle? "Oh, she was that kind of a girl!" you sniff disdainfully.

What do you mean by "that kind of a girl?" Edna was a regular kind of a girl. Maybe,



### By ELSIE ROBINSON

Who has told you in LISTEN, WORLD!

That she believes in Herself; that she believes in Other People; that she believes in Life; that she believes in God.

in some ways she was the most regular kind of a girl the world has ever produced. Working her way through college in a sandwich shop from the time she was a frightened little kid of seventeen to the cool, self assuredom of twenty-one. Holding her own in the rough and tumble of college trade. Turning down twenty dates for every one she accepted. Learning to analyze human nature with a shrewdness that would put many a psychiatrist to shame. Keeping her head and her temper; being able to "snap out of it"; tightening up her softness; steadying her wobbliness. Making herself trail wise. That was Edna.

Good little sport but hard as nails. Not hard in the old vicious sense, just

Tempered to endure any amount of speed and strain, work and responsibility that would have sent grandma into a fit of hysterics. Tempered too, to juggle the values of good and evil in a way that would have given that good soul horrid visions of hell-fire. But she juggled them, and her hand seldom slipped.

She was out to get things.

An education-she worked for that in the sandwich shop, worked like a farm hand, slugging herself into action when she was ready to drop, cutting her sleep down to two or three hours a night so she could get her studying done, living for days on black coffee to keep going—yet stepping thru it all as cool and daintily impudent as a Parisian midinette.

Fun, parties, flowers, gold mesh bags, orchids, rides in Stutz speedsters, shows, cabarets, she was out to get all those things and she figured she'd have to work for them, too, just as she had to work for an education. Do a whole lot of things she

didn't like to do and some she did.

Under the head of the things she didn't like to do came the drinking and necking and the results which sometimes, but very seldom, followed that prelude. She honestly didn't like them. She used to talk to me about it frankly. There was no hypocrisy in her statement that she didn't like them. Her technique didn't include hypocrisy. She was a law to herself and why should she say she didn't like a thing if she did, or vice versa? That was her reasoning and with all her recklessness, she fought as hard for her conception of truth as grandma

No, she didn't like the necking and all that sort of thing, but business was business. You paid for what you got. You made



as good a bargain as you could for yourself, but you did pay. That was the only square thing to do.

So she paid, when she had to. She called it "being square."

Once I asked her if she didn't think it was wrong. She came back at me with a line of philosophy that, despite its slang, hit the bull's eyes as squarely as anything old Socrates ever devised.

Wrong? What was wrong? Morals changed with every generation. The line o' goods that went for grandma wouldn't go for her. You got nowhere nowadays if you didn't do as the rest. You had to be a "snappy number" in college or you speedily became a "wash out." And being a snappy number in college implied quite a number of things.

Of course, she didn't believe in being a sap. Getting a crush on every pair of Oxford bags that came along. Getting lit, not knowing how to take care [Continued on page 110]

### LOVE OR BEAUTY? I Had to Choose Between Them See If You Think My Decision Was the Right One

T BEGAN one afternoon when I was at my switchboard in the alcove off the main lobby of the Lane House. There was nothing in the air to tell me the day ought to be marked with a triple star or a red letter. It was just one of those days when spring is on the job and summer is on the way and when you have to celebrate being alive. I couldn't declare a half holiday and go out to pick violets, so I went over to the news-stand and picked a magazine. From then on everything was different.

Maybe I was meant to see just that particular article for the Movie Star opened itself to a story entitled, "Faces that have National Circulation." The first words out of the box and off the pencil of the writer ask if your face has pulling power. What more natural than for me to rise up and take a look in the mirror back of my telephone desk to see how good my circulation is. Just as I'm comparing myself with the famous Grace Granada line for line, a funny little voice that could only belong to a fat man asks:

Even if she is as good as her P. A. and the photographer

says, she's no better than you, is she Adorata?"

"My name is Molly Chandler and I'm ready to take your call," I said turning around soberly and dropping the magazine I had been holding alongside of my own face.

"I'll call you the prettiest copperhead I've ever seen, and I hope your figure is as good as it looks which is sinuous as a snake," he replied.

"Please quit your kidding. It hurts," I told him. "There is nothing snaky about me. I know I'm as public as a park squirrel working here in the lobby for what ten hours a day at the switchboard brings in. But it's enough. I'm not a park squirrel look-

ing for free nuts."
"You're no squirrel," he laughed. rare as chinchilla and as perfect, though your

coloring is more like summer ermine.

He squinted up his funny little fat face and looked for all the world like a Kewpie. He studied me until I asked if he was planning to learn all my features by heart. And then he said much more to himself than to me:

"SURE. You'll do. It's great to dig up a new candidate like this. Do you know you're as beautiful as they come?" I do not," I said. "And if all the little fat traveling men in the world came into the Lane House and started kidding me. I'd be safe not to get my head turned. For my Grandma never misses a day telling me how I look like she did once.'

"Maybe Grandma is the old girl that got the apple from Paris, but you're my idea of the latest thing in Venus a la Mode," was his come back.

Then he introduced himself as Stacey Tombes, publicity man for a beauty contest Movie Star Magazine is going to pull off in Ocean City. And he asks me if I have aspirations to be known to the world like Grace Granada herself. And then in comes David Glenn.



## The

David is, was and will ever be the best looking fellow in Lanesville. But like me he neglected to pick rich parents. So while the talented Miss Chandler is only a switchboard operator, the equally talented Mr. Glenn is nothing but a chauffeur. David works for the president of the Alta Vista Bank, across the River from Lanesville and a world or so away. Alta Vista is where all the rich folks who have to ride through Lanesville on the way to the outer world locate their hundred thousand dollar houses on their fifteen thousand dollar autos. Lanesville boys go over to Alta Vista to work and get theirs, which is forty a week if you're as handsome as David.

DAVID GLENN has never said anything definite to me since he grew up enough to have saying it count. And since I've noticed what a good looking ash-blonde Miss Beatrice Hoyt, his boss's daughter is, I think he'd be a simp to converse with me seriously about love and marriage and two living as cheap as one. The papers tell enough about how handsome traffic cops and little lads from the slums can break into Fifth Avenue



## My Beauty Won

mansions and carry the heiress away. Why not David? He's never going to earn as much money any other way as he could by being Mr. Beatrice Hoyt.

DAVID is a dark-eyed blond, as husky and as graceful as if Lief Erickson had married an Indian back in the historic days I don't know much about and as if Mr. Glenn was a descendant who combined the best features of each. And would you believe it, when he sees my Stacey climbing over the switch-board to gaze into my eyes which are blue when not green, David turns all Indian.

Stacey isn't afraid of a whole reservation of braves, for he trots up to David like a Pekinese to a police dog and starts talking this Venus business to him. Personally I don't think when two men have just been introduced they ought to start discussing if a lady's hips are just the same measurements as them the Venus statue reveals so cheerfully. David does not think so either. He squelches Stacey. At least he acts in a way that would have squelched any other Kewpie.

"I'd call you the prettiest copperhead I've ever seen," said the little fat man. He studied me as if he was planning to learn all my features by heart.

But when David and I start off for home where he has been asked to supper seeing that this is his day off and not mine, he informs me that I won't see that little fat Tombes man again—not if he sees him first.

"Your information is not reliable," I reply in a tone Miss Beatrice Hoyt could use on David, only I'll bet she don't.

David has evidently never heard the story of that Boston mother

who told her children not to put beans up their noses, for he warms me against New Yorkers, against little fat travelling men, against beauty contests and against Stacey Tombes in particular.

"You mustn't enter that beauty contest," is how he concludes. "It wouldn't be safe."

Need I mention that was the moment when I entered?

There were a couple of wires crossed by the time David and I reached home. And Grandma was fussing around in a way to make me realize that probably Nita was out again with the Hoyt boy. Burned biscuits on Grandma's part always mean cavorting on Nita's.

TITA is seventeen, two years younger than me and a generation wiser in all the things it doesn't do her a bit of good to know. And her latest foolishness is Norris Hoyt, Junior. Why she has to pick the son of David's boss I can't say. She can't see that she's in a game a high-school education isn't enough training for. But she acts as if she were a Follies Beauty or a Social Light and as if Norris Hoyt meant what he says.

Seeing how worried Grandma is, I think it is wise to introduce a counter-irritant. So I start talking about Stacey and the Beauty Contest and Movie Star Magazine, thinking Grandma will have such a good time bawling me out that she will forget to worry because Nita is out.



The judges all smiled at me when they gave me the silver loving cup with the sweetheart

Grandma hands me a jolt. She likes the Venus Business. She approves. Of course she don't think I have as much chance of winning as she would have had when she is a girl. But she thinks it would be a good idea to enter. And she

thinks even if I won about fifth prize it might help start a fund to paint the cottage and refurnish the living room—so Nita wouldn't be too proud to entertain her boy friends at home instead of letting them entertain her up the road all the



roses in it and everyone was telling me that I'd surely get the gold cup tomorrow.

time and giving the gossips of the town more food for chatter.
"Who is going to finance Molly?" David asks. That is

Grandma fingers her cameo brooch set in seed-pearls and

brilliants, so I know what is on her mind. But all she says to David Glenn is:

"Nothing venture, nothing have."

Maybe that is what made him kiss [Continued on page 86]



For Mice

HERE are night clubs in New York which, under the gaudy camoutlage of exclusiveness, high prices, jazz band, dancing and supper entertainment, largely draw their patronage through the appeal of the one time undisguised, declassé disorderly resort. Their attraction to big butter and egg men with unlimited money to spend from midnight until dawn is the easy opportunity of meeting girls, employed as hostesses and entertainers, whose duties, in addition to dancing and singing, include entertaining the guests during the late hour drinking orgy—and afterwards.

There are clubs, some frequented by the élite from upper Fifth Avenue, which are the hang-out of notorious crooks of the underworld, gunmen, bond bandits, jewel thieves, professional black-mailers, dope peddlers and dope addicts. In these clubs, male parasites—many of whom act as dance partners to unaccompanied women guests—pick up with their rich victims, whom they later blackmail or rob. Many of the jewel robberies of the past few years could be traced to the acquaintances made by rich women, with the hangers-on of expensive night resorts.

All of this I learned when I first took a job as an assistant

hostess in a night clob nearly four years ago. I was seventeen and had been in New York less than a year. The show in which I had been working closed and I was down to my last dollar. One of the girls in the chorus appeared in a popular club after her work at the theater and had told me of the enormous tips which she and the other girls received; tips ranging from five to twenty-five dollars from single patrons, and sometimes averaging over one hundred dollars a night. They were in need of several young girls at the club. and she offered to take me over and introduce me to the manager. He looked me over and offered to em-



A Startling Inside Story of Night Club Life By an Assistant Hostess

to the Juests

ploy me. They paid only forty dollars a week, but I could probably get several times that amount in tips. I looked two years younger than my age and I found that most clubs prefer to employ as hostesses and entertainers, girls who are extraordinarily young. In fact, many employ girls whom no theatrical producer would put into a chorus for fear of running foul of the legal authorities. Thus many very young girls drift into the maws of night clubs.

When I got my first job I objected to the scantiness of attire I was supposed to wear. "Where do you think you're working," jeered the hostess, "in a Sunday school? You wear what's provided or get out." I was broke and the forty dollars a week salary, not to speak of the possible tips, promised to keep me from starvation. Except for the more sophisticated girls, who go into night club work with the deliberate purpose

of using the club to make the acquaintance men. the others go into it out of necessity. as I But they did. are not in the work long before their sensibilities begin to harden. as mine did. In my three years' experience, moving around from one club to another as an assistant hostess and entertainer; I've learned a lot. I'm no longer thin-skinned and I've learned to take care of myself. When I lose a job in one club by playing

safe, I go to another, for new clubs are always open-

ing and the padlocked clubs re-open under new names or new management. I've been able to save money, and I shall continue in the work until I have enough laid by to open a little millinery shop back home and support my widowed mother,

Sucker

BANTON IS AROUSED

BY BEATING IN CLUB

Attem, a Made to Prevent Man

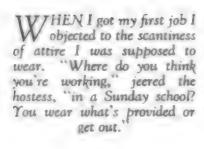
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ROMISES HIS PROTECTION

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k and Rebbery and Are Held to 83,500 Bell for Grand Jury.





Of the trials of a decent girl who becomes a night club entertainer, few people know the uncouth advances of men who are generally intoxicated. We've got to smile and pass it off. We must be "nice to the guests."



respectably. But I've learned to know the average night club for what it is, a glorified blend of the old

cabaret, speak-easy and house of assignation. The truth about a great proportion of the night clubs has never been told, but I can tell it.

I remember my first night in the tawdry club where I was first employed. Horribly ill at ease in my scant attire, feeling indeed as if I were dancing before those several hundred people in sheer undress, I had gone through my second number when the manager came over to me. "My friend, Johnnie, wants you to sit at his table," he said. "He's got a lot of dough and is one of our best customers. Be sure you treat him nice." He led me to a table and introduced me to a pot-bellied middleaged man with an inflamed face and rat-like eyes.

"What'll it be, champagne?"

"Oh, I never drink."

"Come on, we'll split a bottle."

"But I don't," I persisted. "It gives me a headache." He ordered a high-ball for himself. I took lemonade.

He wanted to dance. Slender and undersized, I was a mere midget in his unwieldly embrace. I could have screamed as his fat arm hugged me to him. He held me so tightly I could hardly breathe. When we got back to the table he passed me a twenty dollar bill.

"You're a nice kid. Want to see more of you. Got to leave early tonight, but I'll be back soon."

WHEN he had gone the manager rushed up to me. "What do you mean by refusing champagne? Champagne at twenty-five dollars a bottle! Ain't you getting a commission on what's bought at your table? What d'you suppose you're hired here for? Next time you turn 'em down when they want to buy champagne you'll look for another job."

So the next time champagne was offered I made a pretense of drinking. Of course, we girls have no choice as to whom we shall sit with or dance with. Any man with money to spend, old or young, married or single, gentleman or bruiser, has the privilege of demanding that we dance with him or sit at his table. In eight cases out of ten he expects to make a date with us on the outside. I lost my first job by refusing an outside date with the man who had first wanted to buy me champagne

If you frequent night clubs you will generally find the majority of the male patrons

are middle-aged or elderly men. They are the big spenders. Young heirs to millions, society bloods, college boys with money, come too, but they are of a comparative minority and it is notorious they do not spend like the old boys.

In trying to make a date with a girl for breakfast after the performance, or for luncheon the next day, strangers to the ways of many clubs make the mistake of not arranging with the manager or passing a tip to the hostess first.

It is unfortunate for those girls who, too young to get a job in the chorus, are forced by poverty or circumstances to get their first jobs in certain night clubs. Sooner or later, if they want to retain their self respect, they'll run against a jam and get fired or be obliged to give up the work. It is one of the most humiliating and demeaning forms of theatrical entertainment a girl can take up, and yet I have found nice girls among the entertainers. What they are obliged to go through night after night you would hardly believe.

In the chorus of a show a girl enjoys adequate protection against advances from men. If she has serious ambitions for a theatrical career she need never meet anyone outside the theater. The better producers discourage stage-door-Johns. The girl who steps over the traces does so only because she wishes to. But in the clubs—

Consider the entertainment as it is artfully arranged. Many managers deliberately and purposely commercialize the appeal of nudity and the intimacy of close contact. In a great proportion of the clubs the girls wear far less than they do in the most risqué revues and musical comedies.

in sittle

th to fo sa "I

We come out, twenty or more of us, and go through our numbers, one by one. My specialty is singing popular songs. In the past year the songs have become more suggestive, the dances more daring, than formerly. Perhaps the managements realize that the tastes of the patrons become jaded and need stimulation.

In a certain club the star specialty on the program is a socalled Hawaiian dance performed as it never is in Hawaii. All the lights in the club are turned off. A blazing white spotlight plays upon a girl, a mere child, who appears on the dance floor. Elsa is just past fifteen. Almost nude, wearing only the suggestion of a silken fringe, she dances, under the white glare of the light.

It is part of the arranged program for us girls to rush pell-mell among the tables and mix with the male guests. Carrying boxes of cherries or candies we put them, with our thumb and forefinger, between the lips of the male patrons, who sometimes bite. Or we dash around pelting them with cotton balls, or play tag. They try to catch us, grab hold of us, and chase

us through the room. Again we may come out with a May-pole and give a dance in the open space, twining the ribbons as we sing and skip, and inviting the fat and wobbly old papas to join us, which they do! They love it! If we know they stand in with the management, or that their tips are big enough, we may sit on their laps, dawdle their few stringy locks, and whisper "sweet-nothings" in their ears. I guess most of us do get to be a hardboiled lot!

If that was all there was to it it wouldn't be so bad, but there may oe a regular

patron whose checks generally amount to \$500 a night. So if he is as old as Methuselah or as fat as King Cole I've got to sit at his table, when the hostess says so, hold his hands under the cover, and listen to his twaddle. He may brag about his business, or complain about his wife, and will probably want me to have breakfast with him after I'm through. If I say it's all right he may tip me fifty dollars, but if I have another engagement I may not get anything.

We've got to dance with all kinds of men, whoever asks us. Nice, isn't it? But that's what they come to the night club for, and that's what they pay for. And then some people say the tips we get are easy graft!

Of course, when we sit at their tables we are expected to stimulate the consumption of bouze. In one respect the management shows some consideration. Where gin or whiskey is being drunk at a table we can order fake "orange blossoms" or martinis, and are served with drinks minus the alcohol. As a matter of fact we girls drink less than the run of society women and very young girls who are brought into the clubs. Take notice the next time you are in a club, how little the hostess, head waiter or managers drink.

Only the girls who stand in with the management are paired off to the big spenders. Where certain regular patrons who come night after night give big tips you may take it the average management will generally see they can make dates with such girls as they want.

One night two college boys went up to the hostess in charge. They had made up to Elsa and myself, and wanted us to go for a ride in their car. "I don't care," I said, as they seemed fairly decent chaps. "But you've got to see—" mentioning the hostess, as it wasn't yet closing time. Their proposition aroused an outburst of indignation.

"What do you boys mean! How dare

you make such a suggestion? Coming up to me with a proposition like that! My girls are just children, and I want you to understand I take care of them. Nothing like that in this place." Her jaw clicked grimly and they begged her pardon.

But the mistake they made was not tipping her a hundred dollars or more on the q. t. Many of the girls once they have gotten

Many of the girls, once they have gotten hardened, try to make the best of it and play the patrons for what they can get. As long as their transient admirers spend big money in the club, there is no objection on part of

the management as to what they may pull down on the outside. Certain girls have regular admirers. Now and then some girl may be given five hundred dollars. Is this simply because a casual patron so tremendously enjoys her company at his table, or feels such gratitude because she has sung some favorite old time song as an encore? Maybe—sometimes. But not—always.

Where an acquaintance develops outside the club a smart girl may get an apartment, lots of clothes, an automobile or jewels. I have known girls whose friendships proved so profitable they stopped working.

But just as the average club is a fly-by-night affair, what interest the men who patronize it may take in the girls is likewise brief. If we want to gold-dig, we've got to dig quickly.

The trials of a decent girl who becomes a night club entertainer few people know—the uncouth advances and insulting liberties of men who

are generally intoxicated. We've got to stand for proposals during a dance or over a high-ball which most women would resent with a blow across a leering suggestive face. We've got to smile, pass it off, and swallow the insult. We must "be nice to the guests". We are not allowed to insult the patrons. If some rich souse gets fresh and the girl loses her temper and tells him where he gets off, it will be the girl who will get a calling down, not the offender.

In all my experience I've come across only one man who has regularly given big tips and sent expensive presents to the girls without any ulterior purpose. He is a wealthy manufacturer and generally comes to the clubs accompanied by women from outside. He often asks for encores, and as a song or dance may please him gives the girl from twenty-five to one hundred dollars. Often he will take a brief interest in some new girl, send her a box of lovely lingerie or a dress. I've known girls who have tried to "make" him after a first approach, but with a frigid politeness he gives them to understand he wants nothing further. Of course, in the clubs where he is well known he is regarded as a "nut".

About a year ago there came to town an elderly multi-millionaire manufacturer from

the West.

"Listen, dearie, that gentleman sitting all alone over there is one of the biggest millionaires from the west." This from the black-haired hostess coming [Continued on page 94]

Girls Used to Be Divided

Into Two Classes

GOOD or BAD

Now

Who Can Tell

When

IS

Naughty?

HE phone was ringing madly as Marie ushered me into her smart little Park Avenue apartment the morning I arrived in New York. In her luxuriously lazy Southern way. Marie dropped my black case on her gorgeous divan,

The gin-drinkers are at it again. Honest Injun, Muriel, they start stepping on the gas in this town before you catch forty winks. And, they step, honey! I told 'em all about your coming up from down home in South Ca'lina. They're all set to give you a buggy ride at the local speed limit. Well, let's see what happens."

Marie picked up the phone and drawled into it. Her voice hadn't been changed by New York. It was still a typical Southern girl's voice, and reminded me of the time when we were room-mates in a fashionable Virginia boarding-school. But, what she was saying over the wire didn't. She was telling ome man that he'd missed all the fun the night before at a wild party.

In our early days we had never dreamed that one of us would be living alone in New York, as free as air. We had always been strictly chaperoned. However, time, and circumstances bring strange changes. When Marie's parents died, leaving her an orphan with ample means, she had checked out for New York.

"Vilma never did get home," Marie was telling the man on the phone. "But, that doesn't give me heart failure. She's probably in a Turkish bath somewhere. Been threatening to tour one of 'em ever since I met her. That's enough ancient



history. Here's something new. I'm going to let you talk to the girl friend I've been telling you about from South Ca'lina," she said, pushing the phone into my hands. "It's Heywood—

Hey for short, and snappy!"

I took the phone, flustered at the idea of talking to a strange man. I wasn't a prude about such things, though it was true enough that I was used to a slower speed limit than Marie. You can't get away with stepping on the gas in the small home town, where I'd lived since boarding-school. The thing that fazed me was I didn't have a snappy line of conversation with a strange man, especially over the telephone. Anything I said might sound awfully small-town to him. However, since I had to start somehow, I made up my mind to do so with a bang

"Hey," I said, "I'll just die up here on Marie's hands if I



"Crazy bout the girl friend," Hey told Marie. Then he leaned down and kissed me. My heart felt as if it were playing leap-frog.

don't see you right away. I've heard heaps about you and I just can't wait."

"So, the little lady from way down yonder in the cotton fields sorta craves a shot, eh? Well, it's on the way, honey. Just hold off the death scene till I get down there. Twenty minutes flat. S'long" he answered and hung up.

minutes flat. S'long," he answered, and hung up.

My cheeks felt aflame as I turned to Marie. Neither what
I had said, or his answer, was responsible for my burning face.
Heywood's voice was to blame. It had thrilled me over the

"Tell me more about him, Marie. His voice did something to me."

"It's a long story—about Hey. He's about the oldest man in our gin-drinkers' crew. Football hero! In the war! Got a medal! Wounded! Folks got lots of money! He's the fellow who started calling some of the girls in our set 'duds!'"

"Duds?" I repeated. It was over my head. I'd been sort of hidden away from the places where they coin new words.

"In France at the front when a shell landed, and didn't explode, they called it a 'dud.' Well, Hey got calling girls who didn't pet,

smoke, drink, listen in on risqué stories, 'duds.' Meaning, they didn't explode."

"Oh, old-fashioned, and all that," I said, realizing that Hey would call me a "dud," if he really knew the truth about me. I smoked for effect at times. I took a cocktail now, and then, but, I didn't pet. I had some ideals about love. There couldn't be much left to give when real love came along if you let every man kiss you.

"Hey's the most interesting, and the best looking of the bunch, Muriel. I bet you'll fall for him!"

"I'm afraid my speed limit'll be too slow for him, Marie."
Look here, honey, I know how we used to look at things.
I don't suppose ideas have changed so much in the old home town, but they have changed in other places. Everybody up here's stepping on the gas. If you don't, you get left! You



with are nice but if they're naughty I don't see how they can be." "Hold 'em Yale!" cut in Marie, "You'll have to page Solomon for the real answer. It's too involved a proposition to rule just how close we can come to the deadline, and still remain technically nice. We can poise ourselves on the dead-line now, on one foot, really, and at least peer across at the great forbidden, and often desirable spaces beyond. Yes, we get away with being—well, you know, what I mean—"
"And, the answer's what? Liquor—automobiles—the war—

jazz?" I asked just to get Marie's slant.

"They've all got something to do with it. But, it's the age, Muriel. Today we're so much more frank, daring, and all that kind of thing. It's an age of speed. Not only in social circles, but in everything. The horse and carriage are even too slow for a funeral now. Nothing will do but motor cars, airplanes. Everybody wants to get to the bottom of things

right away. No fuss or feathers. The idea is to get some place-quick! Men get to the love-making point in a few minutes.

"Has Hey made love to you, Marie?" I asked.

Marie blew perfect smoke rings out of her adorable little mouth. "Well, not with any honorable intentions," she smiled. Then seeing that her words had really shocked me she added, "Meaning, of course, not in a serious way. No proposals, but he's petted with me, and I liked it."

The phone interrupted. It was one of the girls who'd been on the party the night before. Evidently she handed Marie some news. Dirt, Marie called it. A mutual girl friend, Edna, had been hurriedly married to a Princeton boy. By special request of Edna's father, explained Marie. The couple failed to get home from a party a few nights ago. Said they'd had automobile trouble. The story wasn't strong enough. "Pa



Harrison was best man at the quiet little ceremony.

The apartment bell rang and Marie motioned me to open the door. A tall chap, even better looking than I had imagined, smiled at me, and I knew in an instant that he was

Still gasping for breath, eh? Well, I've got just what the doctor ordered for you,' he said in a voice that made me

'Another minute and you'd have been too late," I answered, amazed to find myself holding both hands out to him. My pulse speeded up, and my

determination to show him I was no "dud" grew grew stronger.

We turned on some radio dance that was music in from coming one of the hotels where they danced through lunch time. Marie showed us some new Bottom Black steps she'd learned, and I picked them up for I was quick at mastering steps. The phone rang six times before went out to Biltmore to we the meet the crowd and have a bite. I danced with Hey several times at the hotel, and decided he was the best in the world.

We rushed back to Marie's at three, and dressed, talking to Hey from the bedroom all the time.

When we came out ready to go

Hey didn't pay any attention to Marie.

"Crazy 'bout the girl friend," he said, patting my shoulder. "I knew you would be," answered Marie, slipping into more clothes

Hey leaned down and kissed my throat. My heart felt as

if it were playing leap-frog!

The party at the artist's studio gave me a real idea of what Marie meant by "stepping on the gas." There were more than twenty boys and girls present, and by five o'clock it was one wholesale petting party to dance music. Those who didn't dance, sprawled around on rugs or gayly colored pillows, and told snappy stories. Hey maneuvered me into a cozy corner, and made heavy love to me. It thrilled me, but I managed to remember he had made the same kind of love to Marie, although I didn't like to realize his romancing was just for the moment. If I hadn't I don't think I would have encouraged Knowing he wasn't serious, and that his love-making would be lost, to me, if I acted like a "dud," I just decided to enjoy the thrill of the moment.

You li'l southern girls got awful quiet, dreamy ways, but believe me, you got romance in your kisses," he whispered.

I was sorry when the party broke up, mostly because it meant a short separation from Hey. We were going out on a party that night. On the way home in a cab I told Marie how I'd fallen for him. She arched her brows, and looked at me in a sophisticated way-"Say, Muriel, there didn't seem to be any four-wheel brakes on you this afternoon. I'm beginning to think you were kidding about things being so slow down home. Believe me, Hey can't call you a 'dud' so far,' she answered.

DIDN'T want her to believe I was stepping on the gas just so he'd like me, so I told Marie that, after all, the speed limit in New York and South Carolina wasn't so far apart.

pace until about midnight. I'm not out of focus, that's about the time Hey will make his final judgment of what goes on in your li'l southern heart,' she answered

Four couples started from Marie's in Hey's big car. Every-body was feeling on top of the world. I was quite hazy about our destination, some foreign-sounding place, a club of some

It was most intriguing, especially as they turned other people away right in front of us because they didn't seem to be well known to the doorman. Our crowd was greeted warmly. We were bowed into a room lit in an alluringly dim way. Heavy dark curtains with queer white designs, and characters hid the walls. There were oodles and oodles of tables, and a dance platform hardly much bigger than a silver dollar.

But the music!

It was the kind that wakes up the old, and senile. Hey swore they played one piece that resurrected a dead man when the club first opened—a dead drunk man, he later explained. A crowd was dancing, a crowd of pretty, young girls; sophisticated, beautiful women; old, rich looking men; young smart looking chaps.

Once we were fixed with a table, Hey led me out to dance. I felt as if I were floating away when I started off in his arms.

I went back to the table like a person in the midst of some stirring dream. Looking around I noticed a few of the girls at nearby tables. Marie was talking to several at one time. They were apparently nice girls like ourselves. But, at a table just beyond us there was a party of girls who for all of their beauty of face and form, their expensive clothes, and their savoir faire, did not strike me as nice. Something in their eyes tattled about a trip beyond that deadline Marie had spoken of. I suddenly began to realize what the difference between the two kinds of girls was.

It seemed a little queer to know we could hob-nob with the semi-mondaines, mimic them, pattern ourselves after them, even envy them, and still remain nice girls. But, we were,

and apparently getting away with it to perfection.

The Club became warm and stuffy after an hour, and when some girl at the next table told our crowd of the newest, and wildest place in Westchester County, there was much talk The girl said that the place was guaranteed to about going. shock the devil himself.

We were in the car shortly. Hey frowned as he got behind the wheel: "These are no parties to take a chauffeur alongbut damn this business of having to drive all the time myself. I'll give 'em plenty of air, then make Randy drive if he's up to That back seat looks mighty inviting to me,"

significantly.

HE car was skimming along through open country when Hey decided Randy was able to drive. We got settled in the back seat. The other couples were too wrapped up in each other to notice the change in drivers, except Randy and his girl, and they snorted over the idea.

Occasionally I saw vague dim shapes loom along the roadside, lights gleaming ahead, but Hey's arms and kisses had sort

of stolen away all my sense of time, and place.

Suddenly the machine came to an abrupt stop. was jostled out of their places.

"Why don't you write—or telegraph, it's quicker—before hitting a tree," complained Marie.

"Come on, pile out. This bus stops here. We're at the palace of shocks. There's the devil and his wife at the door," retorted Randy, climbing out. "You can't park in the main drive, you nut," said Hey,

struggling to a sitting position.

I saw a great white place ahead. Few lights were shining in [Continued on page 124] the front. But there was an

## Was I Justified 10th in Breaking the sommandment?

EARLY three years ago I met a girl the wife of a busi ness acquaintance, at a party. Today, after three of the toughest years I ever hope to live through, she has just become my wife

I have in fact stolen another man's wife.

According to our Anglo-Saxon values I am a "cad." But I deny that charge One cannot love where one will, and just because a woman happens to be married, there is no reason why she should continue for the rest of her life bitterly un-

happy.

In the last three years I have lost many of my friends. Perhaps they weren't worth keeping, but still their leaving me was a tangible expression of the opinion the world had of me. I have very nearly lost the love of my family. Socially I have been shown that "decent people" cannot extend hospitality to a man who would do "that sort of thing." I have been "cut. whispered about, condemned, and yet I don't feel like a cad! I don't feel that I have done anything which I would not do again if I were similarly situated. believe that according to all

the laws of happiness, which are the first laws of life, I was right and they were wrong. In England the attitude towards marriage tends in the direction of the cast-iron rigidity of Victorian times. The letter of the marriage service is still regarded as more important than the spirit. To me there is something terrifying and sinister in the idea that a union, sanctified at the altar, can only be severed by death. Two people who believe that they will make a happy marriage are, in this belief, as liable to human error as in anything else. They cannot be sure. Supposing that they are wrong, that their partnership instead of bringing the hoped for "mutual society, help and comfort" brings only unhappiness and misunderstanding, the more distressing and disheartening in the close proximity of married life, are they to continue tied to each other because of a national attitude toward divorce?

Don't imagine that I look lightly on marriage, or that I



Foulstam & Bunfield

THIS is Eric Maschwitz, who, in this amazing revelation, tells of a domestic triangle in which he was the "other man." Mr. Maschwitz is himself amazing. At the age of twenty-four he has been a Cambridge undergraduate, a laborer, a reporter, a magazine editor, an actor, and the author of the much discussed novel, "A Taste of Honey."

have no respect for the solemnity of the vow! It was just my innate respect for that solemnity-my "respectability", if you like it — which made what I did so difficult.

It wasn't to be under-taken lightly, that "stealing" of another man's wife. I had to be so sure that I was doing the right thing, that I could make that girl happier than her husband had done, that both for her and me the risk we ran of difficulty and disgrace was worth the happiness we had a chance of winning. I was only twenty-one at the time I met her, I was earning less than five pounds a week in a publishing office and my hopes of making good with a novel or my short stories were of the airiest. My acquaintance with human problems was about as slight as it could be. Scarcely a year had passed since I had left the university where all my interests had been in books and games. I was scarcely the stuff of which the "third angle" of conventional fiction is built. I just couldn't regard the affair lightly. My upbringing was all against It had taught me pretty clearly what the world thought of "men who had

affairs with other men's wives." In fact, I knew too well. To smash up a marriage is a very great risk. You've got to be so sure that you have something to put in place of it. wouldn't advise anyone to emulate my example who hadn't fought the whole thing out with himself from every possible

angle.

The story is simple, so simple that, safe now on the right side of them, I sometimes wonder whether I did suffer those brain-storms and heart-searchings. When I went into business after my three years at Cambridge University, I made the acquaintance of a man called Johnstone. He held a wellsalaried post on the advertising side of the publishing firm of which I was a very unimportant member. We found a good many interests in common, in books quite apart from their manufacture and sale, in sport and so on. In the course of

### A Frank Confession by ERIC MASCHWITZ

British Novelist Who Says, "I Have Lost Friends and the World Has Condemned Me. But I Saved the Girl I Loved and Won Happiness When I 'Stole Another Man's Wife'"

our conversations Johnstone often used to mention his wife. Once he showed me a photograph of her, asking me if I didn't think she was pretty. She was and I did, but that was all. Though I knew him well in the office we never met outside and so I never got to know her. At the time I was keen to get on and thought a great deal more of my work than of women. From time to time though, I heard news of Mrs. Johnstone. She was an actress and playing in a comedy in London. Her

husband suggested that I might care to see the show but I was too busy and never went. Later I heard that she was ill and in a

nursing-home.

That spring I decided to give an afternoon party and dance to the friends I had made since coming to London. They were many and had been very good to me, asking me to dine, to the theater and so on, while my salary hadn't allowed me to do anything in return. So one rainy Sunday I gave my party at the house of a friend in Queen's Gate. Among the forty or so people invited were Johnstone and his wife.

I have only one memory of that party, my meeting with Mrs. Johnstone. The moment her husband introduced me to her, I experienced that strange almost psychic feeling which probably only comes once in one's life, of being face to face with someone who is going to matter most awfully. Of course, I had no idea to what happiness and unhappiness that meeting was the prelude. We danced together; 1 brought her tea; we talked of this and that-stage gossip, the new books, the weather perhaps; I helped her into her cloak, she left with her husband—that was all. But I recall that when I walked homeward under the dripping trees of the Park with two friends of mine, I said to one of them. "What a beautiful girl Mrs. John-stone is! I can't help feeling oh, well!" and he laughed, saying "Other men's wives!"

She had seemed happy with her husband. She was pretty but not prettier than other girls I had met. We had talked and laughed, but only in the desultory fashion of a casual meeting. Though I couldn't get her out of my mind the notion that I might fall in love with her never occurred to me. It simply didn't cross my mind that I could feel that way towards another man's wife. But I was interested in her and glad

when one evening Johnstone asked me to come home to dinner with him.

At that dinner party I got my first inkling that the Johnstone's married life wasn't as happy as at first glance it had seemed. Toni had a queer scared look as she played hostess. Afterwards when we sat in the drawing room, her husband played the piano while we two sat together talking. He hadn't addressed a dozen words to her [Continued on page 123]



This is Tons, the girl for whom Eric Maschwitz risked the world's scorn, lost many friends, was "cut," whispered about and condemned.



Here Are the Two Fascinating Men of Wealth Who Fought for My Favor, Yet I Was

# only a ign rette ign to sell STEVEN in the

ANY thrilling things had happened since I began to sell cigarettes at the Conquestador, Miami's most beautiful hotel. I had made friends with Schuyler Briggs, the polo star. My father had shut me out because I stayed so late at the carnival given by Steven Wainwright, a wealthy bachelor. I had made an enemy of Mrs. Vander-

pool, the society divorcée, who had thought I was a bad girl because she caught me slipping between the silken sheets of the bed in the room where I changed my costume. I had only wanted to see how they felt, but she wouldn't believe me and she was terribly angry when Mr. Wainwright invited me to another party on his yacht, El Bandelero. I knew my brother, Pedro, would be angry when he found out about my adventures, but I tried to forget my fear in buying some lovely new clothes with the money Mr. Wainwright said he won for me at roulette. I boarded the yacht feeling quite like a society queen.

STEVEN WAINWRIGHT was in the midst of telling me he had a scheme which would bring us together under the stars that night when a tremendous outburst of cheering from the treasure-hunting party on El Bandelero's decks interrupted his thrilling words. He listened for a moment.

A knowing look spread over his face. "Jim Wittington has brought up the lottery box. Here, Nunciata, before it is too late," he handed a little piece of blue cardboard to me, "this is number thirteen. My lucky one. No matter what number you draw from the lottery give this card to Wittington when he asks for your number. I have a thirteen in my pocket. Understand?"

I nodded. It was a sure way for us to stay together on the treasure hunt. He offered me his arm. We went out, unmindful of the fact that I had forgotten even to see if my hair needed fixing.

Both men claimed to have loved me at first sight, but I couldn't make up my mind which one I wanted. They were so different. For a while I wanted the interest of both of them

The crowd on deck was too busy with the lottery box to pay us attention. I drew a cardboard and started to throw it under the feet of the crowd, but a woman's hand caught me in the act.

For a moment I could not believe my eyes. It seemed impossible that Mrs. Vanderpool standing before me.

"Be sure," she sneer-ed, "you don't throw away number thirteen.'

She turned away sharply and became a part of the milling crowd. The mystery of her presence stunned me. I had heard her deliberately wireless Steven Wainwright that she was not coming. Why had she changed her mind? Why had How did she know about number thirteen? she shadowing me? But, I had no answer for these questions. I stood

in my tracks somewhat unnerved until the drawing of part-

ners was over.

Wittington tried to hush everybody to tell us the rules of the treasure hunt, but nobody wanted to be hushed, and it was all he could do to make himself heard.

Every man was to go to the steward and draw a ration of four quarts of champague, he said. There was a rush forward on the part of

the men. He stopped them enough to give each one a map of enough to give each one a map of enough to give each one a map of enough to give each island ever those places, and may even be buried in any one of them. Searchers may go to any island first, anyway they please. The treasure is one case of Pol Roget champagne, 1901, for the man—and for the lady-" but the rest of his words were lost in the cheering.



The Thrilling Revelations of a Girl Who Played at Dangerous Love in Gay Miami

A mad scramble for partners took place. One man tried to claim me and was about to carry me down the ladder when a girl in a coral colored dress ran She forced him to put me down, asking him if champagne made him think there was only one coral dress in the world. The three of us laughed.

Steven Wainwright came up. I saw Mrs. Vanderpool's eyes on me.

"Thirteen was a lucky number as usual for me," he said, loud enough for everyone around us to hear, but, in a lower voice, "I want them all to get away first. Then we'll take the Foam. away first. She'll lose the whole gang. And then, Nunciata," his voice dropped even lower, and he gave me a look that suddenly made me feel afraid, "then we'll have this beautiful night to ourselves."

"You mean we're going off to some place alone?" I asked, my nerve failing

somewhat at the idea.

"Of course, why not? else is doing the same thing. All of those couples are going alone to the treasure islands. Look!" he said, motioning toward the waters around El Bandelero that roared with sound as the treasure-hunting fleet shot away.

There was only one couple in each boat. I looked for Mrs. Vanderpool but did not see ber. Steven Wain-wright's wealthy women friends were going off alone with men to the islands. The realization had a reassuring effect. Certainly there couldn't be anything wrong in following their example, I decided. But, I hoped some of the others of the party would be on the same island with Steven and myself because our last few moments in the stateroom made me aware of his fascinating power. For some reason which seemed definitely connected with Schuyler Briggs I did not want to fall under the millionaire's

spell, at least not yet, not till I knew my own mind. We boarded the Foam. When the last of the fleet was

under way we leaped after the red, green and golden lights darting and zig-zagging ahead of us. Suddenly, the Foam swerved sharply to the right. The lights reeled out of sight. I looked around. The other boats were all astern. We were

going in the opposite direction, headed for the open sea! "Why aren't we going with the others?" I demanded, my old feeling of apprehension gripping me again.

"Do you insist on sticking with them, Nunciata?" he asked. "I think we'd better," I answered, a suspicion filling my

"Then, my dear, in that case, I'll be forced to kidnap you,"

he said, giving the speed-boat more power.

For a moment I believed Steven Wainwright was only joking about kidnapping me, but, as the Foam continued to roar away at increased speed toward the open sea, I knew the truth. He had deliberately schemed to make me his partner and take me off some place away from the rest of the treasure-hunting party. The realization that I was powerless to stop him frightened me. I began to cry.

H IS voice reached me above the thrumming engines: "Come on, Nunciata, buck up. It's not nearly as bad as that. You don't understand. I'm only taking you to Surf Island first.

"Surf Island! What is it?" I asked, anxiously.

The thunder of the motor suddenly dwindled down. The Foam cut through the swishing waters at half speed. turned to me:

"I bought Surf for a hunting and fishing camp. But, it is just such a little island as lovers always picture themselves upon, alone, and away from all the world. That is why I want you to see it first."

It was both thrilling and frightening to think of the reasons that might be behind his desire to take me to Surf. I began to think it might mean that he really loved me, but Schuyler Briggs had said you couldn't tell what Mr. Wainwright was up to where pretty girls were concerned.

"Why are you bringing me to Surf? Why?" I asked, with

more suspicion.

world.

"Perhaps you know that I cruise all over the world on El Well, I'm bringing you to Surf tonight because Bandelero. I want you to realize how wonderful it would be to drift through far eastern seas where the stars are golden lamps swinging from the skies. For in those seas, leagues beyond the scheduled call of ships, are spice islands, more enchanting than Surf, where the trade winds become love laden songs. There, Time stands still and all of Life is under a magical spell." He paused, his glances straying from me to the star powdered horizon of the sea.

"Please tell me more about them," I begged, my fear of being alone with him silenced by the spell of his words.

"I will tell you more when we are alone on Surf Island," he answered mysteriously and opened the speed-boat's throttle.

Again the Foam leaped away with a thrilling roar, and her bow was lost in a white curtain of spray. I sat by Steven Wainwright, my heart filled with wild conjectures as to why he was taking me to Surf Island to tell me of beautiful

"Maybe he wants to marry me!" I thought, and impulsively visioned myself as his wife, and the mistress of Fiesta.

Surf turned out to be a real lovers' island in the silver halflight of the tropic night; the blue sea foamed against its white beaches and tall palms stood like silent guardians of the shadowy green jungle beyond. The little island enchanted me as I walked along the tiny pier.

We stopped at the pier's end. The shore lay like trackless pearl before us; then a rambling wall of sand dunes and the brooding trees. Mr. Wainwright looked at the white sand,

and then at my coral slippered feet:

VIVILIZATION ends here except for my cabin. up yonder?" he asked, pointing across the rolling dunes. "Well, that's the only other man-made thing on the island. We'll go there first, Nunciata," he paused, and looked down again at my coral slippered feet. "You can't walk in the sand with those heels. Come, Nunciata, I'll carry you," he lifted me up in his arms, although I protested, and he didn't put me down until we reached the camp house. He went inside for a moment. As he came out again the night spaces suddenly throbbed with love music.
"My radio," he whispered, "the Kashmiri Love Song. Seems

a part of this night on my little island, doesn't it? Listen!"

After the last notes melted into the silver and purple shadows of the evening I remained spell-bound upon the porch. "Let's go to the beach. The He squeezed my arm softly. music will reach us there.

A duck-board led to the shore, where we sat facing the tumbling open sea across which the new moon had flung a slender, dancing bridge of silver. Beyond us a ship was passing in the night, her lights gleaming like fallen stars. ship, with her lifting and falling lights stirred me even more

than the plaintive music drifting down from the camp radio.
"I wonder why those ship lights seem so romantic?" I

whispered.

"Because they suggest your sailing away to far-off places, the island I mentioned, perhaps," he answered, and took my hand in his.

'Please, tell me more about them."

Steven Wainwright told me about them so beautifully the tears came into my eyes; they were places for lovers to loiter in, and drink the wine of Life, he said.

'El Bandelero steams shortly for those waters where dawn is so exquisite that lovers awaken to thrill over its colors, where the dusk is flame purple."
"Oh! how I envy you!" I exclaimed, enraptured by the

thought of love in such glamourous places.

'You need not envy me, Nunciata. I want to take you with me," he said.

Those words and the intensity of his voice, sent me to my feet with a feeling that the breath had been suddenly trapped inside of me.



We were heading toward the open sea. Was Steven Wainwright really going to Suddenly the foam swerved to the right. I wondered why we left the other boats so far behind. kidnap me?



Surf Island turned out to be a real lovers' island in the silver half-light of the tropic night. I was enchanted with its romantic spell. The intensity of Steven Wainwright's voice took my breath away as he said, "Nunciata, I have loved you from the first moment I saw you in the patio." Steven Wainwright really loved me! Again I saw myself as mistress of his beautiful home, Fiesta. No wonder I was swept off my feet.



It was a fall morning. I had driven down the coast in our Ford to meet my son's train. He had passed his examinations for Third Officer, and was just return-

ing from his first trip.

I had been unable to conceal the joy in my face, in my heart. My husband laughed and pinched my cheek before he left to go down to the village. He was Postmaster in our Maine town, a man much looked-up to and respected.

I met Jack's train thirty miles away, planning to surprise him, and thinking he would like to come back the rest of the way in the car.

The train had hardly pulled in when I saw Jack's face at the window. I waved wildly to him. But he seemed to take a long while getting his things The train had just about pulled out, when he ran down the steps and threw his arms around me. In the blur of faces sweeping past, I seemed to see a girl staring out at me under her small brown hat.

"You're not going to transfer to that merchant ship that goes all the way to Africa?" I asked. "You know, the one you wrote me about? You'd be gone so long, Jack, that I'd eat my heart out with loneliness!"

He smiled. "No, but I'm going to do something else."

"What do you mean?" I asked, seized with a quick fear. "Did you notice it took me quite a while to get off the train?" he asked. "Yes."

"Well, that was because there was some one with me." "Some one with you?" I echoed.

"A girl," he said quickly.

That nameless dread that fills every mother's heart at the thought of the unknown woman to whom her son must sooner

#### What Happened to Me Seemed Like a Dream— As if It Might Have Been Some One Else



or later turn, came over me now. I understood, without needing to hear the eager words he poured out.

"Yes, Mother, I got off and left her, to go on with you alone. You see, we'll get to the station about the same time she does. And when I saw you through the window, I thought it would be a good idea to break the news to you this way. She thought so, too. I'll have a chance to tell you all about her first, and then you can meet her afterwards."

"But-who is she?" I faltered.

"I met her going over on the boat, and right away we fell in love with each other. Mother tell me you're glad!"

I leaned over and kissed his cheek gently. He disengaged his hand from the steering wheel and patted my shoulder. We were silent for a moment, thinking.

I knew that my son had grown up, that he didn't really belong to me any more. Another mile-stone in a life which had begun so badly and had turned out better than I had dared to hope!

Sitting there, my mind flashed back across the past. I re-

membered suddenly the sermon I had listened to in the village church last Sunday. Old, familiar words—untrue words! "The transgressor is always punished. Retribution always follows sin."

I had transgressed once in my life. But that was thirty years ago, and now my life was almost past. I was happy and I had not been punished save for those first few months of terror and remorse.

It was years since I had thought of the thing. Now I remembered as if I were remembering an incident in some one else's life.

I remembered a nineteen year old girl who had spent her vacation long ago at a big summer hotel with her aunt. There weren't any flappers then, but human nature was just the same. And this girl danced and flirted and enjoyed herself immensely until one day Eric Benton came to the hotel.

He was a big man with a mustache and had a dashing way about him. His dark eyes were bold and handsome. And the nineteen year old girl fell in love with him.

Eric Benton found out soon enough, for he made it his business to know things like that. He made love to her so that she lost her head, and felt that without him life wasn't bearable. He told her he could not marry her yet, though he did not say why. She, poor thing, was like a bird in a net, but when he begged her to be his utterly and promised to make her his wife some day, she had the strength to resist.

Then Eric Benton grew cold and indifferent, and the girl stayed in her room, crying. Timidly, now and then, she tried to win him back, but he would have nothing to do with her Soon the day drew near when he was to go away, anymore. and the girl felt that she would die if he left her like that.

She told herself perhaps he no longer liked her because she had not trusted him. She thought things out, and she made up her mind. It wasn't a simple thing for her to do, for she was a good girl at heart. But that night she went to Eric

Benton's room.

He left at the end of the week. She wrote to him letters that were a little wild but were hungry with longing. Heart and soul she was his, and she didn't try to conceal it. He did She wrote again and again. Then came one curt, brutal word, telling her he was soon to be married, and that he did not wish to be bothered by any further communications from her.

THE mask fell away before her eyes, and for the first time I she saw him for what he was, a liar and a sensualist with a

Something seemed to break in her brain. She lay very ill for a long time, growing thinner and paler, and saying nothing. So at last her aunt brought her back to the village where she had been born. A boy in the village, a shy, kind boy who had made her a part of his dreams, came to see her.

He was so gentle and so good that little by little her wound was healed. She knew that he wanted to marry her. No one knew her secret. Why should anyone know? What harm

could she do by keeping silent?

Six months later she went to the church with Frank Harrison. And two years after that a child was born to them, a boy whose first cradle song was the sound of the sea and the sweep

of the northeast gales.

Yes, I looked back as I say, as if that girl had been some one else whom I'd only heard about. Now that thirty years had passed, everything seemed as dim as a dream. I could hardly believe that I had once cared enough for Eric Benton to imperil my whole life.

And I had not paid! My life had been one of peace and affection. My son sat by my side, with his dark, thick hair and brown eyes. Now he, too, had fallen in love. good. I did not know then what I was to face in the next

twenty-four hours.

When we got to the village station at last, the train had just pulled in, due to the many local stops it had to make. All the way back Jack had sung the praises of the girl I was soon to meet. Betty had done this and that, thought such a thing, said another. It was plain that no young man had ever been more in love.

Now as I looked at the platform, my hands were icy. prayed that I would like this girl, that he had not made a

mistake, or been blinded by a sudden infatuation.

Jack called out suddenly, and strode towards a diminutive figure on the platform, a girl in expensive things who slowly lifted her large, rather frightened eyes to me. She was so sweet that in that first glance I liked her. Impulsively I kissed her. Then she smiled, and I saw her white, even teeth. She was very lovely.

WE SAT down to dinner that day a very happy family. When my husband came back from the Post Office, he

was howled over by the news.
"Bless my soul!" was all he could say. He put on his spectacles, took them off, polished them, and put them on

Then he smiled broadly on all of us.

I heard for the second time how Jack had met her. She had gone over on the steamer with him to Italy, and while they were there for repairs she had stayed in Naples and he had seen her constantly. So that in the end she turned around and came back again on the same steamer.

"Being with Jack was so much more important than seeing

Europe," she said and smiled at me as she said it. We had finished dinner when I found out. In the confusion and excitement of this homecoming, I had not yet been able to learn anything about the girl, where her home was, what she did, and a dozen other important questions

Now she said rather shyly: "Last night in Boston I called up my father on long distance. He said he'd come up right away, because he wants to meet Jack and his people. Maybe

he'll be here on the afternoon train.'

WHAT'S your father's name?" I asked. Her voice was quite proud as she answered: "Eric Benton."

She was not looking at me when she spoke. It was just as well. For the panic that swept over my heart must have shown itself on my face. I could not find my voice. A deadly chill seemed to steal along my body.

Eric Benton, the man who had betrayed me, was this girl's father! He was coming here now! After all these years the

retribution I had not believed in had fallen at last!

From that time on I did not listen, but sat as in a trance. thought of my long happy years, of my husband's unbroken faith in me, of my son's love. And now these things were in deadly peril.

I roused myself from my torpor at last. I must get away, make any pretext, no matter what it might be, so that Eric Benton and I did not meet. For the moment that was all

that mattered.

I looked at the clock. There was still another hour before the afternoon train. My husband had reluctantly departed for his work in the Post Office. I sent Jack out to show Betty around the village. I swiftly decided what it was that I must

I had a cousin living over at Racebrook. She was frequently ill and once in a while I had gone there to nurse her. I'd go there now and 'phone saying she was dangerously sick and I couldn't get away to meet Mr. Benton. They wouldn't understand, but let them think anything rather than learn the truth.

Hastily I packed a small bag and made my preparations. Then I hurried down the stairs in the empty house to get my hat and coat. At that moment a big limousine rolled up be-

fore the door and I saw that I was too late!

Evidently the man I feared to meet had driven here instead of coming by train. Evidently, too, he had seen Jack and Betty on the street, for I saw them getting out of the car first of all. Then after them came a tall man, white-haired. lean-faced. Only as I caught sight of his dark eyes through the window I knew for certain it was he.

There was no use hiding now. My heart was beating hor

ribly and I felt a sense of unspeakable dread. It had come at last—after thirty years of deceptive quiet. I opened the door, and heard Betty's voice without knowing what it was

E RIC BENTON'S eyes fell upon me. He took my hand. He was still staring at me. I knew my face was white. Then all at once he started and a slight sound broke from his He had recognized me.

I think I must have closed my eyes for one moment, fearing those words that would blast my happiness for ever. But

they were not uttered. Instead he said quietly

Betty, perhaps you and Mr. Harrison will leave his mother and me alone for a little while. Naturally we have much to talk about."

In a moment Jack and the girl had left the room. I was

alone with Eric Benton.

I met his eyes calmly but defiantly. He stretched out his hands, thin hands now, as if warming them before a blaze. He grinned. His mouth was hard lipped, and I saw that his face had at last taken on the stamp of his character. His daughter had nothing of his traits, I realized.

"I'm afraid you find me a little older than when we last met, my dear Dora," he murmured softly.

"I've tried to forget we ever met," I answered at that.

"Do you think we need to remember?"

That depends," he said. "You see, when I got my little girl's message, I felt that it would bear looking into. Now I'm quite convinced. Of course I shan't permit her to be engaged to your son. You understand." [Continued on page 102] to your son. You understand."



### What!



care vamps who tames her man with one toss of her wild and woolly locks.



Now that Alice White has vamped Milton Sills to a standstill she's go-ing to make him sit up and beg.

With Madeline Hurlock and her Russian wolf-hound on his trail,

what chance has a mere man?

Vamps are born, not made, but a little make-up is a handy thing according to Lya de Putti.

## No Vamps!



This is another Greta—Greta Garbo, who has implicit faith in the pulling power of the sweet, sad; serious stuff.



Madge Bellamy always does a little heavy thinking before she starts her vamping campaigns.





Beware of the babyfaced vamps like Mae Murray. Like the Northwest Mounted they always get their man.



You wouldn't think any one would have the heart to scold Duane Thompson, would you? But somebody must've, 'cause just look at her. She's going to cry in a minute.



Having had four husbands, with a possibility of a fifth in view, and having lost only one of them by death, I think my story contains much of interest to the woman for whom once to the altar is not enough.

I don't say that the things that made me an unsuccessful wife are also responsible for other unhappy marriages, but I should not be surprised. What stood between me and happiness, in each case, was a ghost—the ghost of my first husband.

ness, in each case, was a ghost—the ghost of my first husband.

Anatole France, after he had reached eighty was asked for the best advice he could give. He said: "Make love." There is nothing better than love to be got out of life.

is nothing better than love to be got out of life.

I read that remark by Anatole France as I was sitting one day in the sun on a bench on the Promenade des Anglais, at Nice. I had been reflecting rather disdainfully on the antics of the old ladies passing in front of me, each dressed as nearly to the flapper's ideal as she could get, each clutching a Pekinese on one arm and a "gigolo" on the other, and each wearing the same complacent expression born of the profound but er-

roneous belief that nobody who saw them thought the young man to be other than a genuine admirer.

Anatole France made me see these pathetic old rich women in a new light. True, they were buying what affection they could find in life, but, after all, wasn't there something to be said for them? When old age has stripped us of some of our illusions why not try to create others?

Even as I sat, one of these rich old ladies passed on the arm of a handsome, ardent-eyed Italian.

Twang! went my brain and I was back among memories of my first husband, my professor of love. He was also an Italian and he taught me a love which was to react on my whole life and work havoc in it.

It was in Italy, the glorious land that everyone seems to know before seeing it, that I met my first great adventure.

Haunted, as I had been ever since I first saw a picture of Rome in its ancient grandeur, I was hardly surprised at all when a cavalry officer with braid and plumes and colors on his gorgeous uniform, his eyes fairly surging with love, sprang from his black charger right into my heart

I was young, very young; and all my heroes with Lancelot at their head were marching through my fancy, when this dragoon catapulted into my life and without a pause in his adjectives told me how he loved me. Hourly a floral declaration arrived at my hotel, and in the warm Italian night he

sang his love underneath my window.

He was a nobleman, young, handsome and very poor. I was
why we should not marry. Reason, rich, so I saw no reason why we should not marry.

away by the ardor of his courtship-swept off my feet by such a rushing sea of sweet things always being said about me. soon found myself far beyond my depth in fathomless love, willing and glad to be rescued and carried off to the church where he made me his Marchese.

"Happiest girl in all the world" is an oft-used phrase, but when my husband folded me in his arms and whispered "carissima mia" I really felt that the last rose had been added to my bouquet

of joy.

My husband must have known how much a woman craves beauty in life, whether it is in words or surroundings, and having chosen his beautiful home for our honeymoon he gently led me down the long mystic valleys of love. While discovering all I felt he neither hurried nor frightened me, being content to caress my mind and body until both radiantly answered the great love he had awakened in me

During one whole year I sat with him at the feast of life, my soul in ardent communion with his. Every smallest detail to

my complete subjugation was thought of. In the morning the first thing that met my eyes would be a little note on the table beside my bed. It never bore an envelope, for a red rose pricked through the corner served instead.

SOMETIMES it ran: "You were divine last night. I more than love you." Another time, addressing me in words beautiful in all languages, but to which only Italian can give fullest expression, he would write: "Thou art my whole existence." If other husbands could learn this little simple thing I think love might be kept longer alight in many homes.

Oh yes, I can hear you, husbands! You are saying: "What bosh! The idea of letting my eggs get cold while I write a letter to my wife in the next room!"

Very well; but all the same these little missives were very dear to me and are still. I often take them out and read them -all but the last.

This last missive, still with its faded rose, I cannot look at without a shudder, for in it he wrote "amor mio" for the last time. In it he told me that he had squandered my fortune. "You are poor, terribly poor and I, who love you to madness, am the scoundrel. I cannot live without you and I cannot live to see you in misery. So, like the coward I am, I die."

The same day his body was found.

I had been the instrument on which he had played, impro-

vising and creating new harmonies, appealing always to the imagination, that most important element in love making. He was gone, now, and inexperienced as I was in life I imagined fatuously that such happiness as I had known lay in the power of all husbands to create. I realized my mistake soon enough!

While crashing through my heart and fortune he had not left me utterly poor, for with the memories I had of life lived under southern skies I could never be poor.

My nature was deep, not shallow, but I had been taught to crave love, and now that my Italian husband was gone I scarcely rested until I found another to take his place.

I went to the French Riviera and rented a little house perched on the high road overlooking the blue sea. And over the garden wall one day there came a knight—not, however, seeking some fair lady, but water for his dog. He had thought the place deserted, but found me, and we were both agreeably surprised to find ourselves speaking the same language. Like most American men he made the most of his opportunities. The intruder was young. very good-looking and, I learned, later verv wealthy. I liked him and

he must have liked me, for it wasn't very long afterward that he leaned over the table at a little restaurant and taking one of my hands said quietly: "You seem so alone and unprotected. You need the comforts that I can give you, but you must take me with them." A strange declaration and practically the only love he ever made to me.

Soon, via another church, I found myself installed in another villa, much more sumptuous than the one in Italy which had been the scene of my first love.

My first disillusion came with our first kiss. I was horrified to see him recoil! "Tell me," he demanded in a voice so fraught with emotion that I was afraid for his sanity, "who taught you to kiss like that? Tell me!"

I told him the truth-that the only man I had kissed before had been my Italian husband, but he only growled:

"Those are not the kisses a woman learns from a husband!" Then he fell to groaning that he wished he had never married me! And all on account of a kiss!

HE COULD not rid himself of the obsession that I had had other men in my life.

"Tell me," he said, "tell me the truth about your past.

Make a clean breast of it. I married you and will stand by you, but first I must know all!"

He was so theatrical that in spite of my distress I could not help laughing, and that sent him into another fit.

Try as I would I could not convince him that I hadn't some awful secret that I was keeping from him. The demon of jealousy had taken possession of my husband and there were times when he was so violent and his eyes so wild that I actually feared for my safety.

I was not allowed a separate room for myself. He could not bear me out of his sight and went so far as to hire a woman

companion to dog my steps.



My first disillusion in my second marriage came with our first kiss. My American husband demanded to know who taught me to kiss like that

My beautiful filmy undergarments he burned as well as all other clothes which had the slightest coquetry about them and in their place I was obliged to wear calico.

I was dressed and treated like a prisoner and deprived of all my liberty simply because of this ghost-man born of his own

jealous mind.

If he took me to a restaurant and he saw any people coming in he always asked if I knew them. If I said yes, he would order me to keep my eyes on my plate.

He even became jealous of the books I

read.

"I suppose 'he' liked that book and that's why you are reading it," he would say, and fling the book away.

If he found me lost in thought he would ask with a sneer if I was thinking of 'him.'

BEING both rich and idle he could nurse his obsession to his heart's content and stimulated by drink his imaginary troubles took on huge proportions. His worst time came when I presented him with a son. He would kneel by the child's bed and plead: "Are you my son? How I wish you were my son!"

So persistently did he dangle before my mind this ghost-man that I almost commenced to believe there had been another man in my life. I tried to reason with my husband and tell him to rid himself of his mania for the child's sake, but it was of no avail. He raved on: "I love you. No I don't! I hate you! I ought to kill you. But I can't do that, for I love you."

Of course I couldn't stand it forever. I poured out my troubles to a lawyer friend and my divorce was obtained in Paris, without any fuss. I was allowed to keep the boy and my husband made liberal allowance for his education. Recently he begged to be given his son to comfort his old age, and they are living together now on the French Riviera.

My third husband I also met in France. It was in a fish-shop that it happened, and he was a plain, healthy-looking, cerealfed American with horn-rimmed glasses, and not even the faintest aura of romance

about him.

The only exciting thing about our courtship was that I first spoke to him without being introduced. He was making desperate endeavors, with about four words of French, to buy some of those brown, thistle-like things called sea urchins. When they brought him instead a basket of fat snails recking with garlic he threw up his hands in despair. It was then I intervened.

"Maybe I can help you," I said.
"Good gosh," he said, so relieved that
I burst out laughing, "an American!"

Well, I was an American and so was he; moreover we had both been born in the Middle West, so it is perhaps not surprising that within an hour or two we were sitting over coffee and liquers telling each other all about our childhood.

I told him that I had just been divorced.

I told him that I had just been divorced. "Well, now, that's fine!" he said, naively. "Is it?" I asked him, innocently.

And a few weeks later I walked down another aisle with my horn-rimmed friend, taking the vows that bound me to him. Afterwards I put in most of my time wondering what on earth had made me do it. I had only [Continued on page 142]



I was very, very young when an Italian Cavalry officer, his eyes fairly surging with love, catapulted into my life and told me with never a pause in his adjectives, how wonderful I was. Carried away by the ardor of his courtship I found myself far beyond my depth in fathomless love

# You Flappers



AVING been asked to write this article just as I think and feel, I suppose it does not make any difference that I am not a regular author. If I were, I would probably spend a lot of time trying to make it sound "literary" and that might spoil it, at least so the editor tells me. So I will not try to be literary, but just truthful.

I am twenty-eight years old, and a good many people, girls particu-

a good many people, girls particularly, tell me that I am good looking. Without being conceited about it, I may say that I am an inch under six feet, weigh 170 pounds stripped, and keep myself in pretty fair condition considering the sort of life a fellow has to lead nowadays. Not that I am in training, exactly. I eat and drink what I want, but I play tennis now and then and manage to get in a round of golf once a week. As for money, I made over six thousand dollars last year, which is pretty good for a young fellow in the real estate business. I suppose I could support a wife on that, but every time I think of taking the plunge I get cold feet.

Naturally, I know a lot of girls. A good many of them would like to get married. They've told me so—hinted that two people can live just as well, on six thousand dollars a year, as one. Maybe they can, but I don't see any of my married friends doing it. They live, yes, but not just as well. Not by a long shot! Most of the married men I know seem to spend a large part of their time complaining about bills and wondering how they are going to pay the next month's rent. I don't think I'd enjoy life, feeling that I was always just one jump ahead of the sheriff.

However, I don't mean to say that it's money alone that makes me afraid of marriage. There's a lot more to it than that. And to explain what I mean, I'm going to take the case of three girls I know, who seem to me pretty fair examples

YES, I am Afraid to Get Married. To Explain what I Mean, I am Going to Tell You of Three Girls Who Are Fair Examples of the Sort a Chap Meets Nowadays.

of the sort of girls a chap meets nowadays, if he happens to be looking for a wife. I'll call them Alice, and Peggy and Rose, which of course are not their real names, and the details I'm giving about them are switched about in such a way that nobody would ever recognize them.

I suppose in a way Alice is what you would call a new woman. She doesn't live home but has a little

apartment of her own, and earns a thin living working in a special capacity for one of the big department stores. I think she gets about forty dollars a week, which is pretty good for a girl of twenty-four. I know she pays eighty dollars a month for her apartment, because I know the agent who rented it to her. That's half her income. On the rest she has to dress, and live. She dresses very well. She has to, in her particular line of work. About the living end of it, I don't know. Her friends are always taking her out to dinner—men friends, of course—which helps a lot. She's a very popular girl.

A S I'VE said, Alice is a new woman. She believes that a girl has the same right to freedom in her sex life, as a man, Not only believes it, but says so. And does so, for all I know. It's no affair of mine. In fact, she may be quite right. That's up to her. If she feels that she has to "express herself emotionally" as she puts it, I certainly am in no position to criticize her, and I don't want to criticize her. I'm very fond of Alice. She's a wonderful girl, in lots of ways—bright, snappy and entertaining. Maybe she will make some man a mighty good wife—but not me. Perhaps I'm old-fashioned, but whenever I try to think of her as the head of my family, the mother of my children, I get to thinking about these other men, and I lose interest. I don't see any use in beating about the bush. I've been asked to say what I think, frankly, and I will. Alice

## Make Me Afraid

Marry

isn't what a man calls straight. She might turn out to be the most loyal and faithful wife in the world, and then again, she mightn't. I realize that according to modern standards I'm a back number, but just the same I have an idea in my brain that the woman a man marries ought to be virtuous. So, fond as I am of Alice, I haven't asked her to marry me. I know that every time I looked at her, I'd get to thinking about those other men, and worrying, too, for fear she might meet somebody, after we were married, who might appeal to her, for the time being, more than I did. She might not do anything about it, of course, but with her ideas, how could I know she wouldn't? The truth of the matter is, I could never trust her, and while I'm not laying down any rules for other people, and while women may be quite right in their ideas about free love, as far as I am concerned I wouldn't marry a woman with such ideas, no matter how much I cared for her. So if that makes me a narrow-minded moss-back or anything like that, why, as Patrick Henry or somebody like that said, make the most of it. I'm sitting pretty.

Then there was that girl I've called Peggy. She's quite a different sort. She lives at home, and is what Alice, I suppose, would call conventional. Peggy and I were very much in love with each other, once. I almost proposed. As I look back now, I sometimes wonder why I didn't. She certainly was one

of the most attractive girls I've ever met.

Peggy's father makes a large income, at—well, I can't say what, without telling more than I should, and it makes no difference, anyway. The family have a nice home, in the suburbs, a smart car, plenty of servants. The old man is a good scout in every way, under fifty, and right up to date. Spends every cent he makes, too, he once told me—said the only way he could save was by carrying a big bunch of life insurance. But it didn't seem to worry him much. He enjoys life.

PEGGY was just twenty when I met her, and as I've said, a knockout, for looks. Like her father, she loved a good time. I've often taken her out for an evening in town and spent fifty dollars, dinner, theater, supper at a smart club, taxi home. Lucky to get off for that, these days, with prices what they are. And the drives home, with a chance to pet one of the loveliest girls in the world. Darned lucky! Only that sort of thing a couple of times a week just about left me lunch money, and I got to wondering what a fellow would do, with six thousand dollars a year, married to a girl like that. I tried running out to see her, by train, once in a while, for a quiet call, but Peggy couldn't stand it, she said. Just had to keep moving. So she borrowed her dad's car and we spent the evening dancing and buying poor [Continued on page 141]



A
Gambling Debt
Is a Debt of
HONOR,
and I Had to
PAY
With My Honor
AND
It Was All
BECAUSE



## I Didn't Mean

SPENT three nights in the gayest gambling house in Europe. I went from the motive that impels every young girl—the desire to know more about it. I lost my fortune and I lost my heart. Then, in true gambling spirit, I staked again—but that's the stary!

tune and I lost my heart. Then, in true gambling spirit, I staked again,—but that's the story!

I am Mary Judson. My home is in New York City where my grandmother and I own a little co-operative apartment on Beekman Place. My grandmother is the typical "grande dame," as the French say. She wears satin; her hair is always coiffed, and she handles her lorgnette and fan like a bell of La Fayette's day.

Grandmother loves France. She had a French ancestress in the time of the Duc de Richelieu, and I think she enjoys her journey abroad in proportion to the suffering involved. It makes her think of the time she and grandfather made their wedding tour to Europe in a sailing vessel. So, we found a slow ship to Liverpool; and, from Liverpool, we took the boat train to London; and from there we entrained, as the guide books say, for Southampton.

Grandmother wanted a season at Dinard. You know that pretty little resort on the coast with the gambling house and the atmosphere. I don't mean that grandmother goes in for gambling. She never mentions it, but it is like many other things that she never mentions and enjoys just the same in reminiscence. She loves to spread her fan and whisper: "Mary, my dear! Never tell a man too much. Your grandfather did



HENRI stood silent—watching me. I had lost all my money; and I was deeply in debt to Henri—who would not hesitate to ruin me. Only one person could help me. Dared I ask him?

# What He Thought

not know to the very day of his death that I used rouge."

We arrived at the beautiful Hotel de Ville in the morning.

We were shown to our rooms and I did not see my Grandmother again until we met at dinner.

Grandmother was like a grand duchess; more splendid than ever on our first evening; amethyst combs in her high coiffed white hair, and her long gown of rose purple satin, changing into silver lifted in the front to show her satin slippers, with the diamond slipper buckles.

A very good looking young Frenchman in the doorway moved quickly with a deep bow and a "Pardon, Madame!" Then he saw me and bowed again. "Pardon, Mademoiselle!" He raised his eyes but he did not move away and I had time

to see a flash of brilliant dark eyes, pale and earnest face, lips, curved and red and sensitive.

He kept his eyes on me; and I stood motionless, with my eyes on him. He did not smile, and his lips were pressed tight, as if he wanted to say more than the mere: "Pardon Mademoiselle!"

I came to myself; and, after another long look at the Unknown, I followed Grandmother to our table. Was my glance wistful? I can not say.

I am slight with dark curling hair. My face is oval, heart shaped, and I have red lips and bright eyes. They tell me t am the French type. Grandmother loves to think so. It is a pet fad of hers, to see in me that drop of French blood, in spite

of generations in New York. And that night I wore a chic little gown of pink. a creation which Grandmother, herself, bought for me from Susette, on the Rue de la Paix

After dinner I went to the desk to arrange about our mail, and, there I saw him again. The Unknown! He was standing at the entrance to the palm 'garden watching us. I could observe him tully now. He was slim, in his full dress and no jewels. A gentleman! And I confess that I felt as if I would give everything I owned, even my gown right from Susette's, to get acquainted with hum

I had to pass him to get to the office of the hotel. Of course I could not flirt with him, so I did the only thing permissible. As I passed him, I opened my wrist bag and scattered its contents. vas a Frenchy affair, all jewels and silind violets. Having strewn the path. went back and seated myself next to Grandmother

I had not long to wait. In just a minute the Unknown stood in front of . bowing: "This Mademoiselle! You bropped it!" He held out my jewelled

i rook it: "Oh thank you, thank you so :. .. : Monsieur!

Grandmother lifted her lorgnette and it nected him

Look Grandmother!" I exclaimed. dropped my bag and this gentleman has

The Unknown bowed: "And this letter, Mademoiselle! And this purse-it is your property, perhaps."

I took them from his hand. "They are both mine. Monsieur! How careless of me! And how very fortunate I am that they fell into your hands!"
"I thank you, Sir!" Grandmother spoke

with her soft old graciousness. Her keen eyes had seen that he was a gentleman. We live far away in New York. It would have been very serious for us if my granddaughter had lost her bag.'

I was holding my purse in both hands. I should have been so unhappy to lose it. Will you not tell me. Monsieur, to whom we are indebted for this kindness?"
The Unknown answered: "I am Paul

de Cartier; and honored to have this opportunity to render ever so slight a service to an American lady." Grandmother he said: "I am desolated to

think what might have happened if you had been so unfortunate as to lose your letters. If my dear mother were living she would extend her hospitality, but, alas. Madame! My mother is dead. And I can only offer you my humble service if it should occur again.'

Grandmother gave him her hand. "I hope we shall not be so unfortunate again. I am Mrs. Washington Judson of New York City This is my granddaughter, Mary Judson." Monsieur Paul de Cartier raised her hand to his lips.

The music was playing and Monsieur de Cartier was standing in front of me. "Mademoiselle Mary Judson!" he repeated slowly. I lifted my hand so that he had only "It is so kind of you," I said . . . And even then I was so inexperienced I did not grasp the truth.



to incline his head. Our eyes were on a level. He held my hand to his lips a long while; and his eyes held mine. It was a tense moment. The air was full of flowers and music and vibration. And he and I were young, and all life, and that deeper feeling that is attraction. Grandmother had put down her lorgnette, spread her fan and was smiling benignly.

Paul de Cartier stooped to Grandmother with his hand on his heart. He was French in every move: "Will you do me the honor, Madame Washington Judson to dance this waltz with me? It would reward me for whatever service I have been able to render you."

Grandmother's color came; she was young again; his gesture thrilled her. She smiled in her grand manner: "I thank you Monsieur de Cartier. My dancing days are over. However if you will be kind enough to ask my granddaughter, Mary would love to dance, I am sure.'

"Would you Mary?" He hesitated on my name; and there was the slightest

smile around his grave lips.

"Yes!" I answered; and I knew that my eyes were laughing to meet his. And, so, Paul de Cartier and I, after only a few minutes' acquaintance, were in each other's arms, dancing to that French He guided our way through the music. tables of the palm garden, beyond, to the far entrance. We came to a rest on a piazza outside; and, truly, I was glad to stop. I could not have danced much further for my heart was beating so

"Shall we rest here?" he asked.
"Yes, Monsieur de Cartier."

"But you must call me Paul. I called you Mary." He motioned to a boy to bring us chairs and we sat there together looking out into the night. We could

And then after a silence so long that it began to be embarrassing I told him how we were Americans, always seeing foreign lands for pleasure. And he, after a time. told me that he was a Frenchman always seeing the world for pleasure.

He spoke so naturally and simply that I felt comfortable with him, and it made me bold. Every girl knows that feeling. "Yet you are not happy," I ventured.

That look of sadness came into his face: "No, I am unhappy."

"I wish you would tell me why?" I

asked.

I think it was that sudden and wholly inexplicable attraction that made him answer, "I am unhappy for the reason that so many other men are unhappy! Because I have never loved! That is the cause of so much that is reprehensible among men. They have never known love. Friendships, yes! Admiration, yes! Affairs, perhaps! But love, never! Oh, Mademoiselle!"

"You promised to call me

"Mary! With me it has become an obsession, this desire to experience deep love. All Frenchmen teel it in a way. It is not life to live and not love. And I am the last of my family. My name will die with me.

I must have come under a strange spell or I would never have been guilty of replying as I did: "If I had known you long, Monsieur Paul, I would have made you love me, because I think you would be a very fine lover.

He fired at that! I had used a word which to him had a different significance. He came back at me so quickly that it

frightened me: "A lover did you say?"

Yes, but I meant-" I rose hurriedly. I was suddenly confused, embarrassed. His inflection was so unmistakable. "We must go back to Grandmother."

"But we shall meet again, surely. Since you say I will make

a fine lover.

"Oh yes!" I came back faintly. He took my hand and drew it through his arm and in spite of my new and swift timidity, I felt again that strange magnetic attraction. I could have rested my hand on his arm forever.

Grandmother always retires at ten. She rose, at once. "Thank you, Monsieur de Cartier, for your kindness in dancing with my granddaughter," she said.

It gave me the greatest pleasure of my life!" Then in a low voice, so that only I could hear, he murmured; "When

shall we meet again?" "Soon, I hope." It was not my own voice that answered

him, but a little sobbing sound.

"Do you, too, retire at ten?" His eyes

smiled "No indeed! I read long after Grandmother is asleep.'

"Then can you meet me? Am I too bold?"
"Where? When?"

"At the Casino at twelve tonight?"

"Yes!" We had both spoken low. He was bowing again to Grandmother. Again kissing my hand! Then he was gone.

I went upstairs with Grandmother, troubled under my happiness. I had intrigued to get acquainted with a handsome stranger; I had

promised to meet him at midnight in the Casino, and I had never been in a gambling house in my life. What must be think of me? And, then, in a wild gust came that antidote to conscience, love! For I could not call that strange new feeling in my heart anything else. Of all men I had ever seen, Paul de Cartier was the only one who had ever given me that feeling. At the door of her room Grandmother said: "You are French, Mary! Once in every generation since the days of the Duc de Richelieu a girl in our family has been French in spirit. You are full of fire, all French!" Grandmother thought a minute. Then she said; "Good night, my dear! I'm sleepy!"

I said good night and went to my room. I was only eighteen. Paul de Cartier was waiting, and I could no more have gone to bed and to sleep than I could have cooled the burning fire in

my breast at the very thought of him.

Down-stairs in the hotel, hooded ladies, their escorts in evening dresses were passing quietly out. I followed them. Casino is a low building, dull outside, brilliantly lighted within. All Dinard goes to the Casino and plays until daybreak. Then the men sleep until noon; the ladies until tea-time. Then dinner and dancing! And the Casino again! I had never been there but I knew all about it.

I saw him, waiting for me in the shadow at the door, a slim dark figure. He wore a black cape, lined with deep blue, and a crush hat. He carried a cane. He came toward me quickly. "Mary

Monsieur de Cartier."

He drew back. "I am Paul to you!

Say it Mary!'
"Paul!" A All in that second I found myself obeying him, and I knew that I would obey him to the end.

Like a puppet in his hands I followed him into the building. He was at that moment cooler than I, and he moved ahead of me easily, yet keeping hold of

me, as though he wanted to give me time to observe him. "You will enjoy this,"

As we passed [Continued on page 118]



"You can see how I value your favors, Mademoiselle," Paul said, "when I tell you the stake is sufficient. I confess that no woman has ever meant so much to me before.

My Systerious Husband

HAT night at the Tourmaline Tavern in the mountains back of San Bernardino only three people were coldly sober. I was one of them because I never drank. The gang could never make out why I wouldn't touch even a glass of light wine. I had my reasons.

The Tourmaline Tavern was a new place and the roads leading to it were good, but steep and full of sharp and dangerous curves. Coming up that night in one of Bill's automobiles a chauffeur in a big limousine tried to pass me. I made a race of it and beat him to the Tavern by five minutes.

I was a business girl by day, and a good one, but after office hours I went in for dancing, auto-driving and night-life. I was the only daughter of a widowed mother. With her small allowance and my salary we could just get by comfortably, but I happened to be one of the millions of American girls who preferred luxuries to necessities. I was perfectly honest about it and San Diego has a lot of men with money who just yearn to take some pretty blonde or brunette out to places like the Tourmaline Tavern.

The bunch I travelled with was a young bunch. Bill was twenty-five, Roy Snell was twenty-three; his girl, Billie Long,

and I were twenty.

It was a wild night at the Tavern, but I sat back drinking nothing and wishing the long drive back to San Diego would begin. I just loved to speed and I knew every road in San

Diego and San Bernardino counties.

The other two coldly sober people were strangers to me. One was a big, heavy, well-dressed man about sixty, who looked like one of the winter racing crowd. He stared so hard at me that I deliberately took a chair on the other side of the round table. There I found myself looking into the eyes of a boy in a light flannel suit, but his staring wasn't so offensive.

Bill came to the table just then and I could see he was not

in a good temper.

"Well," he sneered, "who's your new boy friend?"
"I've no idea," I said. "Find out and introduce me. He looks sober and I need company." I felt there was going to be trouble but it was useless to argue with Bill.

"Listen," said Bill, to the elderly man, "I don't like the way

you're staring at my fiancée."

"Is she your fiancée?" he said. "Poor kid, she deserves something better than a small-town sport who can't carry his liquor.

'Shall I lick you here or outside?" Bill asked. "Outside," said the other getting to his feet.

In five minutes he was back, not in the least ruffled. He came right over to my table but didn't even ask if he might sit down. I'd come to know the look that lurks behind the



eyes of men who will never see fifty again and I expected to see it now, but he had cold, cruel blue eyes.

"What have you done with Mr. Hurley?" I asked.

"Is that his name? Oh, I had him thrashed."
"You had him thrashed?" I echoed.

"You don't suppose," he answered, "that I want to get into a rough-house with a drunken fool like that. I told my chauffeur to discipline him. Do you know, young lady, you

## I Loved Speed; But That Was Before I Started the Race that Landed Me in the Arms of the Man Who Fascinated and Frightened Me



are about the best woman driver I've ever seen on the road?"
"When did you see me drive?" I asked.

"You raced me about twenty miles on the way here and my man is an old racing-driver."

'Did you come over to my table uninvited to say that?"

"You haven't been drinking," he said, "Why?"
"Reasons of my own," I said.

"Don't you ever drink?" was the next question he asked me. "Never."

"Got religion?" he queried.

"Just about as much as you." He could see I was annoyed.
"Don't be angry," he said. "This is a business talk and I've got to be satisfied that you're genuine. You're the prettiest girl in the room and there isn't one who has spent as little on clother as you have." clothes as you have."

"At any rate what I wear I earn," I snapped.
"I want your name and address," he said. "Perhaps I can give you the opportunity to work for a salary that will let

you dress properly and put something away. Your value to me lies in the fact that you don't drink and are the nerviest woman I ever saw swing a big car around a mountain grade."
I'm quite happy as I am," I said. He took too much for

My dear girl," he said, "I'm sixty-three years old. I have been everywhere and seen everything. I have broken all the commandments and the only thing I'm interested in now is making money. In all these years I've never seen a pretty girl happy at not being able to dress well. I'll either call at your office or your home.

I couldn't help being impressed by him. Evidently he had money and his cold, appraising look showed that he wasn't

the usual amorous old fool.

"Well," I said, "I'm open to any business proposition that is better than the one I have but there's going to be some investigating on my side.'

As he wrote my name and address his eyes took in every corner of the ball room as though he expected to see an enemy.

He left me just as Bill came up exhibiting a black eye and a swollen nose

'I have you to thank for this," he said and pointed to his

You've got yourself to thank," I retorted. "Don't make unother scene.

"I won't," he said, "but you can get your new daddy to take you home. You don't come with me. Get that?'

IF HE expected to see fear on my face he was disappointed. I didn't bat an eyelid as he went out.

There I was at two A. M. left alone miles from home in a road-house with a doubtful reputation. There were no stages and I had less than five dollars with me. The crowd had dwindled down to a few couples. The waiters were beginning to turn out the lights. If I didn't want to stay the night I should have to beg a ride.

The head waiter who had been hovering around came up with the bill!

Mr. Hurley says it is your farewell party and you'd settle."

Thirty-eight fifty and me with four twenty-seven!

"Put it down," I said to the man, and sat there wondering what to do. I never guessed Bill would do a dirty trick like that. I sat wishing I had a brother who would beat him up worse than the chauffeur had. The dandy-looking dark-haired boy who had been at the next table all this time came over to

me.
"May I sit down for a moment?" he begged. I nodded.

"I SAW most of what happened tonight," he said quietly as he picked up the bill and handed the waiter fifty dollars.

"How are you going to get home?" he asked. "Will you let me take you?

Under the circumstances I could hardly refuse.

He had a sport-model runabout that must have set him back six thousand dollars. We drove for some minutes in silence. For the first time in my life I began worrying about what a man would think of me.

Then he began, "This is the happiest night in my life."

"You are not hard to please," I retorted. I hadn't got him figured out yet. He was far too good-looking, far too welldressed and drove much too expensive a car not to have oodles of girls ready to be crazy over him on the slightest provocation. He had a beautiful profile and the sweetest mouth I'd ever seen on a man. I think it was his mouth that decided me he was all right. The mouth is the big give-away when it comes to reading the characters of your boy friends.

"I'm the hardest man in the world to please," he answered.

'I'm a worshipper of beauty.'

"Then you'll have an eyeful of sunrise in about thirty

"When I first saw your sweet, proud little face in that smoke-filled room I wondered what had brought you there. And when I saw that man, you called Bill, I was horrified." I wouldn't let him hear you say that," I said. "Wh

Bill's lit up he's ugly."

I'M NOT afraid," he said. Looking at the strong clean jaw line and those fearless eyes I put him down as a college athlete.

'What's your name?"

"Neva Burnet. Crazy name isn't it?"

"Neva," he murmured, "I think it's delicious." Then he asked if I was engaged to Bill Hurley. I told him certainly not.

"If I could sing, I would sing a hymn to the dawn and you. Neva, this is to be the most wonderful dawn in history for

I just loved his voice. It was the tenderest voice I'd ever heard. If this was love's young dream I wanted to keep on

> "There are some times in life when one knows as certainly what the future holds as if one were a god. Do you suppose it was an accident that I lost my way in the mountains and saw the lights of the Tavern and met you?'

"It certainly was an accident that Bill suggested my doing a walking marathon."

'I want to know about that, Neva," he said. "Bill was jealous of that elderly man who talked to me."

'So was I. Who was he?"

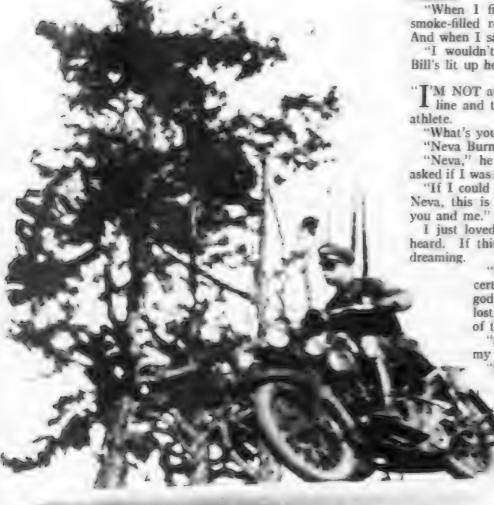
"He offered me a job and a good

"Which you will not take, because I shall offer you a better one with longer hours but more fun."

"What's your name, Mr. Employer?"

"Bart Kennet," he said, "My people live in Pasadena. Barton Oliver Kennet if you want it all. Age twentythree, unmarried."

I knew in a minute that he must be one of the Oliver Kennets who had



Suddenly I realized we were being followed by a motor cop. It was a bad place for speed and the motorcycle gained on us



Is this man holding you against your will?" Barton asked. "Yes," I said indignantly. "Let go, you swine," he said and for a poetical dreamer, he had a manner that would make a pacifist fight

a show place in Pasadena. They had all kinds of money. What had little Neva Burnet to do with people like the Oliver Kennets?

"I see," I said laughing, "you are one of the idle rich, trifling with the affections of an honest working girl. I am an honest working girl although appearances may be against me. I don't know what my mother will say when I get home."

"I wonder if your mother will like me?" he said.

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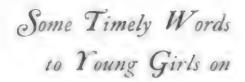
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> I didn't tell him he was everything mother liked.
> "My mother," he went on, "is a beauty lover as I am. I have three sisters, two of them married, and they'll love you."

"Why should they?" I demanded eager for his answer. "Because you will be a Kennet. As a family we're clannish; we fight with other people but we love one another."

I knew as Bart talked that he meant what he said and I realized that although I had only just met him I should never love anybody else. Sounds crazy, doesn't it, but I suppose it hits most of us at some time.

I don't think I've ever been so happy as during that drive. I believed in him and I wouldn't let the thought of his family worry me. Although he hadn't said it in so many words I knew he thought he had proposed [Continued on page 112]



# I)angerous

By MARTHA MADISON.

ERE is a letter that's going to make more than one girl sit up and take notice. If I know human nature, and heaven knows I should, it will strike home to a flock of them. And it's going to hit girls in every walk of life. Rich girls, poor girls, home girls, business girls, chorus girls, school girls, girls who go to church and girls who don't; girls who are 'modern" and girls who aren't.

When she reads my answer to this letter from Babe, May's heart will skip a beat or two. Naive Bethel will ask, "How did Martha Madison know that about me?" Black-eyed Jessica will angrily throw Smart Set across the room and light a cigarette. Dainty Phyllis will choke up and tears will swim in her eyes. Dorothy will undoubtedly sniff in that superior way of hers and say, "She thinks she knows it all, that Madison person. And Babe. What will you do? I wish I knew.

Why do I make these prophecies? Because they're all in the same boat—May, Bethel, Jessica, dainty Phyllis, Dorothy and Babe. They're all in love with married men. Babe's letter is the old, old story. "It was this way," Babe writes. "I met him last sum-

mer while his wife was away. Somebody introduced him into our crowd and we all liked him. He seemed to like me better than the other girls so we sort of paired off together. We never went anywhere unless the bunch went along; we were all just a good natured gang; nobody serious about anybody else.

"It was awfully hot and we used to go riding in the evening and to the beach on Saturday and Sunday. Of course we all knew he was married, but he often spoke of his wife and how he was looking forward to her return and having us meet her. He bragged about how great they got along after

ten years of married life.

"This man whom I shall call Ben. was a corking good swimmer. I'm pretty fair myself. So we swam together. He's a shark at tennis; I'm no dub. So we played tennis together. He's a divine dancer; he thought I was. So we danced together. He knew all about books: I didn't, but I was a good listener. He was ambitious to get ahead in his business; I thought he should. So I encouraged him. All this, mind you, went on under the noses of our friends.

"Then Ben stopped talking about Ethel, his wife. As the time drew near for her return he said little about anything. at the beach he'd just sit and look far out across the water as if he saw something we couldn't see. The gang kidded him at first; then they began to ask questions of each other. They looked to me to enlighten them. I said I didn't know, but I did. Ben was madly in love with me! I could see it in his eyes; hear it in his voice; feel it when I danced with him. And then he told me!

"We were having a marshmallow roast on the sand one night and he asked me to walk

VIRITE to this mender of broken hearts and let her help you solve the intimate problems that worry you. She has helped thousands of people and she can help you.

# Friendships with Married Men

up the beach a way with him. As soon as we were out of sight of the gang he gripped my hand and stopped short. I knew what was coming and I tried to prevent it, but Ben was frantic. 'What am I going to do?' he cried. 'I'm mad about you, mad crazy about you, Babe. Don't lie! You love me, too. We've always loved each other! Say you love me, Babe. Say it, say it!'

"Maybe you'll say I should have been angry at him, Mrs. Madison. Maybe you think I should have denied that I loved him. Perhaps I could have done both those things if he hadn't caught me to him and kissed and kissed me till I had no

strength left.

"When at last he let me go I knew that I loved him quite as madly as he loved me. I tried to protest, but the words wouldn't come from my lips. I put out my hands to push him away, but they crept about his neck and drew him closer. Do you believe me when I say that I was helpless? Can you understand such an overwhelming emotion? I hope so, because nobody else can. All I get is criticism and ridicule and impossible advice.

"We joined the crowd again but broke away later. From that night we were together constantly. We avoided our friends: we told ourselves that we would squeeze every drop of happiness from the few days allotted us, and that when Ethel came back we would never see each other again. 'Never!' So easy to promise. So impossible to

keep!

"All that was eight months ago. Ethel returned, of course, and for three days we kept to our pledge and found it impossible. I was tormented with jealousy; Ben was like a mad man. We met again—'just once more.' Then we found another excuse and another, and now we see each other three nights a week. Ben seems perfectly satisfied with the arrangement, and why not? He has Ethel and he has me. But I can't go on like this forever, dividing the man I love with another woman. Oh I realize



## Tell This Girl What to Do and Win a Prize

Dear Martha Madison: I am sure there are plenty of girls who have the same problem as I, but so far I haven't seen their letters in your department. It's this: Russell and I are terribly in love and of course we want to get married, but we can't get along on his salary.

He's been promised a raise sometime during the next year but it would be two years before he'd be making enough to support a wife. I have a good job and with our combined salaries we could get along fine. But Russell says no married woman should work. He's willing to marry me now if I think I can manage on \$40 a week. I know I can't but I know I could keep house and go to work, too. I'd like your honest advice. L.D.

Write an answer to this letter giving L. D. your very best advice. For the best letter a prize of \$10 will be given; second best, \$7, third best, \$5 and \$1 each for the next seven best letters. Mrs. Madison is judge. Contest closes March 30th, 1927.

that I am the intruder and that Ethel's rights should come first, but I can't reconcile myself to it. When I ask Ben why he doesn't tell Ethel the truth he hedges and says he can't bear to hurt her. But he can hurt me! I suppose I should hate him for being so weak, but I don't. I want him, Mrs. Madison; I'll always want him. He's my man; I'm his woman; it's that way.

"So what are we going to do? I am writing you as much in behalf of Ethel and Ben as myself. Should I demand that he tell Ethel or should I try to give him up (I know I never could do it!) or should I content myself with the miserable crumbs he can steal for

me?

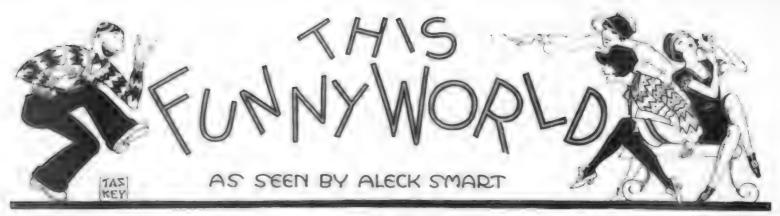
"I suppose you want to know my age: I'm just twenty, but don't tell me I'm too young to know real love. How could you after all I've told you? I don't know whether you have a daughter of your own, but I wish you'd try to think of me that way. My own mother wouldn't understand. I wonder if you will? I wonder what you will tell me—us? Babe."

FIRST of all, Babe, I don't think I know everything; sometimes I find it quite as difficult to draw the line between right and wrong as the most unsophisticated little flapper. But I do know a few things—things that have been proven. A great scientist once said that nothing that cannot be proven is a fact, so I'm going to try my darndest to stick to the facts in your case.

It may help you to know that hundreds of girls before you have faced the same problem. Thousands of girls have yet to face it. Marriage may come and marriage may go, but love we have always with us, Babe, and love was never known

to discriminate.

Now then, you want me to pretend you're my little girl. That's not a good idea! No woman, however wise, can forget she is a mother when talking with her own daughter. She gets all tied up emotionally; [Continued on page 137]



#### Here's a Lovely How-de-do

HE Editor of Smart Set is getting jealous of the flood of letters my girl-friends and boy-friends are sending me. No other department gets anywhere near as much. We can't afford to have the green-eyed monster hovering about the Smart Set offices so we've hit on a plot to please him.

Send a few lines to Aleck Smart telling what feature in this April issue of Smart Set you like best, next to Aleck Smart, of course. And also what feature—God forbid—you don't like. We'll then throw your notes, like a shower of nosegays, on his desk.

As rewards, we offer \$10 for the best 300-word letter, \$5 for the second best, and \$1 each for the 10 next best. Contest closes April 1st.



#### Paris Tells Girls to Step Out and Step in

Mme. Germaine Very, Parisienne style oracle, brings to America startling

"Skirts will be much shorter next year," says Mme. Very, "the most mod-ish being likely to end about two inches above the knee.

Mene. Very insists that skirts are not an essential part of the feminine costume and that while awkwardly-shaped women will always wear them, "they will be more and more sketchily treated by women of beauty."
We don't know what she means by "sketchily" but we are pop-eyed in anticipation.

ticipation.

Female deer

Arrive (abbr.) Due

	ACROSS
1	Stylish
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	hammed
9.	Distigured
14	Pronoun
16	Appendage
18.	Society of Engineers
	(abbr.)
12.	Female
21.	Staten Island
22.	Note of scale
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#### Rhymed Raspberries

Must a girl use her sex downtown? Must she dress in a vampish gown? Should she dine with the boss Till he hands out the dross? Well, some have more wages acquired But thousands of others were fired!
(See: "Must a Giel Use Hee Sex in Business.")

I want to be cold, coy and cruel, But the tip is a banknote or jewel, So I heed my employer's behest: "Go on, kid, be nice to the guest!"

(See: "For Beine Nice to the Guests."

## "Why I Wouldn't Marry the Man Who Asked Me"

Now it's the single girls' turn. We'll pay \$5 for the best seventy-five word letter (and \$1 each for the 10 next best) telling "Why I Wouldn's Marry the Man Who Asked Me." Only your initials will be printed. Contest closes April 1st.

## With the College Cut-Ups

His Letter Read-I am enjoying Florence

His Wife Replied-You can stay in Europe. I am having a good time with Oscar. - Stanford Chaparral

## Aleck Smart's Cross-Word

Here is that cross-word puzzle we've been promising you. Lots of folks think cross-word puzzles are passé. But we see commuters still asking the conductor for five letter words. You'll note we've stuck closely to titles and themes suggested by Smart Set plots and stories. After you've worked this one write and tell Aleck Smart how you liked it and whether you want more stories. whether you want more cross-word puzzles to solve. No prizes. Just for fun. We'll make them. You solve them. If you can. Solution will appear in May Smart Si



#### None But the Homely!

We have made a discovery: there are no homely girls in America. Wesley Barry has no sister. Since we an-nounced our "Homely Girl" Contest. some girls have tried to make us think they were homely by retouching their



photographs or making up their faces in a way to appear hideous. Couldn't fool us girls! Then think of it—a lot of married women sent in pictures of themselves. Any girl who can win a husband in these days of swift competition can't make us believe she's homely. Nothing doing, you married charmers!

The prize of \$25 goes to Jeannette Thompson, Kenosha, Wisconsin—don't be broken-hearted about it Jeannette tell your friends you had a winning look.

#### . . . . February's Limerick Winners

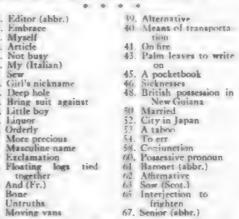
Bessie Brenton, Griffin, Sask., Canada, won first prize of \$10 in our February Limerick Contest by supplying the missing last line

There was a young girl who lip-sticked Till her patient beau Henery kicked-

'Now look-a-here, Jill, It shuts off the thrill,"

If a sign post you think you have licked.

We also congratulate Miss Mary F. Chronik, of Arnold, Penna., for winning the five-spot and these for winning \$1 bills: Ernest R. Lowe, Waltham, Mass.; Mrs. C. P. Kent, Bluefield, W. Va.; R. M. Spaulding, Fitchburg, Mass.; Mrs. Florence Bradley, Detroit, Michigan, and Emily Mackin of Coney Island, N. Y.



alech Smart

## Yes! Really Natural



## It is the secret of just one rouge—PRINCESS PAT

Skin tone color from rouge or that "painted look"—which? It is the skin tone color women strive for, the beautiful, subtle tints of natural loveliness. But the utmost care and skill with usual rouges fails of the desired result—as all women know.

Now learn about rouge—as rouge should be. The woman who tries Princess Pat Rouge for the first time is instantly aware of a beautiful difference. Instead of the painted look, there is a clear skin tone effect, a perfect semblance of soft natural color which actually seems to lie beneath the skin, and not upon it.

And must woned delithed, chained, entranced with the art of not are consists discover the secret of this splendidinen beauty. It is due this unit expect to the special recedients used No Point of Point or not and most of our of pure vectable this times which possess transparers, as well as a relitions this same transpare or in the fairled roace—that makes Princess Pat the one rough giving

Nature's own complexion times Apply Princess Pat as lavishly as you wish. Color will be deepened—but no painted look results.

There is something else, too. Princess Pat Rouge changes ever so slightly to meet the requirements of individual skin tone. It takes its charming color note from the skin itself, blending subtly until it is precisely right, exactly patural. And of course Princess Pat has long been known as the most enduring of all rouges—permanent until you wish to remove it.

#### Select Any of the Six Princess Pat Shades Without Regard for "Type"

With usual rouges, lacking Princess Pat's transparency, women have had to be content with just one shade, selected to "match" type life. It or bit, cite, for instance. With Princess Pat giving one time color all shales harmouse beautifully and perfectly with an complexion.

Thin's what this selection of shades means to beauty. With bright sports wear, one selects. Pricess Par Squary, or Viside to seeme perfect harmony effect plexion and governing. The idea is newly the effect beautiful and or main. For more recitral cost aircs, Milady chooses. Princess Par Medium, or English Tiot (the

Original orange. "Theatre" befits the most claborate frocks for formal afternoons. Then there is the new Princess Pat shade, Nite—perfect color for evening. A most fascinating feature of Nite is its curious violet tinge by way in the box. Then watch it as the lights go on. Instantly Nite changes, becomes a shade that gives to the cheeks pearl and rose tinted flesh tones hitherto inimitable.

Enjoy this luxury of greater selection of rouge shades and the wonderful brauty of color which seems to lie beneath the skin—not upon it. Never the painted, dreaded gauche look if you use Princess Pat. All the better shops can show you all six shades.

## Princess Pat

Princess Pat perfect beauty aids include: Princess Pat Cream Skinfood and Ice Astringent (the famous Twin Cream Treatment), Princess Pat Skin Cleanser, Almond Base Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, I en. n-Almond Lotion, Two-Purpose Tale, Perfume, Totlet Water.

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## "Can't You Women Behave?"

## That's What Professor A. M. Low Asked You And Here's What You've Told Him.

PROFESSOR A M LOW has only him has blame. He probably knew, when to blame. He probably knew, when to had to writing his ideas about wothat he was unleashing the whirlwind.

He ould hardly expect his readers to sit
that had it in silence.

In the direct language of I: didn't. It didn't. In the direct language of the annived woman they have told the property who they say is "blinded by a c'allocation, exerty what they think of the order and when is, the first Out of the mass of later hard Late the Lachtham, much a few have been called for

path atten Awhole brookworld in all to print them all

Women are full of limitates as Lather C Late who state in at the I make the state of the line of the line of this, forgot the care the wet laborator, the arready enoughly that is a care. The processed and the true digth of his and tring that is will and and in Homewhere forcet 'n ti · thin.'-I. si thes ir larein forcibly called to -ttention. Miss Leary

THAT you have expended to be entropy and may I . .r = 1. p thought in con. pour introduction to interesting article on the female of the posies is in itself an and the argument in our favor. Grinted that we are a foolish : ! frivolous lot, but as some p.s. opher observed, we are read full of leasher and out to see on by our tolly the afnes of your manh in tellinate. If we asked more triang qualities we are closed to loss the Made Category as and and political interference for to the valuation hole. production that times " Whis

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And the state of t the state Pard in the derication but to the forth and state of my friend of

the young generation I can sately say that the girls understand and play a tolerable game of everything from golf to poker.) But assuming that there are forms of entertainment in which your superior minds seek relaxation and of which we are so grossly ignorant as to register "beauty at its dumbest" during afore-mentioned recrea-tion, may I suggest that we are more often the indulgent mother than the bored com-

merciless machine of modernism has turned out in the way of womankind. What would out in the way of womankind. W they do with an "Elaine the Fair' praises beneath their windows? Chloroform her—perhaps—and examine her mental faculties for further scientific data. Why behave? Or, if by some caprice of nature or influence of Bacchus they do condescend to listen to her, nine times out of ten they will have to be excused early to keep an

engagement with a "red-hot mamma" in a passing Revue.

I repeat, why behave? Knowing as he cannot know the wages of valor, woman perhaps is more of a coward than man. But as Noyes says. when woman reaches the hell through which man promises to accompany her, it is man who shrinks back in fear and

woman who goes in alone. For girls of my creed there is no divorce but death.

But men will go on blaming the other fifty-six varieties of us because they find a flaw in one, colloquially speaking. We have the name—why

not the game?

So once again, why behave?

Esther C. Leary, Hartford, Conn

An "hysterical harangue" is the way Professor Low's article is characterized by Helen Haggard, chemist, of Los An geles. Her letter follows:

IF IT is as difficult for the average woman of intelligence to view Professor Low's hysterical harangue with equanimity as it was for me to digest the unwholesome article, Smart Set's editorial staff will be kept sufficiently occupied during the next month.

Profesor Low states that in raising his hat to a woman he

insults her, although her convolutions are such that she is not able to realize it. Does Professor Low desire to insult his flag when

he uncovers as it goes by

It is superfluous to mention what a gratifying son the Professor must be. Does he think of his mother as forfeiting his deference because she perhaps did not measure to his standard of intellectuality, con ceding, of course, that he was able to recog nize intellectuality upon sight. She, poor woman, doubtless, has been startled into recognizance of the depths of the abysmal ignorance in which she has been groping all her life, when she gazes upon the object of inflated egoism which she has propogated

Presuming that it is true that in all un civilized lands women are still slaves, what does this prove? Does not the door of civilization open up the land of promise for the latent talent and genius that is in wo

## And That's the TRUTH

This letter from a reader tells you what we have been wanting to tell you about SMART SET only it sounds so much better coming from someone else.

"I should like to take this opportunity of congratulating you upon the quality of your magazine. I am an inveterate reader, and may say, without conceit, that I read only what is worthwhile, and wholesome. I am enthusiastic about your magazine! There are many, very many, "confession" magazines on the market today. Most of them pander to salacious tastes under the guise of true sermons. Yours is the only exception I know of. In SMART SET I have found articles that are a credit to the intelligence of your readers, and certainly a credit to yourself. stories utilize the fascinating vividness and zest only to be found in first person narratives, yet they do not step beyond the bounds of common decency. famous people who are contributors-O. O. Mc-Intyre, Justice Oberwager, Lady Drummond Hay, Elsie Robinson, Dorothy Mills-these alone show all the difference between your true life magazine and we ne others I could mention."

Signed) Mrs. Betty Luben.

panion in such a circumstance? The tolerant, preoccupied smile on our lips as we The tolerwatch you contort yourself into an inhuman shape during your favorite Big Game is no more malicious or inane than the smile of the Deity to whom the Game of Life itself must be rather droll.

In a threatening predicament you men resort to brute strength . . . we women use tact, some of us still have recourse to prayer. Yet Prof. Low says we are more animalistic than man and Prof. Low is "an honorable

It is quite obvious that men have a propensity for the companionship of mechanical and materialistic devices of their Not long ago in a Pathé Nays Reel I saw a nobleman of a foreign country parading a mechanical toy-child which could walk and talk. All men enjoy the "bodyless-voice" issuing from the radio box and the "heartless-horse" in the garage yet they resent the produce which the

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## Have Youthful Beauty Instantly

JEANNETTE DE CORDET Specialiste en Beaute

AN amazing improvement in your looks is the immediate result of this special twin treatment for beauty.

So perfectly do the shades of these twin toiletries — Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom-accord with the times and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh, youthful beauty—instantly.
Pompeian Beauty
Powder, soft and velvety

delicately perfumedspreads evenly with an enchanting smoothness and stays on for hours at a time.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge with youthful tones, looks as though it were your own coloring. It does not crumble or break — and comes off on the puff easily.

## GET PANEL AND SAMPLES

Generous samples of Pomperan Powder and Bloom sent with beautiful new Art Panel for only 10c. This picture, "The Bride," painted by the famous artist. Rolf Armstrong, is reproduced in colors, size 27 x 7 inches, art store value easily 75c.



Tear off now! You may forget

Pompeian
Beauty powder and Bloom

Madame Jeannette de Cordet
The Pompeian Laboratories
11(X) Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred for 1927 Panel and samples of Powder and Bloom

# WHOIS

## Nobody!

Let the expect an aristocratic name like I puthabled Debus, have dandruff is certainly democratic. At some time in life nearly everyone from about it first hand. It respects nearly grown excess.

The thing to do whenever it appears is to go tight after it with Listerine, for this humbiting condition is a warning of more serious of parable.

Letterms applied to the scalp will usually eccus place among results in checking loose disdraid

Date it in full strength and massage thoroughly. Be systematic about it. Keep it up every day for a week or two. Except in the instatubborn cases, you will see almost immediate improvement.

And unlike most dandruff treatments, Listerments is real delight to use. It invigorates the sculp It allays itching. It makes the head teel alson, refreshed and cool. Moreover it doesn't leave the hair brittle and gummy.

If you show any evidence of dandruff start with Linterine tedly. A week from now you will be glid you did. I mbert Pharmacal Conguny, St. Louis, U. S. A.

ILISTE

# EXEMPT

#### IMPORTANT NEWS

The price of Listerine Tooth Paste for a large tube is 25c. This price coupled with the effectiveness of the paste itself is a combination you'll like.

# - the safe amtisep

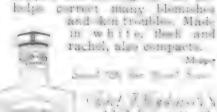
They only improve complexion for a few fleet-You must ing moments. constantly resort to "touching up" to maintain the unstaple appearance they render. Moisture or perspiration destroy them utterly. Many women have found a more staple appearance of far greater beauty - the "24 hour complexion, rendered by

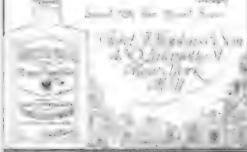
GOURAUD'S

"Beauty's Master Touch"

It gives to your skin a subtile, fascinating, pearly beauty that lasts. Moisture and perspiration have absolutely no effect upon it. Dance, play and enjoy any activity, fully confident that your complexion is as entrancing and : luctive as when you first ap-

Guraud's Oriental Cream is ant efficient astringent. Its u e belies correct many blemshes





## The Prize My Beauty Won

the Line Hour where I'm die agun frem eight to day in Henve re-a car to have Dovel kome. He hahrt die that einer we were back in high school. Three years 22 when I was stateen. David was only teenty and he hadn't learned how to wrap you in he arms and herry you in his chest and there you feel more part of him than it on was an ivy growing against an oak. wonder if Mr - Beatrice taught him that, worster what made me think of Miss licatroe than I oppose it was seeing Norris Hoct. Jamer dash by in his red roadster. He was alone but he looked as if he had come from our house. And after he'd put me in mind of his sister and spoiled my kiss he made me think of my sister. My kid sister. So I give David a call down and tell him I prefer going the rest of the way alone And though he walks right to the Lane H u e door with me and says a lot, I let him do a monolog and don't listen in. So his good night is more growl than language.

Naturally seeing Norris without Nita made me wonder where she could be. Having her out with him was bad enough, but at least that left me knowing what I was atraid of. But having her out with what might be a very dark, "Dark Horse," is enough to bleach my hair as ash-blonde as the tur

NITA is a little gypsy thing with twink ling eyes, and blowing hair and feet that dance. When I pray it's mostly that those little dancing feet won't carry her

When I got back to the Lane House. Norris was in a booth, talking away down deep into the receiver. That was my cue. I plugged in. And if it wasn't Grandma he was talking to! He was asking if Nita was home yet. And he blurted out just enough for me to know she was walking!

That lowered my temperature half a de-If Nita has the nerve to get out of a nd walk, she's all right. That's about car and walk, she's all right. That's about the only thing I never expect of those little teet of hers—that they would carry her out on a hike and away from iov-rides with a fellow like Norris

Of course when Norris skips out of the hotel. I call Grandma and ask her to telephone me as soon as she hears word of Nita and I add that in the meantime I'll get David to go right out and look for her Which is a fool promise, for where would David look for Nita even if I knew where to look for him?

I'm sitting there worrving myself grav Nita and David and the whole evening's foolishness when up bounces the Kewpie. He has sold himself another idea He's going to sell it to me or know why. He talks and I think about Nita. Later

on I realize what it is he is up to "Why shouldn't Lanesville furnish the wherewithal for its daughter's campaign? If

the town elects her, what more natural for it than to fortify its vote with dollars and send her off in style?" he says
I wasn't half-listening to Stacey. I must have "Yes. Yessed" him to keep my mind tree to think about how I was going to save thing to cry about, thinking of that poor little appsy tramping around alone in the dark over the roads she could have taken on high if Norris Hoyt hadn't been a brute and iolted her right out of his car. wondering what he had done. I was re-membering how David had kissed me. I was hoping he would kiss me again some day. And thinking how mean I was to have

me liter when we were trolling lack to David on me mail who manybe Nita needed

So my artis matter was hissy and Stucey not his chance because I kept nodding to we has the trouble of arguing with him about onathing I hadn't the time to stop and listen to.

That's how I got pledged to take my two week's vacation in July and go to Ocean City as Lanesville's beauty candidate in the Movie Star Contest. And next thing that happened was Stacey and Paul Jenks, the star reporter of the Lanesville Star-Gazette, went up to see Mayor Roland about it.

David came back to call for me about the time Grandma 'phoned to say Nita had come in mad as blazes and had eaten her supper and gone to bed refusing to speak to Norris Hoyt, Junior who had just phoned for the seventh trans. "She told me to tell him to 'come 'leven'

and see if that would do him any good," Grandma quavered. "And then she went up-stairs and first thing I know she crept down again and called him. I listened. You don't blame me for that, do you Molly?"
"I'm listening myself." I said severely. So

Grandma went on

First she kind of crieu.
she'd never see him again. Then she tom
him to call her Sunday. He must a been
begging and pleading a lot. She was at the
talaphone for ages. And when she went
talaphone for ages. And I 'elephone for ages. And when sl away she tiptoed upstairs again. heard her singing

Can you beat it? Nita has sense enough to run away from Norris. And then she runs after him again. There's nothing to that old proverb about a burnt child dreads If there was, would David come back after the way I called him down for putting his arms around me right in Scarret's Lane where anyone could have seen us?

For there was David looking voungerand greener—than when he was a Freshman in high school and stammering so he didn't get anything said but "Oh. Molly. Molly-O!" And then along came Stacey Tombes and with Mayor Roland between them and the three of them feeling so fine I can imagine that the Mayor keeps more than apples in his cellar. They invited me to supper to talk over my candidacy.

FOR City Clerk?" David asks with one of those sarcastic twists that make him seem all Indian

Mayor Roland smiled and bowed, and Paul and Stacey bowed with him and Stacey put his free hand on my head and said:

"You're my discovery, little Venus a la mode. And when you're known to the screen as—as—'Sweet Molly O', I won't ask more than twenty-five thousand a year to

P. A. you."
"To-what?" David snorted

Stacey told him patronizingly, and he informed me at the same time, though he didn't know it, that a "P. A." is a press agent and that Grace Granada and the rest of them owe more to their P. A.'s than to their faces. David didn't like that. He didn't like anything. He really acted like a crab. The last straw was when the Mayor and Paul and Stacev asked David to join us at supper while we discussed my cam-

V

har

That "join" got David started. He said had a date with him-but if I wanted to break it. I was free to, and that he didn't intend to join any party I preferred to our date. He was so upstage I got mad. And anyway I realized that I couldn't let an op Chandlers

portunity like this drop. We [Continued on page 88]

## The Story of the

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## Most Famous

IPSTICK in the world

I HAPPENED on a cold December morning. Outside the wind was plant up the stor in big fleecy drifts. Inside a group of men vere cazerly examining a little stick of something orange. It was the final result of three years experimenting an entirely regained of lipstick!

kind of lipstick!

"We must test it on the girls" someone said; and Peggy, a wampish blonde, has called in to try it first. I veryone watched her intently as the ran the little manie stick lightly over her pale but pretty mouth. A second passed. Nothing happened I wo seconds—and then, quite selderly, a lively gloss mounted to her lips. Not the orange color of the lipstick but a rose glow, the delicate natural bloom of Youth.

Then a method the transfer to the lipstick to the fall when Marie.

Then came the most a tenishing test of all when Mary, a viva for brune terescretary, partition. For it gave her him a different celeterately that harmonized exactly with her own dark my terrors count being, a blush rose hue deeper than Pezzy , but jut as levely...

SCARCELY three porth parsed before Pari that autoriat of factory, claimed to school is for her very own; and New York Society paired it rever tailing ma 'ic

And not, in Lordon Borlin Rone, M. didd., it all the important Carital of Latope where beaming moracy from the four corner of the cold rather to tex with the Larry of Linzson I princes . . where do ned head bor at the retet annual loyclines I(m,n) if f(n,n)

## Remarkable Improvements over the old-fashioned lipstick

BEAUTICIANS say there are now two kinds of lipsticks—Tangee and the other kind! For Tangee lipsticks are fundamentally different from all the rest.

The old-fashioned type consists of a fatty base containing a pigment. The color you get on your lips depends on the color of the lipstick you choose. And, of course, there is always that greasy smear.

Unlike others, Tangee contains no grease, no fat, no pigment. It has an entirely new coloring principle. And this is the remarkable thing about it. The orange in the stick turns to rose on your lips—a light rose-coral for some—a deep blush-rose for others—depending upon, the complexion and

upon the complexion and upon how heavily it is applied. . . To every woman it gives just the shade that is natural to her own self, whether she is blonde or brunette.

WHEN you use Tangee Lip-stick, you can be sure that it is really waterproof, and that it will stay on all day without fading, smearing or rubbing off. Its purity makes it absolutely harmless, and its firm cold cream base enables it to soothe, soften and beautify the tex-ture of your lips—preventing chapping and parching.

THE penalty of popularity is imitation. And here is an important thing to remember:



It is have been more than a score of invitator of Tancee, but not one of them has yet succeeded in analysing it priceles formula or in reproducing its a teniller enert...

Langue is the original orange lipstich and the only one in the world that will change color a yeu put it on to give your lips the loveliness of nature's alluring bloom. It will pay you to be sure the name "Tangued" is on both the box and the chief attle gunmetal case!

## For your COMPLETE beauty

THERE are now five other Tangee (ills to lovelines), each as marvel ous as the lipstick. A Crême Rouse and Rouge Compact that give you the same kind of color marie for your cheeks. Two marvelous cream. Tangee DAY Cream and Tangee NIGHT Cream, to smooth out your complexion. And a wonderful Face Powder in the five shades

Let these famous special is tart you on the road to beauty today. Ash your dealer for Tangee 1: name!

## For Beauty's Boudoir



Time a Liftick \$1; Tancer Rener Comf. ! 7): Tange Crewe Rene St; Tones Lan Pooler St; Lance Day Crew St; Lance Nigit Crem \$1. Piles 250 higher in Canada.

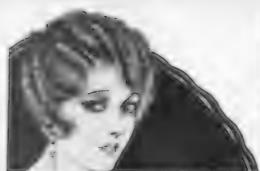
Icr TANGLE BLAUTY SLT

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The George W. Light Co., 417 Fight Avenue, New York

Prese the true was energy trief Tanta Penaly Set DAN Community of Crime Reme, DAN Community Crime and Lor Pender. Lorenza and Lor Pender.

Alicete .....



## Liquid Hair-Waver keeps Hair Waved!

Now, you'll be delighted how easily you can make your wave last from shampoo to shampoo. Just wet your hair with liquid Vlotoline Vlo-to-leen), then wave with ordinary curlers or irons or have your hairdresser do it). Try it-and know how wonderful this new French discovery is. Vlotoline is greaseless, harmless and contains no alcohol; not affected by dampness or heat. \$1.50 bottle-enough for four months.



OFFER - To prove what a remarkable Liquid thus is, mail coupon with soc for a bostle of Vlotoline enough for at least 4 applications.

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MIDGET NAME CARDS

MIDGET CARD SHOP, INC.



o you find it hard to live up to the vivid colors of the Mode? Are you a bit discouraged when you try on a perky hat and find that you can't quite wear it? Does it fall a trifle flat? It is not your eyes—not your amile—and certainly a complexion is easily acquired. Isn't it because of your hair? Does it gleam under the lights as you dance by a mirrored door? Does it shine in the sunshine?

Why not—then—when a Golden Changarantil.

in the sunshine?

Why not—then—when a Golden Glint shampoo will add just the touch you need?

The darkish hair takes on just a hint of bronze. Delightful! 25% at drug or toilet goods counters, or direct. °° J.W. Kost Co., 656C Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Wash.

## Golden Glint SHAMPOO

-that magic luster for every shade of hair

could use a lot of money. And neither Grandma nor my mother married even a little of it. And if I get to be somebody like Grace Granada for instance—what will my own broken heart matter if only Nita is protected by being the sister of a celebrity instead of just a poor kid who's determined to get somewhere and must be saved from getting into trouble?

So I didn't snub the Mayor. And I didn't put myself out to make Stacev I am an ungrateful wretch. And I didn't think it wise to be so crabby to Paul that he'd do his best to get his paper to keep me off the front pages. So I told David to suit himself, of course we'd love having him come along, but if he couldn't I was sure Mr. Tombes or Mr. Jenks would see that I got home all right. And David And David set his teeth like he was practicing to bite nails in two and said he really hadn't the time as Beatrice Hoyt was getting in from New York on the eleven fifty-seven and as long as he had the car there, he'd promised to meet her and drive her over to Alta Vista.

Funny she can't drive her own Hispana Suiza, or does she always arrange to have you using it on the day she goes to New York for her singing lesson?" I asked, and a lemon has nothing on me for the sweetness I put into that wise-crack

What hurt me so was that David would go against me like that. He didn't have to tell her about the contest did he? I don't believe a girl like Beatrice Hoyt reads Movie Star from cover to cover even if she does take a three hour run to New York twice a week for singing and dancing lessons. more likely the's thinking of the Follies than the screen, isn't it, if she takes singing lessons? She could be as dumb as she was born and get on the screen. And I'll bet she is so dumb she would never have thought getting on by way of a beauty contest David hadn't spilled the news

There were days when I had to do all but prop my eyes open with matches to keep them from shutting up shop, they were so heavy from all the crying I did nights. But that didn't change anything.

THE next two weeks were busy ones.
Alta Vista elected Beatrice Hoyt for its star beauty. And I was chosen Miss Lanes-ville. And I saw a lot of Paul Jenks and Stacey Tombes and nothing at all of David. Nita stopped speaking to me after I tried giving her a little advice about Norris and

But Grandma told me Nita was not seeing anything of Norris, and I wondered if she was as pleased over that as I was about having David stay on the other side of the river. So I decided to get myself set before going after Nita again. I suppose that was all wrong. There are things you can't put on the fire to simmer. They just naturally go up in steam. However, I didn't know that until it was too late.

Lanesville made it a regular home-town week after it gave me its solid vote for Miss Lanesville. It was solid all right. Solid Ivory. Or it would never have told Aurelia Sprague to outfit me in style and send the bill to the patriotic citizens who were giving my trip to Ocean City the proper inancial

Aurelia did her best, and cost Lanesville all she could. She dolled me up till I looked like a five and ten window on Fifth Avenue. And then on the day of my last fitting, in walks David Glenn. It seems Miss Hoyt had sent him to see if Aurelia could shorten a dress she had bought in New York and couldn't get fixed in time unless Aurelia belond out

"I suppose Miss Hoyt got all her dresses in New York, and only thinks of patronizing me when she needs some one to baste a hem," Aurelia said sourly. "Well, has she anything grander for the ball the night before the beach parade than this here sequin gown I've made for Molly? She pulls the green spangled fish-skin a closer around me and I tinkle like cracked ice.

"Nothing—grander, only Molly isn't rand." David says solemn as an owl. He is looking like a pair of spectacles grand."

wouldn't add to his earnestness when I come out from my fitting, and were still friends for me as calm as if we were still friends "It's my day off, Molly," he says. "Would you invite me to supper?"

"I can't," I said. "I'm going to Mayor Roland's. Where were you last Wednesday?"

I he answers HAD to drive Beatrice to New York."

Beatrice, mind vou. Not Miss Beatrice. That told me more than I wanted to know. David had been driving Beatrice to New York three and four times a week. She wouldn't let him wear his uniform. She had made him lunch with her. She had consulted him about a lot of her clothes.

"I suppose you superintended her fittings,"

said like a crab-apple in full bloom.
"Well, if I had," he said, "I'd never have picked any shining armor for her like that business Aurelia's draped you in. You have to show your figure in your bathing suit the day after the ball, and you ought to keep it a little more secret till you get to your big climax."

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"You don't like my dress?" I came near crying as I asked that.

"I saw one in New York that would just have suited you," says David. "Beatrice liked it, but it wasn't her type. She's a queen. You're a sweet little baby."

"Thank you for nothing," I said. "Go worship your queen. I've got subjects as it.

worship your queen. I've got subjects and objects of my own."

With which I bow so cordially to Paul Jenks that he stops going the way he was going and turns and marches right back to the Lane House with David and me. doesn't seem to cheer David up much if any and when Paul says he is calling for me to take me to the Mayor's dinner, and I tell him if he calls for me he teams up with Stacey who is also acting as escort, David fades out of the picture.

I'd have had a better time at the Mayor's dinner if Stacev and Paul had been nicer to each other. But Stacey said my dress looked like a birthday cake, and Paul wanted to know if he wouldn't love to cut himself a slice. And when a couple of fellows start wise-cracking sometimes they hit the innocent bystander.

It was on account of not seeing Paul and Stacey more friendly that I felt so depressed on arriving at Ocean City. I was really beginning to see men as they are, petty, suspicious children, and it hurt to be disillusioned by Stacey's and Paul's quarrels. Except for feeling so badly over their scrapping with each other so much, I might have been terribly upset because David didn't sav good-by or wish me luck or anything.

Ocean City was disappointing. Just ocean nd beach and a boardwalk with Sixth and beach and Avenue Junk selling for Madison Avenue And every ten seconds some one prices. else took your picture.

I missed Grandma and Nita and all the home-towners. But I wished Paul Jenks was back home again; for he put a lot of notions into Stacey's head. The little Kewpie had never annoyed me with big ideas about petting parties until Paul got him jealous. And Paul never had seen me till Stacey opened his eyes. But now they both saw and I heard. Paul reminded Stacey none too gently that he was doing the pubfor the contest, not for his favorite contestant. And Stacev told Paul that with all the good write ups his papers were hand-ing me, folks would say his newspaper syndicate had fixed the judges and bought the contest for me.

[Continued on page 90]

# Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

## By LUCILLE YOUNG

America's most avidely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million quomen.

The most marvelous discovery has been made-a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows actually grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have themand beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything here-tofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

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So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. And you are the

#### Proved Beyond the Shadon of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first adver-tisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a notary public. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. And not a single one has reported failure. On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

#### What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eve-brows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one womin a hundred now possesses in detected. full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eye-



Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

lashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single

#### Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week-sometimes in a day or two-you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The evebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. And there is instant beauty, too; for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, cannot be

#### An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery— tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made

a discovery, found that the roots of the cyclashes and cycbrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely new way. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful cyclashes and cycbrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was sure before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery have been my regular patrons.

#### You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember...in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyclashes and eyebrows do not actually grow, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00. The introductory price is for a full size tube.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money...simply mail coupon.
When package arrives, pay postman only \$1.95. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young. Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Actroscos. Society.



Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beau-tifer, My cyclashes are grow-ing thick, long, and luxurious, Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyestrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in centact with remark how silky and long my cyclashes appear to be.

Mile, Hefilefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carliele, Pa.

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.

Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. H.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and Iashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise — my appearance tells the tale. Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.



Lucille Young

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society Name women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery. Chicago, Illinois State







Burlington Watch Co. Dept. 20-64 Chicago

I felt like a bone they were scrapping over. And then one of the girls from home wrote me a sweet letter telling me how David was going to drive Beatrice to the contest, so I'd see for myself what a handsome couple they made. A cute left-handed way of telling me that my ex-beau had landed the heiress and that Lanesville was gossiping about it and pitving me. So I began to plug in on my brain-cells. And my conclusion was that if David landed himself a Beatrice Hovt with nothing but his chauffeur's uniform to help him, I could do a lot better than Stacev or Paul after I was the Movie Star winner.

I SAW I was going to win. And it wasn't my mirror told me so. All the papers broadcast that I was the successful candidate. "Sweet Molly-O," as they called me just as if they'd been brought up around "Sweet Molly-O," as they called me Lanesville and had been listening in on the days when David Glenn wasn't fortune hunting), would be the Movie Star's star. They even said I'd be on my way to Atlantic City in the September Contest and be Miss America before the frost was on the pumpkin.
But I didn't swank. I just did a lot of

sensible thinking and decided that I'd guide my life by ambition's star and that Grandma and Nita would come into their own when I was blazing my path to Glory. Men didn't enter into my calculations. I could see that the only thing to do with 'em is to 'em. And I realized that some day I might be able to love-say a gray-haired millionaire, strong, silent and at the head of a large film-company.

And so my philosophy and sane thinking tided me over the weary hours and brought me to the eve of the grand ball on the night before the "Bathing Beauty Contest." Paul was escorting me. Naturally Stacey Paul was escorting me. But when Stacev took me for could not. a little fresh air and some tea at four, he told me what he thought of me apart from my beauty. And he asked little offering he had sent me. And he asked me to wear a

I thought it might be orchids or a diamond bracelet. But Paul sent the orchids, and the only other offering was in a great big box marked Maison Lucette, New York. Inside of it was the loveliest dress I've ever laid eyes on. It was just the thing for a blue-eyed, copperhead, white skinned girl of five feet seven and weighing a hundred and twenty pounds. Blue chiffon—starting with the babiest blue you ever saw and ending with the kind of a sky-blue Lanesville folks always call "Italian." And slippers folks always call "Italian." And slippers and stockings to match and flesh colored undies that hugged me in the friendliest manner. I looked younger than Nita when I got it on. And I could understand that the girl I saw in the mirror only needed as good a press-agent as Grace Granada's and she'd go far. Aurelia's green fish-scales went into the discard.

The ball was gorgeous. Every time there was anything to lead I was chosen to lead it. And the frozen faced judges all smiled at me. But there was never a sign of Beatrice or David. I told myself of course she'd never really enter a beauty contest. I kept on telling myself that—so I wouldn't listen to myself wonder if Beatrice and David could have started for the contest

and shifted to a honeymoon. And then Stacey came rushing up to the Judges and stopped the Grand March and was all excited. I was excited myself. I made out what he was saving. Miss Beatrice Hoyt of Alta Vista had just arrived. She had been in an automobile accident. But she had been courageous enough to continue on her way and could they hold the grand march so she could enter and not be disqualified by the terms

the contest Yes I heard every word of it. But only one word counted. Accident.

If Beatrice was in an accident, so was David! And then the common sense I've been cultivating told me that the worst hadn't happened; it was yet to come. For if Beatrice escaped and come along to Ocean City, then David escaped too and drove her the contest he'd helped her enteragainst me. And in a minute she'd come in and take her place in the march, and in all likelihood it would be David escorting

It was Norris Hoyt, Junior who brought Beatrice into the room

I don't know how I got through the March. I don't know how I ever held on to the silver cup they gave me with sweet-heart roses in it. Everyone was telling me that meant the gold cup tomorrow. All I could think of was getting news of David Glenn. But I had to shake a million hands first and listen to a lot of bunk.

Then all of a sudden I'm in the hometown group, and Paul is getting the news as a good reporter would naturally do. And as I walk along listening and fighting off some more people who are trying to shake hands with me, I get so many jolts and electric shocks that I feel as if I'm dress-

rehearsing for the end of the world. Yesterday Norris got it into his head that Nita ought to go to Ocean City and stand by me. He offered to drive her here. And she accepted. So off they went. When Grandma found Nita was gone, she telephoned David and read him Nita's note. It was plain enough.

"I'm off, Granny dear," it said. "Norris and I have made it up. We are going Ocean City to see whose sister wins. will be back in a week or so. Now even if Molly doesn't win, I'll see to it that you live on Easy Street. So all is well. Your thrilled-to-pieces, Nita."

Can you imagine? I don't know how Norris ever managed to stand there and face me when our crowd got into a private room and the details of what he had done out.

Well, to get down to facts, instead of feelings (of which I had plenty as Paul Jenks gets the story out of those Hoyts and prepares to make a good story out of the whole horrible business) David was all Granny had between her and the shame Nita was offering her. And the best David could do was take the wheel of the Hoyt car and start driving for the Contest in the hopes of heading Nita and Norris off on the

Half way to Ocean City David sees Norris a mile ahead and making his neat little sixty an hour. David hits it up all he dares with Mama and Papa Hoyt in his car. Then just as David catches up to Norris, there's a road to the right and along comes a big seven passenger sedan pointed right at Norris and his red roadster. David drives ahead, coming around from behind and locking wheels with the sedan. isn't touched.

NOEODY was hurt," says Beatrice, "Nobody had a scratch—except David." She said that as if nobody is somebody his name is in the Social Register. So cold she made me shiver. And then between her and Norris, the rest of it comes out. After the crash, Papa couldn't think of anything but what a hero David Mama couldn't think of anything but her smelling salts. And Beatrice was kind of intent on the Movie Star Contest and the career to which she hoped it would lead if her winning made papa so proud he could think of her going to work without bursting brain-cell. So Nita took command. I decided I was crazy when they a brain-cell.

Nita took command. But what could Nita do for David? That crazy little kid that had risked her reputation running off with Norris would only worry David. He'd be Norris would only worry David. [Continued on page 92]

## Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicaps

One Can Now Have Peace-of-Mind, Poise, Immaculacy



Easy Disposal and 2 other

The filmy frocks that women used to fear are now worn in security. This new way brings protection, PLUS freedom forever from the embarrassment of disposal.

By Ellen J. Buckland, Registered Nurse

NO matter how audaciously filmy one's frock or gown, no matter how exactinge the social demands of the moment—one meets them now in confidence and security.

Wear the sheerest of gowns, dance, motor, go about for hours without a second's doubt or fear. The most amazing hygienic problem of yesterday, as millions of women have learned, is but an incident of today.

### KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10

women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary" pads of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

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Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundryno embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

#### Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only sanitary napkin embodying the superabsorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

> Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

important factors



True protect times as absorthe ordinary "pads."



barrassment, at any store, simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

Kotex-Regular 65c per dozen

No laundry—diseard as easily as a piece of tissue

\*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.



## "How To Get On The Stage"

By Alice Fleming Realize Your Ambition Become an Actor or Actress STUDY AND REHEARSE AT HOME

## Costs Only a Few Cents a Day SEND FOR MY BOOK-IT TELLS ALL

I have written a book fully explaining my course of instruction. I tell you how I attained my success on the stage and explain to you how you can apply my experience and knowledge of the stage to your own career. If you will enclose ten cents and send same to me with the coupon below I will send you this most attractive book.

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get on the stage. Am enclosing ten cents for your
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Woman's Institute, Dept. 6-8. Scranton, Penna. heat cost or eligation, please send me your age backlet, 'Makins Dariful Clothes," and me how I can learn the subject marked below: Home Dressmaking | Millinery | Cooking

Name (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

trying to look out for her instead of taking care of himself

All of a sudden I realized some one was reaming: "How's David? Was he badly screaming: "How's David? V hurt? Tell me how David is?"

Then I see them all staring at me And I find out I'm the girl who yelled.
"He's pretty bad. They'll operate at nine tomorrow morning." says Norris. "I hated to leave him, but Nita said I owed something Beatrice, and she'd take care of all the

other debts. She's a great kid, Nita."

"Your papa and mama must think so."
was what I thought, but that is not the
sort of thing you say before Paul Jenks and the syndicate he's always taking notes

Then Stacey begins telling me to go get ome sleep so I will look my best tomorrow. And Beatrice says she could use some of

the same "I've got to get a train." I heard myself

aving. Sure, you've got to keep in training."

"A train for slumber land." Paul soothes

TURN to Norris. I've lots of reasons to But there's time enough ettle with him later for what he did to Nita Now I've got to get to David. And under the circumstances I feel free to ask a slight favor of Norris Hoyt, Junior
You take me to the station." I said, "and

put me on the train that takes me where David is."

No more trains tonight." Norris says Want me to drive you to the hospital where Nita has him parked? Great kid Nita. Dad said he didn't know girls came so smart and so human.

"Say, are you feverish?" Stacey yells "You can't leave here tonight, Molly, How you going to get back in time for the

bathing beauty parade tomorrow? "I'll drive her." says Norris. her back in the morning too if she likes.

"Swell chance she has of winning if she is out all night," says Paul. "But it makes

a good story—"
"It's a six hour drive." Beatrice says "If you stay with David calm as you please. until after the operation, you can't get back. My father is doing everything. David

is having all that money can buy "When do we start?" I said to Norris

'Really Miss Chandler." says Beatrice as tiff and cold as the North Pole, "you must be sensible. Young Glenn is a nice bound will be cared for as he deserves. But and will be cared for as he deserves. you can't afford to throw away a chance like this. You must realize I speak quite disinterestedly because I can see that if you stav I have little chance to win anything but second place "
'When do we start?" I asked again. This

time my teeth were chattering.
"You're throwing the contest." Norris answered with his eves on Beatrice not on me "I've no right to help you fling aside your great opportunity. I'll take you to David tomorrow when you've won your gold cup

and your chance to be a star."
"You take me now! Or I'll tell the world about you and my little sister!"

knew that would scare him into action And Norris scared was a whirlwind. Next thing you know he'd grabbed Beatrice's summer ermine cape, piled me into that red roadster and off we went at a mile a

Stacey was dancing up and down with his funny little fat face so puckered it looked as if he was going to cry. Paul tried to grab me and yelled that I was throwing away a career and a devoted

I knew it. I knew I was a fool. I knew I'd never have another chance like this to on in the world and paint the cottage It didn't seem fair to Grandma. But with

that icy Beatrice quitting David cold, which is the only way Miss Frostilla could quit anvone. I couldn't bear to think of that poor boy going to an operation table and zetting another freeze from the ether-cone until some one had mothered him a How could he develop a punch or a fighting chance for himself if he got to thinking his life wasn't worth as much as a Movie Star gold cup?

Even if Beatrice Hovt, the girl he loves, has broken David's heart, his old Pal, Molly Chandler might restore his confidence.

Oh, what is the use? I didn't reason. I iust had to go to David, that was all. I loved him just as I'd always loved him, and his not loving me didn't make any difference when maybe he was going to be lame for life, which cheerful possibility is the only part of Norris's conversation that sails into my ears over the sixty mile gale the roadster

is making.

We got to the hospital at dawn. And they wouldn't let me see David till eight when they decided it might cheer him up a bit to have a look at me before they prepared him for the operation. All they asked of mc was not to cry. That was all. A nice easy job when I come in and see my David with his face all drawn by pain and his gorgeous body lying there helpless

But when I come into the room his face lights up and he just lies there and stares And then he grins and he says in a strange weak voice that doesn't seem to belong to him at all:

You would have won the prize, Molly Nurse says you drove all night to e to me. Would you—kiss me?"

come to me. Would vou—kiss me?"
Would I kiss him when he can't even lift
one hand to touch me? And when I kissed him one of us must have cried for there were tears all over my face when I lifted my head at the nurse's orders to go. But David gasped.

"Come closer, Molly."

And then when I'd kissed his dear eyes till they were dry again, he whispered:

"It doesn't hurt at all now, Molly. I'll get well now that I've seen you in the little blue dress I wouldn't let Miss Beatrice order herself because I had to get it for VOU.

The dress he got for me! The blue dress I had to like even when I thought it was a present from the Kewpie. Do vou wonder I came near ruining that dress after they got me out into the hall and Nita led me away to a room where there was somebody waiting to jab me with a needle and put me to sleep?

Hours and hours later Nita came back and waked me with wonderful news. The doctors had found David's condition much better than they had hoped for, and the operation had been very slight and he would walk again within a month and everything was all right.

JOW what do you think of that! threw the contest for David and he wasn't so sick at all. I had to laugh a little and cry a little and then in comes Norris looking as solemn as an owl and

"Ain't it gorgeous, Molly? The doctors sav your coming just as you did at the psychological moment broke down the nerve tension and gave him the will to live.

While I'm trying to work that out. Norris hands me a little box. He says it's from Stacey and that the Kewpie was all upset because it didn't get to my room in time for me to wear to the ball. Sav. its a lucky sixpence to go in my shoe! what Stacey sent me. I'll bet he thinks the reason I wasn't the winner of the Movie Star contest is because that sixpence didn't get to me in time.

I had to laugh over it in the midst of my tears and while I'm laughing, Nita says [Continued on page 94]

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## Cheaper, Madam

## Than Soiling and Ruining Towels

## to Remove Cleansing Cream

NOW
REDUCED
IN PRICE
ALMOST HALF!

Due to women's tremendous acceptance, Kleenex is now being made in volume production, at greatly reduced price to you. This lowered price with 30% more 'Kerchiefs in each box makes the present price of Kleenex scarcely more than half what you paid before.

230 LARGE
HANDKERCHIEF
SHEETS

(Big Size, 90 sq. ins.) Fifty Cents

Please accept 7-day supply of this new and exquisitely different way to try

A way that will double the effectiveness four make-up. That will correct oily and skin conditions amazingly. That will make a darkish skin seem shades whiter instantly.

SCARCELY a beauty expert today but urges this remarkable new way of removing cleansing cream.

Women by the millions are flocking to its use.

Virtually every stage and screen star of note employs it.

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On the market little more than one year, it is said to be probably the most ensationally adopted beauty accessory was known.

It makes a unique and marked difintence in the color and fineness of the skin—in the elimination of oily skins, blemishes and imperfections. And the costs less to use than any other way known to remove cold cream.

#### What it is

It is called the Kleenex 'Kerchief. It comes in exquisitely soft, pure white ets of handkerchief size. It is 27 to tes as absorbent as the ordinary total. It is the only material made, in insultation with leading dermatology ts, solely for the removal of cleansing communication.

## KLEENEX

KERCHIEFS
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary



#### Ends two beauty mistakes

It ends the soiled towel method, judged dangerous to skin beauty. Too often you thus rub dirty cold cream back into the skin. That fosters skin blemishes. It invites blackheads. It is a prime cause of oily skin and nose conditions.

To use cold cream effectively, you must remove it all from the skin. Towels, cloths, paper substitutes, etc., won't do it.

It ends, too, the mistaken use of paper makeshifts; not sufficiently absorbent to thoroughly cleanse, too harsh for delicate skin fabric.

> Kleenex'Kerchiefs absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes to fit your dressing table drawer.

Professional size: Sheets 9 x 10 inches . . . 50C

## Ends

Oily skin and nose conditions amazingly.

The expense of ruining and laundering towels.

## Keeps

Your make-up fresh hours longer than before.

Lightens the skin several shades—quickly.

Instead of towels, cloths, harsh fibre, or paper makeshifts, you use this deliciously with new material—27 times as absorbent 'A wholly different way from any known before

End these mistakes, and you'll note an amazing difference quickly in your skin.

Your make-up will hold hours longer than before. Your skin will lose its oily look. Your nose will seldom call for powder.

#### Send coupon

A few days' use will prove the results of the Kleenex 'Kerchief beyond all question. Mail the coupon. A full 7-day supply will be sent you.

7-Day Suj	pply—FREE
Please send me a sample pa	O 8-4 Bldg., Chicago, Ill. without expense to teket of Big Kleenex sorbent—as offered.
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## our Arms

should be hair free-but smooth For beauty's sake keep arms, as well as underarms, hair free and softly smooth. You need not use the razor. For science now offers you a dainty new cream called Neet that removes hair with almost unbelievable ease and speed—by dissolving it.

Applied to hair blemished surfaces, Neet acts on hair at the roots—softens it so that clear, cool water rinses it away. Entirely unlike shaving, Neet leaves no harsh stubble or darkened skin. Instead skin takes on surprising new beauty and whiteness—becomes as smooth as the petals of a rose. And you escape the coarse regrowth common when the razor

Test Neet just once. Discover why women everywhere now use it to remove unwanted hair from arms, underarms and legs. Your druggist or department store earries Neet in the ready-to-use, liberal size 50c tubes. One test will amaze and delight you. Hannibal Pharmaeal Company, St. Louis, Mo.





## This Simple Way to have Lovely Eyes!

Your eyes are your most bewitching charm—especially when they are fringed with long, dark lashes It is their fascinating sweep that makes your eyes beautiful—imparting alluring magic to your every glance.

Make your lashes appear longer and heavier merely by darkening your lashes with WINX, the waterproof liquid. Applied with the brush attached to the stopper of the bottle, WINX dries instantly, is harmless, and will not rub or smear. At Drug or Department stores or by mail. Black or brown, 75c. WINXETTE (cake form), black or brown, 50c. U. S. or Canada.

OFFER! Mail 12c for a generous sample of Winx.

ROSS COMPANY 249-D West 17th St. New York

as calm as if she isn't coming to her hour of reckoning for the way she disgraced our

"Norris darling, tell Molly Dad's plan to buy that automobile factory you've always been so crazy to own and to put David in as superintendent. Won't it be fun to have

our husbands partners, Molly?"

I saw stars then. I also saw that Nita had a wedding ring on. She must have had it all the time I'm calling her a little hussy. She and Norris were married before they left Lanesville yesterday. And Papa and Mama Hoyt, after their diet of icicles from Beatrice, seem to like having a warm little kitten they can cuddle, in the family. All it needed to make a front page story for Paul Jenks was for Beatrice to win the Movie Star contest and elope with Stacey. But a

cute little brunette from Oskaloosa won and it turns out that Stacey Tombes has wife and three children and I suppose the all look like Kewpies and are regular I Juans. Beatrice got second prize and says what can you expect when you foolish enough to put yourself in a position to be snubbed by hoi polloi. She has tak a studio in New York and Norris says that when he gets overheated at the factory just has to telephone Beatrice and all is will

Now you know my alibi for not winn a any beauty contests. Grandma says would have managed it better. I dares: she would, but David, Junior takes his n k out of the silver cup just as contentedly as if his mamma hadn't been what you mich call on the verge of having a gold cup—an l no big or little David to drink out of it.

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IF A sailor has a girl in every port how many sweethearts has a movie hero? At least a hundred in every city, town and hamlet where there is a silver screen! And there isn't one of them who wouldn't lose her head as I did, if she had a chance to see the real man and have him actually make love to her. What would you do, I wonder, if the surprising things that I will tell you about in May SMART SET happened to you?

## For Being Nice to the Guests

[Continued from page 47]

up to me as I finished my number. Looking toward the table indicated I saw a decrepit old man who looked like the last guard of the Grand Army; his face was shrivelled, he had dark pouches under his eves. He reminded me of a walrus. "He's lonely, and I want you to go over and sit at his table."

You'd recognize the name of this man if I mentioned it. He was enormously rich, married and divorced I don't know how many times. His name has figured for years in many scandals but what could I do? This old beau rose with amazing agility as I approached his table, bowing with a fine courtesy. He bought champagne, and tried to pinch my knees under the table. I squirmed as his colorless eyes travelled over me; they reminded me of

ovsters.

"You seem to be a nice little girl," he cackled. "Been in New York long?"

"Just a few months," I said, coyly.

"Pretty young to be working here. Not been out of high school long, have you?"

I had bobbed my thick brown hair and nee I was small-featured and diminutive, I had cultivated an ingenue appearance. M. pull with the hostess was that I could lo k fourteen. I admitted my youth, though I couldn't see what this old roue was driv-

mg at.
"I've had my experience with girls. I hate them hard-boiled. Once a girl steps out she loses her appeal to me. But, now, take a nice little girl like vourself—See here! I'm going to be in town a couple of weeks and I want a nice little girl who'll go around and entertain me while I'm here. What do

I said my next number was on and ex-cused myself. All through the performance I saw that old gink's eyes fixed on me, and

he just gave me the creeps.

In the dressing room the hostess took In the dressing room the hostess took me aside. She was unusually affectionate. "Say, dearie, you've sure made a hit with that old gent. He wants you to have breakfast with him at the Ritz. I've told him you're all right, and if he likes you there's nothing you can't get. You're a wise kid, and I think you can get away with this." She began to explain. The old Don Juan

l virtuous girls. Just a little eccen-ty. "Now you look the part," gushed hostess. "Just fourteen, the age he likes. Go on home now and put on a simple liked virtuous girls. tricity. the hostess. frock and fix your hair so you'll look as it you were going to school. Play the sweet innocent. That bird'll be in town a couple of weeks, and he has a big roll and we want him to spend it here."

I hesitated. "And what will I get out

Her eyes flashed. "Are you a fool? Use your wits. I told him you never had a beau before. He wants you to meet him in the lobby of the Ritz at eight o'clock. and it's up to you to keep him on the string at our club. Au revoir, dearie! Don't lose him, and good luck!"

At eight o'clock, wearing a simple girlish

frock, I met him at the Ritz. He was all smiles. He looked like the proverbial cat anticipating the digestion of a canary. I simpered bashfully.

"Now I suppose my friend has explained to you," he began as we went in to breakfast. "I—er—oh—rather like you. As I told you I'm going to be in town for a little vacation and am lonely, you know. Now how would you like for me to engage a nice little suite for you as long as I stay? You could have a maid, and I'll buy you a lot of pice things?"

"That would be very nice," I said, sweetly

"NOW, e-er, supposing we arrange this and you go around and play with me. I t us be quite frank with one another. Er-r r. about how much-ah-how much money in cash do you think you might want to use "Oh," I sighed. "I—I don't know," a

I looked up with wide innocent eyes. "Say, a thousand dollars?"

"Oh, would you give me a thousa

He seemed to sigh with relief. "A thousand dollars—certainly! What's a thousand dollars to give to a nice little girl like you." With ostentatious generosity he drew out wallet, peeled off two five hundred dollar bills and handed them to me. "Then i all settled," he beamed. "I'll engage suite of rooms in your name. Of course, my friend the hostess explained things to yo-

sure she is right about you? You lerstand? You've never had any beaus re? You've never gone out with the

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Jeanwhile I was folding up the two
pyellow bills neatly. I rose to my feet.
your age, old dear! Be yourself!"
Slipping the thousand into my bodice I
led. "Maybe this'll teach you a lesson
poor nut! What do you expect for a
sand dollars?"

ometimes we act that way, and can you is me us? I was a thousand dollars richer, of course I lost my job at the club.

WHEN Richard Reese Whittemore, the murdering bandit, and his gang were trial it was brought out in the testimony that they made their headquarters in certain known night clubs

Naturally, a certain type of night club as a distributed that the leaders of the underworld that the tender and they are nests of the more persons, intelligent and daring criminal tands. Never has there been such a common teting ground of the very highest and least, the best and the worst, of human so iety. Never before could you find the least of ultra fashionable circles, women of wealth, the wives of prominent and powerful citizens, sitting at tables adjoining those waster bootleggers, political henchmen, gunmen, gamblers, iewel thieves and blackmailers drink and carouse. In such night clubs, night after night, you will find the per class element of the underworld, spending their ill-gotten gains, and therefore welcome. Across from a table where a leader of upper Fifth Avenue society is giving a party to her swell friends in gorgeous evening gowns and jewels you may see the leader of a gang of bond bandits out on bail.

At no place before night clubs came into vogue with their false glamour and bunk camaraderie, their fake front of exclusiveness and their fashionable clientele, could the male parasites and criminals of society find such a common meeting ground for establishing contacts with their possible victims. Never, anywhere, have the bars of social position and conventions, the safeguards of station and respectability, ever been so let down, as in this type of night club. And it is all considered fashionable, the very smartest thing to do in this age of near prohibition.

This class of clubs waxes prosperous by defving and breaking of the laws. Their profits run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars in a year.

THE moral ruin of many decent girls, the break-up of homes, robberies of gems worth a fortune, might often be traced to their source in a certain type of night club. It the husbands of many women and the fathers of daughters who have become night club habituees knew what I and other girls who work there know from experience about them they would soon put a stop to the somen of their families going there unattended by men.

Most of the women who come to the clibs, generally in pairs or in parties, but unescorted by men, don't come with the deliberate intention of taking a fling into debauchery, but there is something insidicisly demoralizing in the atmosphere. You get into an atmosphere of midnight madres, and you want to drink, you want to tay. You see others having a good time, and you don't want to be left out.

If unaccompanied women desire male companions to dance with, attractive sheiks are usually forthcoming. These are adepts in flattery and make love to these rich and bored women with melodramatic fervor. It's 1.rt of their profession. It may begin as a casual dance, but I've seen innumerable women, old enough to be the mothers of the boys they pick up, absolutely lose their





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## Send TODAY for Your Questionnaire!

eautifully illustrated book "Your School of Commercial Designing

heads. To the elderly women as to the elderly men there is the appeal of youth. They probably wouldn't endanger their positions by entering into an affair with a youth in their own station of society. But, flattered and made love to, they will consent to clandestine trysts with a night club sheik.

Last winter jewels worth eighty thousand dollars disappeared mysteriously from a Long Island house. For a considerable time the theft was not reported to the police. Why? The woman whose jewels were taken came often to a club where I worked. There she danced with certain of the hangers-on of the club, and sometimes left in their company. Were some of her new acquaintances in league with the crooks who pulled off the their?

It is a notorious fact many robberies are never reported to the police. Why? Of the thefts of money and jewels, if they can cover it up, many women never tell their husbands. If, while the husband is away, they bring some engaging sheik to their apartment to give them a private dancing lesson or have an innocent cup of tea, and a necklace disappears or several thousand dollars are stolen, is the woman going to compromise herself by suspicion or open herself to questions?

Billy Dever was one of the handsomest of the slick-haired sheiks I'd known for a long time. Billy developed quite a crush on me and I came near falling for Billy

myself.

One night Billy took me to dinner. "Read this," he said and passed me a letter, written on elegant monogrammed stationery. It was a love epistle whose mushiness you might expect from a sloppy school girl. Billy mentioned the name of an elderly married woman well known to me, one of the die-hards of the night clubs. "That dame'll never see her fifty-fifth birthday again, and she's keeping me awake in the mornings with her telephone calls. Gee, it's funny how they fall! But them letters are

going to cost that dame some money.'

THEY did. Billy turned up blithely one night and told me he had a nest egg on which we could get married. "Fifteen thousand bucks." he beamed. "I couldn't stand her any longer. and so I told her I was getting hitched and needed some dough to start married life on. Say! I thought she'd hit the ceiling. But when I told her I'd sell these letters to a newspaper or show them to her husband, well she listened to reason."

I didn't marry Billy. But he still holds forth in night clubs and is some sheik among the money-squandering unoccupied women.

The most pathetic phase of night club dissipation is that of the young girls to whom the average night club is a door to drinking, dope and ruin. Night after night I see girls of sixteen to twenty falling over tables in maudlin or sick insensibility. I have seen girls of good position pick up acquaintance with the roues of the White Light district. First they are introduced to the whiskey flask. And then, quite often, to cocaine and other dope. I've gone to parties where cocaine was passed around as freely as high-balls.

I've never been tempted to take dope myself and I've never permitted myself to drink much, for I know a girl who does will soon go to the dogs. I can make more money working in a night club than I could in a show, or in most other lines, but if you want to play this game you've got to keep your wits. One thing I'm sure about, when I'm forty-five and passé, and maybe as hard boiled as I never hope to be, I'll never be a night club hostess.

Oh, I waste no crocodile tears on the old butter and egg men whom the girls may play as suckers. I sort of cheer the girls if they can get the best of men who are out to get the best of them. And if the average night club can bleed men to the tune of thousands—and hundreds of thousands—the greatest "con" game of this age, if the can Barnumize them with such hokum in a line of entertainment as you can't find an where else, let them go to it. I have little sympathy for the rich society women, alwomen who should be minding their grant children and growing old with dignity in stead of dressing like tlappers and jazzica way the night with pasty-faced boys will blackmail and rob them.

But it does make me sore when I what happens to the beautiful young gir I'm no better than I should be, but the young girls should never be allowed to come to these places. Where are their mothers What are their fathers doing? Sick and helpless on poisonous cin and whiskey, he can any one take care of herself?

Among the society girls who came into a club last winter was a beautiful creature the daughter of a multi-millionaire, who was engaged to a nice boy of her own class. In the club she met a jazz dancer, a sneering cynical and conceited product of the East Side who had been a barber in his earlier days, and had later hived on the pathetic street girls of Fourteenth Street and the Bowery. Jazz had elevated him to the night club and he was sure nimble on his feet. He wasn't handsome but this beautiful girl fell for him, just lost her head. You can't explain those things, they just happen. At any rate she disappeared. Her father was wild, her fiancé heartbroken, but that was only three of many lives ruined through gilded dives where all protective barriers are let down.

Among a theatrical element there is a greater addiction to drugs than most people imagine, and practically all of the professional crooks, jewel thieves, bond bandits and gunmen take some form of dope. They would probably not have the nerve to pull off their desperate stunts in a crowded city unless they artificially braced up. Many girls who work in the clubs and most all of the male parasites who hang out there are addicts of heroin, morphine or cocaine. In certain specific clubs, therefore, you will find men who can supply it. The tragedy is when the young and innocent fall victims.

One of the girls who works with me is being given a wild rush by the son of a Wall Street banker. Agnes is a hard and mercenary girl, shrewd, clever, artful. She has an idea that before she is through the family are going to pay. Perhaps they will One Sunday morning, when our Saturdanight work was over, a dozen of the girls were taken down to a party at a house theyouth had taken at Great Neck. The usulas ortment of gin bottles, ginger ale and cracked ice was produced. Next thing there were hypothermic syringes and what seems gold powder puff boxes on a table. "Hard a shoot?" Cocaine in loose crystals in the gold boxes, was passed around by our host with as easy nonchalance as if it were candy.

"Good heavens, where did you get that exclaimed my hard-boiled friend Agnes, in indignation and dismay.
"Where did I get it? From your frier!

"Where did I get it? From your frier! Bill, right over in the club where you work He supplies us regularly."

And still even the most dangerous at a worst types of night clubs prosper, attracting to their supposedly exclusive confines the cream of society, the richest business ment the city, the bloom of young girlhood, pictustars, prima donnas, politicians, prize-fighter crooks, gunmen, dope peddlers, thieves at blackmailers; most of them defying an possible enforcement of prohibition, luring people to dissipation and corruption, at thereby earning \$10,000 and upwards week and even hundreds of thousands year. Yes, as one hostess said, "There never been anything like it."

## Only a Cigarette Girl

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[Continued from.page 56]

you understand, dear? I brought you here tonight to ask you to go with me

The sea, the white sand, and the starry skies suddenly merged and danced like mad. Steven Wainwright really loved me and wanted to marry me! He couldn't mean anything else! My imagination swiftly intoxicated me. I again saw myself as the mistress of beautiful Fiesta; with gorgeous clothes; gleaming jewels; luxury all around me; servants at my beck and call; and all of Steven Wainwright's proud friends cater. of Steven Wainwright's proud friends catering to me. I saw myself as hostess at a farewell party to which I especially invited Mrs. Vanderpool and Vera Thomasson. Then Steven and I boarded El Bandelero like a king and queen and there was the romantic promise of those islands beyond far horizons!

No wonder I was swept off my feet!
"Will you go with me, Nunciata?" he asked, springing up and enfolding me.
"Yes," I whispered, still drunk from my

"My darling," he murmured.

I was in love with love then, and lured by the dream of being Mrs. Steven Wainwright. I closed my eyes and kissed him.
"Nunciata, I have loved you from the
first moment in the patio," he cried.
"I am only a cigarette girl. I never dared

think a man like you would fall in love with me and marry me."

"Marry you!" His words sounded like rifle shots in the night. "You don't understand, dear. We can go away without that." he finished, trying to make his voice sound natural. sound natural.

But I did understand!
It came to me in a sickening flash that Steven Wainwright had only offered me a gilded sham for true romance. Realizing this I could no longer remain close to him. He suddenly found me fighting his efforts to hold and kiss me.

"Let me go. Oh! how awful you are." I cried, wishing Schuyler Briggs were nearby to hear me and rush to my aid.
"I love you. I want you more than anything. I can't let you go now. Nunciata." His words, and the tone of his voice, carried

FEAR kindled in my blood a hysteria that lent me strength. I redoubled my efforts to get away. He brought his greater strength into play. Desperate, I resorted to a woman's trickery.

"You're breaking my arm—oh!" I sobbed
He released me for a second, and stood
off-balance over me. I seized the chance,
and pushed him backward. I was flying
toward the surging sea before he recovered.
Heedless of the fact that I was fully dressed in the expensive gown, I plunged into the foaming waters and struck out wildly. wanted to get away from Steven Wainwright at all costs. That the undertow might pull me down to death, or that sharks might tear me to pieces seemed of little consequence then.

A breaker crashed over me twisting my head around. I saw Wainwright swimming after me. I headed for the open sea. I was a strong swimmer but my clothes weighted me down like a suit of steel armor. Realizing that he would soon overtake me I treaded water long enough to jerk off my shoes, and the dress.

Once more I drove myself forward through the swirling waters. At first I thought it was the lack of clothes that increased my swimming speed. But, after a few moments



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LAWRENCE, Inc. DEPT. F-Q State Street and Powelton Ave. Philadelphia, Pa. I I knew the fatal truth. The undertow was

sweeping me away!

The best and bravest of sea swimmers are helpless against that dread thing called undertow. Strength or courage does not prevail against it. You battle for a few nunutes. Irresistible, ruthless, it whisks you long. Then you give up. Panic seizes you I tried to turn back, but that undercur-

rest was last a thousand hands pulling m :Ward Foar gripped me. trens, and Death seemed far away when I rushed into the sea to escape a man. But, a Death reached out for me Life became ic.rer and sweeter. Nothing seemed terril as the end that threatened me. Nothing seemed as wentlibe uched down and down, strangled and suffocated by tons of water

Schuvler Briggs came to my mind. tried to suppress the thought of finding romance with him because he belonged another woman. But, no longer could I dony the desire of my heart with Death taring me in the face. I thought of him ... the man I loved then, and because I did I refused to go down without a struggle.

"Help! Help!" I cried desperately. A thrashing sound answered me from behind. Steven Wainwright was swimming He drove down the side of a high wave. me with an overhand stroke, caught my bare shoulder, so we would not be swept apart.

"Keep inside and drift along with me The undertow'll sweep us north and break up, then I'll get you ashore," he commanded.

I had to swim a great deal in order to keep above the waves, and that slowly took its toll of my strength. We must have been in the water a half hour when I was forced

to cling to him and rest a few minutes "It's breaking up. Strike for the surf when you're rested." he said, as I leaned

I don't know how I ever made the surf Every stroke seemed the last. The breakers were roaring in my ears when I suddenly went down. Vaguely I realized I was being pulled out of the smothering water

A dim light flickered and flared in my eyes. A tall, shadowy form hovered over me. Dazedly I watched the shadowy form pour something out of a bottle into a giass,

nd offer it to me.
"Brandy." said a voice. "You need it."
I held up my head feebly. Someth Something trickled down my throat like liquid fire. sent life rushing back through my veins. traightened up and peered with sharpening , ves at the figure bending over me. Until that moment I thought I was having a

"Where am I?" I asked.

"In my camp on Surf Island," answered even Wainwright. "You gave out in the Steven Wainwright. shallows. I carried you up from the beach, Nunciata."

My memory sprang into life, g came back to me. I shuddered Everything came back to me. and looked up at the man. He was swaving perilously.

SUDDENLY there was a crashing sound. Wainwright had fallen across the floor. Frightened, I leaped up with all the strength that the brandy had given my weary arms and legs.

"Please-a little brandy I'm-I'm all in." I picked the bottle up from where it lav spilling itself over the floor, and pressed it to The liquor almost choked him. His coughing must have drowned out the steps in the hall because I did not hear a sound until the door suddenly opened. I turned, shuddering with strange apprehen-

For an eternity I stared at what appeared to be the apparition of a woman in glitter-The waving and flickering light ing green. increased my ghostly illusion. My nerves were on edge. Terrified, I screamed to Steven Wainwright, but, he lay uncannily still and silent. The apparition moved toward me, her eves swritly taking in everything that the jumpy light revealed.

Suddenly a gust of wind blew the light out. For a moment the room was plunged Then, little by inky darkness. shadows became discernible. One was bear ing down upon me. I leaped to my feet and reached desperately for that oncoming shadow. If I had not found out what it was I would have gone raving mad. fin ers gripped round firm arms that pulled "Oh!" I cried, in relief. "I-I thought

vou were a ghost. Something's happened to Mr Wainwright, He' fainted. Help me

with him, please '

MRS. VANDERPOOL'S voice interrupted me like the crack of a whip:

"Unfortunately for you both I'm not a ghost. But I didn't come here to revive a man from a brandy stupor. When you and Steven Wainwright failed to put in an ap-Maitland's pearance on yacht by o'clock everybody guessed the truth. I came here alone in a speedboat just to make sure for myself, although I ought to have been satisfied after overhearing the scheme about number thirteen. I am through with him after this disgraceful performance."

"We only came here to see the island and
"I stopped abruptly. I did not dare explain about my mad dash into the sea

to escape him.

"After hearing me send that fake wireless you should have had sense enough to stay out of my way. But, you didn't and you've let vourself and Wainwright in for what both deserve We stand for a lot in our crowd, but not this sort of thing. host can't run away with a girl like you and fail to come back to his own party. unpardonable vulgarity. Steven Wainwright burned his bridges behind him tonight-"

"Stop." I screamed, rushing at her. But he seemed to melt into the shadows. My hands clutched only the empty air.

I mocking sneer drifted through the door from the hallway. I rushed after Evelyn

Vanderpool. She was flying along the little pier when I reached the porch I ran down the steps. and dashed across the sand in my bare feet, apology out of her Twice she had more apology of her twice she had apology of her twice determined to catch her, and choke an apology out of her Twice she had insulted

swore inwardly. Suddenly all the false strength that the brandy had given me went out of my legs My knees bent under me. I fell down in the sand, and lay there panting for breath. The sound of a motor stabbed the air. Mrs Vanderpool was getting away! I forced

I saw in the grav light of coming dawn staggered me. A speedboat was shooting away from the pier with the Foam in

myself to my feet.

Santa Maria! She's left me here alone with him and with no means to get away. I cried.

I heard Steven Wainwright calling me from the porch. Turning, I beheld him moving slowly toward me, his face drawn

"She's taken the Foam, and left us stranded," I said, going to meet him. "Good Lord! I must have fainted for the

first time in my life. Who took the Foam?' he demanded.

I recounted everything that had happened He set his jaws: "Gad! if only I'd been myself when she came in, Evelyn Vanderpool would have gotten a piece of my mind It's none of her aftair what I do."

"Please, I want to go home," I begged, a thousand fears assailing me. Somehow, I felt if I could get away from Surf Island

everything would be all right.
"There's not any kind of a boat here
We'll have to try and signal a passing craft

chance tonight.

ut there isn't much chance tonight. It seemed that I could bear no more. sat down and began to cry bitterly. All my hopes and dreams had been crushed and broken by the way Steven Wainwright had disillusioned me. Oh! What a little blind

fool I'd been to think he meant marriage!

"Please don't cry, Nunciata. Everything will come out all right. I'm going to find some dry clothes. Wait until I call you," he

"Will Mrs. Vanderpool tell all kinds of horrible things about me?" I demanded, overwhelmed by the fear that Schuyler Briggs would hear scandal about me. Even if I could not have him I did not want him to change his opinion of me. I wanted him to keep on thinking of me as a lost princess. But, if Mrs. Vanderpool's story got out he

would believe me a bad girl.

"Evelyn Vanderpool is merciless. She probably hates me now, and blames you for having taken away whatever interest I showed in her. I'm afraid she will talk, but, Nunciata, there is an easy way out for the both of us. Come on and let's take it. El Bandelero and those islands wait for us."

Bandelero and those islands wait for us."
"Please don't talk to me like that now. Just find some dry clothes and get me

home somehow.

"All right, Nunciata," he promised.

"All right, Nunciata," he promised.

I felt as if I had outraged myself by allowing Steven Winwright to lure me as he had done. "Schuyler warned you about him. He told you that you would only find a gilded substitute for true romance in Miami's fast crowd. You're going to be punished now for not heeding him," taunted

my conscience.
"Here's something for you to wear," Steven Wainwright's voice broke in upon my thoughts. He was holding out a pair of white duck trousers, a khaki shirt, and a wide brimmed straw fishing hat. He himself was clothed in the same kind of

garments.

"Jump into these, and I'll go down and try to signal a boat."

I was listlessly surveying my grotesque appearance as a boy in over-size clothes when shout from Wainwright reached me. I was saying a boat was coming in for us.

I ran across the sand as best I could in a pair of big canvas shoes. A sail boat was tying up at the pier. Two others were gliding by like white wraiths in the grayness of early morning. They reminded me of the kind of fishing smack my brother Pedro owned. A new fear gripped me. Could it be possible that Fate had sent Pedro's fishing fleet along at such a moment. His smack the Barracuda, and the others were about due back. I halted and looked more closely as it made fast to Surf Island's pier. But the sun had not come up, and the light was not strong enough for me to make

sure about the boat.

"Hurry," shouted Wainwright, "they can't stand by in this wind."

PANIC-STRICKEN at the thought of discovery by Pedro I hung back. Wainwright came up and took my arm:
"I'm afraid it's my brother Pedro's boat."

I whispered.

The millionaire gave me a searching glance: "Pull that hat farther down. There!

No one will ever recognize you."
"Come on if you're going" cut in a man who suddenly appeared from behind the

I shivered. His voice was Spanish soundand reminded me of Pedro! Wainwright had not led me I never would have dared board the smack. I'd rather have remained on Surf Island than take a chance of running into Pedro, or someone who knew him, and might recognize me as his sister. But, it was too late to either hold back, or protest. My actions, and my voice might betray me.

I turned my head as we went aboard, and

kept it that way when the man came aft to handle the wheel. My heart was beating like a drum because I saw that the smack was one of the fleet that fished with Pedro.

The wind was strong from the East, and it blew us swiftly through the Bay. we were in Miami harbor, headed for a dock at which other smacks were tied up.

Santa Maria!" I screamed softly. Wainwright and the man at the wheel both looked at me. I bowed my head under the wide hat brim to hide my flushing face. Somebody up forward on the smack shouted something in Spanish. A voice answered from the smack that I had recognized as Pedro's. I stopped breathing for a moment. Edwardo Gomez, Pedro's partner, had answered the man on our boat!

WHAT is it?" whispered Steven Wain-

We are going to tie up alongside my brother's boat. Madre de Dios! he will kill us both if he catches me like this.

From under the brim of my hat I watched the deck of Pedro's smack nervously. Gomez was making us fast. He had not as yet seen me. Suddenly a familiar head emerged from the Barracuda's cabin and in a minute Pedro came aboard. Jerking a brown thumb our way he asked the man who had brought us in where he had picked up the new The man shrugged his Pedro swaggered up to us in his insolent

"Where'd you come from?" he demanded Pedro had always been a boldly inquisitive

I thought I would scream before Wain-wright answered that his speedboat had broken her lines at Surf Island, and gone

For a moment of awful suspense Pedro stood over us, then turned away, and crossed to the Barracuda. He stopped at the cabin door and told Gomez he was going below to sleep until eleven o'clock. "Wake below to sleep until eleven o'clock. me then. I want to go to my house," he said, and disappeared.

A terrible load of fear lifted from my breast as I saw the last of his dark head. but, I was still trembling and unnerved as

we crossed the dock.

Luckily there was a taxicab on the pier. Steven Wainwright helped me into it. My head was splitting from the way I had was splitting from the way pulled the sun hat down over my face. Believing I was at last safe from knowing eyes, I pulled the hat off and leaned back against the cushions. Wainwright turned to me as the driver started his engine

"Please do not forget that my yacht will be waiting for both of us if you say the

word. Nunciata-

Out of the corner of my eyes I saw a passing man halt abruptly at the sound of my name on Wainwright's lips. Before I could put the hat on again the man wheeled swiftly and got a square look at my unprotected face.

Go on!" I shouted to the driver, a cold chill running up and down my back. Gomez seen and recognized me! He would

tell Pedro!

The machine leaped away. Through my fingers I saw Gomez standing on the street as if momentarily stunned by what he had

"Let me take you to Fiesta," insisted Wainwright as the car slowed down for my

cheap little hotel.

But his words had no effect. The lure of Fiesta was dead in my heart. It had proved to be gilded temptation. I got out of the cab, and without a word of good-by ran in

to my hotel. The only person about was the old clerk. He gave me a sharp look
"I've been to a masquerade ball," I said and laughed in a shrill nervous way. He gave me the key out of box forty-six, and I dragged myself up the flight of stairs

I was on the point of nervous prostration



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when I locked my room door behind me. Twice after undressing I got up and rushed to the window believing that a voice in the street was Pedro's. For more than two hours I lay with the cover drawn up over my face, starting at every sound

My mind was a madhouse: I could not tall asleep. But, it was even worse when slumber finally came, filled with nightmares of all that had happened to me within the few days, and all that seemed destined to happen when I woke up.

AWOKE about three, harassed by my

Fear haunted me as I dressed. It shadowed me down the corridor, and into the street where I got into a taxicab for the Con-questador. Somehow I felt I would be safer there from Pedro than any other place. Maybe he wouldn't dare come into the great hotel after me. There was another, great hotel after me. and stronger reason that prompted me to go directly to the Conquestador. I wanted to see Schuyler Briggs and find out if he had heard anything about my experience with Wainwright on Surf Island.

I was afraid he had. Everywhere I looked fingers seemed to be pointing at me, fingers of accusation, and, Pedro's face scowled at me from every corner of the cab. When the car halted at the hotel's side entrance I When was afraid to get out until I made sure there was no one waiting there to catch me.

Sam, the Captain of the bell-hops, was in the side corridor that led to my dressing He came toward me immediately. room. knew by the look on his face that I was going to hear some kind of bad news.

Let me go inside with you a minute I've got something awful to tell you.

We were alone in the corridor. I let him follow me into my room. "What is it Sam?" I asked nervously when the door was

Everybody knows all about you and Wainwright last night. The chambermaid on Mrs. Vanderpool's floor heard her telling some woman all about it at breakfast and she blabbed it all over."

"Does Schuyler Briggs know?" I cut in.
"I couldn't sav. All I know about him is that he called me a little while ago, and said to tell you he wants to see you the minute you get in. He's O. K. today."

"I'm going up there now," I said. I feared the worst but I was unable to stand

the suspense of not knowing the truth. If Schuvler had heard Mrs. Vanderpool's story,

l condemned me everything was lost. Your brother's been here looking for vou. Nunciata.

"Been here!" I gasped, "When? What did he want?"

"About noon he came. Said he was coming back later. That's all I know."

I rushed up to Schuyler Briggs' room in a fit of nerves. He was up and dressed, and there was only a small bandage around his head. By his smile I knew that he had heard nothing about the night before. realization helped me control myself.

"Sam, the bell captain, said you wanted

"But, he couldn't have told you how much I wanted to see you, Nunciata, because he doesn't know unless he read my mind," smiled the young polo player.
"You wanted cigarettes?

Oh! how thoughtless of me not to bring some up.

'I wanted you, not your cigarettes. sit down. I want to ask you to do some-thing for me."

I sat in the big chair he indicated, but I was uncomfortable and nervous, and my voice sounded high and unnatural as I asked him what he wished me to do.

First of all, I want you to chuck your job for a week, maybe for much longer; then I want you to take a wonderful trip with me," he said mysteriously.

I looked at him in perplexity

"There, I won't speak in ridered and in ridered and in the speak in ridered and in the speak in ridered and ridered and in ridered and Squires, one of the greatest polo enthusiasts in the country, has offered me his vacht. Desmonda, for a week's cruise with the liberty of making up my own party. He thinks I need a sea trip after my accident Nunciata, we're shoving off for a run to Nassau, and elsewhere at eight o'clock, and want you to go as my particular guest Please," he said taking my hands

The pictures on the walls, the lamps, Schuvler himself, everything in the room was going around in mad circles. There was a going around in mad circles. There was a roaring sound in my ears. Never had roaring sound in my ears. Never had wanted to do anything as much as wanted to accept his invitation. It sud-denly seemed to mean everything in life It meant a chance to be with the man with whom I had secretly dreamed of finding It meant a chance to escape the romance. ugly scandal and gossip that was due to link my name with Steven Wainwright's. It meant escaping Pedro for the time being anyhow-and maybe, it meant a chance for Schuvler and me to find something beauti ful together. But, somehow the thought of Vera Thomasson tied my tongue for the t. If she were going along, I couldn't could never bear seeing her with moment. Schuyler, and having her treat me as if I were the dust at her feet.

"Don't you want to go. Nunciata?" he asked, his voice crestfallen.

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"Y-es-I'd-I'd love to go with you But-

reason? Some other man? Steven Wain-wright?" he demanded looking sharply.

I shook my head. "No, it's nothing like that. It's Miss Thomasson. She showed me at Fiesta that she considered me only a servant. I'd be miserable around her."

"But, she's not going. She's in Palm Beach. She went there because—well, we disagreed that night at Fiesta. Over you, Nunciata, if you must know the truth."

"Over me!" I repeated incredulously.

"Yes, she did not approve of my interest. I told her that recently I had had cause to severely disapprove of some of her affairs with men. Oh! what's the use going over it all? We simply never were meant for each other. It was a mistake. I guess I'm old-fashioned about a love affair. It's always meant more to me than a game. No each other. one in my crowd ever tried to understand me about such things.'

Why have you picked me to go on your trip?" I asked impulsively, hardly able to breathe on account of my rising hopes.

He looked at me a long time before answering. "Because ever since I first saw you in the palm patio something's told me you were the kind of girl I wanted to fall in love with; something's told me that you believed as I do about love; and that you would understand," he said simply.

OH, SCHUYLER! Now I know why I felt the way I did when you told me we could all find true romance if we looked hard enough for it. I felt that maybe I could find it with you. But, I forced myself to go on feeling that way on account

of Miss Thomasson."

"Nunciata, my kind of man refuses to fool himself. He won't take the artificial for the real. My crowd are only thrill They won't or can't understand chasers.

my ideals of love and life
"Nunciata, I believe vou are not like
them. I believe you understand. You
must!" he cried. The tone of his voice made me look up at him. Never shall I ever forget the way his bandaged head was thrown back, nor the way his eyes looked, and his lips half-parted. He was Youth calling wistfully to my Youth. He was the answer to a dream I had carried in my heart since girlhood.

Only for a moment did I hesitate. Then leaned over, and kissed him. His arms ent around me, and I felt an exaltation body and spirit that cannot be set down

"You'll go on the cruise with me. Nun-ita?" he asked tenderly. "Surely in the ghts to come at sea we will find what I'm sure we've been destined to find to-ther. Please, dear, tell me you'll go."

Nothing could stop me now, Schuyler," whispered certain that some magical force ad lifted me off the earth, and into skies where there were no shadows.

"Nunciata, if you were not going it would only be another cruise, just another jaunt ith people whose mad seeking of good times makes me sick. Now, it's going to be omething wonderfully worthwhile for me. There will be you-and the chance for us to look into our hearts and see what we want to for I know you are true to yourself, and not like them even though you idmit loving the beautiful, and luxurious things of life."

His words suddenly sent fear flooding back into my heart. Suppose he heard the gossip that Sam said was going around about Wainwright and myself? Suppose he really knew that I had been lured by the gilded sham of Miami life because I wanted good times? Suppose that Pedro returned as he had threatened to do, and Schuyler learned had been driven from home because of

staying so late at Fiesta? Madre de Dios! It It would be ruinous. Schuyler had built up a beautiful illusion around me. His illusion was faithful to the real me for I honestly yearned for the true things in Life. But, I had betrayed my real self in the past few days. I had been blinded by glitter and glamour. I had ac-cepted the false in place of the real. I would come crashing down from my place in his dreams if he heard about my mis-adventures, especially Surf Island. I shud-dered at the thought. How bitter and empty life would become then:

B LESSED Mother, You who know what is real in my heart, I pray you keep him from hearing the lies that will be told about me. Keep him believing that I am really what he would have me to be," I prayed in my tortured heart.

any clothes together, Nunciata. My sister "You won't have to worry about getting left a trunk full in my care. I'll sent aboard. She's about your size-

The telephone bell interrupted him. picked up the receiver. "Oh! hello there. I've been trying to get you for the past hour. I want you to chaperone a yachting party for me. You will? Fine! What's that, Mrs. Vanderpool?"

My heart stood still, and I half-rose from the chair, feeling as if I would scream At the same moment there was a loud knock at the door. Nerves on edge I looked at Schuyler Briggs. Dazedly I heard what he was saying into the transmitter: you back and give you exact details.

somebody at the door. Good-by."

Hanging up the receiver he strode past
me saying . . . "Mrs. Vanderpool says she
has some very choice scandal to tell me when she joins our yachting party.

Another knock at the door, louder and more insistent than before, interrupted him, but it did not halt the panic that had started rioting through my soul at his words. Mrs. Vanderpool was going to be the chaperone! If she ever came aboard the Desmonda, and saw me, I would be damned before Schuyler Briggs and everyone else for she was bent upon telling the story of Surf Island. Desperation swept over me. Somehow, I would have to keep her from joining the party! How? I couldn't sav But, it must be done before he phoned her the final details. Otherwise all my



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dreams of love and happiness with Schuyler Briggs were lost forever!

"It's Sam. He wants to See Nunciata." said Schuvler. Intuition told me that Sam had come bearing some bad news about Pedro. I went into the hall feeling like a trapped animal

"Your brother's downstairs raising a row. He swears he'll hunt the whole hotel over you." he whispered hoarsely

"Can't you keep him in the main lobby ten minutes. I'll run out by the north side Please. Sam, please keep him." implored.

Sam gave me one swift glance. Then he nodded violently. "I'll keep him if I have to sit on him." he said, and ran down the

I went in the room knowing that there wasn't a minute to spare. I must get to the Desmonda at once. My only chance the Desmonda at once. My only chance to escape Pedro lay in boarding the yacht. There was no time then to worry about how I could keep Mrs. Vanderpool off the boat. Pedro was the nearest danger. I must escape him first. Schuvler Briggs stood in the middle of his room, a curious look on his face. He must have sensed that something was impending.

"Will you take me to the Desmonda right this moment?" I asked, afraid of the questions he might put to me.

"Why-er-certainly. But, I ought to phone Mrs. Vanderpool back."

"I can't wait for that. I've got to go now or never."

"I'll wireless her from the yacht then Come on." he said.

He rushed out of the room with me to ward a service elevator. All the way down to the main floor I didn't dare look at him for fear that the baffled expression of face would prompt me to try and explain why I was running away so sud-denly. I knew the time had not come for explanations.

F LYING through a rear hall. I dashed out of the north side entrance, Schuyler tag ging behind me. A cab was drawn up at the curb. I pulled the door open, and jumped Schuyler followed, shouting an order to drive us to Cocoplum Pier. that I had escaped Pedro, I slumped back against the seat to get my breath. But just as the machine started off a shout went up from the sidewalk that sent my heart into my mouth. Scared out of my wits I looked through the glass at the back of the car Edwardo Gomez was running after us waving his arms, and shouting excitedly for us to stop!

All my hopes and dreams suddenly seemed to tremble in the balance mere-violently than ever. Suppose Schuyler had seen and heard Edwardo, and stopped the to see what was wrong? I would be caught, and ruined, but, supposing we did get away in the cab to the Desmonda? There was still Mrs. Vanderpool to escape!

Oh! Blessed Mother," I prayed inwardly. Pedro must not catch me. Mrs. Vanderpool must be kept away.'

WAS LIFE just teasing me—making fun of me—by dangling happiness within my reach and then snatching it away again? I had been disillusioned about Steven Wainright; was Schuyler Briggs to be taken away from me too? Should I have to go back to my old, dull, drab existence after my glimpse of fairy land? I will tell you in the May SMART SET, the end of my amazing adventures as a Cigarette Girl

## So Long Ago

[Continued from page 60]

I gave him a quick, angry look. He was smiling still.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Surely you don't want me to answer?" he said in his soft voice. "Naturally the son of a woman like you would hardly be fit to marry my daughter."

I did not cry out as I wished. back the impulse to give him taunt for taunt. I only said miserably:

"She loves him. She loves him with all her heart."

He shrugged his shoulders

"I'm inclined to regard such things with less seriousness." he murmured. "She will forget him for the next good-looking young I have several in mind."

Then I laughed.

"Do you think you can break up this thing as easily as that?" I asked. "I tell you I've seen the look in her face. The you I've seen the look in her face. voung people of to-day go their own way. She won't listen to you."
"I don't expect her to," he returned.

"But I expect your son will listen to you."

"What do you mean?" I asked, with a swift fear already clutching at my heart.

"I mean." he said harshly, "that I won't permit this marriage to take place. will have to break off the attachment. If you refuse, then I shall have to speak. I shall have to make it quite clear why I ob-Do you understand what I mean?"

The cruel smile was on his mouth and in his eves, and I saw it all. Unless I consented to make Jack turn Betty down,

this man would tell the story of what had bappened thirty years ago!

A little shudder went through me. I imagined the look in my son's eyes when he learned the truth, the look in my hus-band's face. Even the town, where I had been respected, might hear about it. It was as if the life that I had built with such care and hope was about to crumble into ashes at my feet.

I knew then that I had no choice. I would have to do as he said. I would have to do this evil thing to my son whom I loved so greatly. But even as I thought that, the impossibility of the task rose up before me

"How can I break things up?" I cried wildly. "Don't you see that what you ask is impossible!'

hope not. I think you will find it worth while trying. If it's important enough

to you I dare say you'll succeed."

I threw him a look of such hatred that I thought he would wince before it, but it seemed to me he even enjoyed the sight of

my wretchedness.

The events of that afternoon and evening passed before me like the happenings of a dream.

I only know that presently Jack and Betty came back, and after them my husband. I must have talked, laughed, behaved normally, vet I scarcely knew what I was saving. Now and then I would feel Eric Benton's eyes on my face, and the task that lay before me would loom up hideously. Then I would fight it back into

oblivion. I dared not look it in the face. Hours passed by. At last the man who twice had come into my life to bring disister upon me prepared to go to the town hotel. He said that he did not wish to put us to any trouble in our small house. He would even take Betty with him.

"Besides," he added slowly, "I think Mrs. Harrison will want to have a long talk with her son. She may not have so good a hance again."

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I knew those words were meant for me.
I knew I must act now. My husband, worn out by the unusual excitement of the day's happenings, went off to bed, and Jack and I were alone.

don't know how I told him what I

wished. My tongue clung to the roof of my mouth and my voice seemed like the voice of another person.

"But, mother, I don't understand," he faltered. "You don't really mean you want me to give Betty up? But why? Don't vou like her?'

'It doesn't matter why," I said. for my sake, Jack, please for my sake!"

"I've always tried to do what you asked me." he answered. "But this time I've got to refuse."

It was like tearing my own heart to go on, yet the fear of Eric Benton's exposure drove me ahead. I told myself it wasn't only for my sake that I must do this thing. If my secret were known, it would destroy not only my own happiness but the happiness of those who were dearest to me.

I could not put down what I said and did in many pages. Only I know Jack and I were there for hours, until my brain swam and I felt almost sick. I know I was weeping and that Jack's eyes were haggard. Sometimes he pleaded, and sometimes he stormed, but wearly I returned again and sometimes he properties. again to my one request. Once he tried to leave the room, and I clung to him, while he looked down at me with wild, sorrow-

"Do just this one thing," I begged. "I'll never ask you for anything else. And I'll do everything in the world for you Jack! I'll die for you! Only don't refuse me this. You wouldn't, if you could realize what it meant to me."

His face was set grim and beat I'll

His face was set grim and hard. He spoke rapidly and in a hoarse voice.

"I said it was impossible. It still is. Even if I could give her up because you ask me, do you think I'd be willing to hurt her? For she loves me, too. And you won't tell me why you want me to do this. You're just trying to win your point by saying wild, hysterical things. I'd better go right away. I'm sorry to hurt you, but I've got to do this thing! I tell you I've got to!"

THEN straightening his shoulders he turned and went out of the room. stood there in the silence, in a kind of miserable stupor. Presently I heard the front door slam. Then the house seemed more silent even than before.

I went up to bed, thinking slowly. no anguish any more, just a sense of dull despair. I saw now how wild I had been to dream of making Jack break off with Eric Benton's daughter. He loved her with all his heart, and in a queer way I was proud of him, proud even that he had refused to do what I asked.

But the future—what of that? I could not bear to see his face again when he learned the truth. I could not bear to think of my husband, my neighbors. Eric Benton would not hesitate to tell Jack the truth, even though it did no good now. For something told me that neither Eric Benton par I may appear a could separate Benton, nor I, nor anyone could separate my son and his daughter.

How could I live through the years ahead of me digraced scorned? I'd how to

of me-disgraced, scorned? I'd have to leave my husband and the town, and go

## It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

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7 E always thought of her as an onlooker-a sort of social wallflower. Certainly she had never been popular, never the center of attraction in any gathering.

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Everyone laughed. I was sorry for er. But suddenly the room was hushed.

She played Anitra's Dance-played it with such soul fire that everyone swayed forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, we were astonished—and contrite. We were astonished—and contrite. We surged forward to congratulate her. "How did you do it?" "We can't believe you never had a teacher." An onlooker no longer-she was popular!

#### She Told Me About it Later

We were life-long friends, and I felt I buld ask her about it. "You played

could ask her about it. "superbly!" I said. "And I know you never had a teacher. Come-what's the secret?

"Well," she laughed. just got tired of being left out of things, and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have the time for a lot of practice-so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course in my spare time.

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"You're wonderful!" I breathed.

all by yourself.' "I'm not wonderful," she replied.
"Anyone could do it. A child can understand those simplified lessons. It's like playing a game!

You always wanted to play the violin -here's your chance to learn quickly and inexpensively. Why don't you sur-prise everyone, the way I did?"

I took her advice—a little doubtfully



and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp-fire."

at first-and now I play not only the violin but the banjo!

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away where no one knew me and live somehow. And the dreary prospect seemed to weigh upon my heart like lead. Why should I go on living at all? Wouldn't it be better to be dead?

Mv mind, tortured by the happenings of the past hours, turned over that grim thought. To be dead—to escape the knowledge that mv mistake was made public, to escape the bitter disillusionment of my husband and mv son. Why, to them, even mv act would seem like atonement. Suddenly it seemed there was no other way.

denly it seemed there was no other way.

I had not slept. Through the curtains of my room I saw already the gray lifting of the dawn. I rose and dressed like someone in a trance. And the idea came to me tully formed.

MY THOUGHTS had flashed to the old deserted fisherman's hut on the rocks above Tide Point. I had taken Jack there often on pleasant afternoons when he was a little boy. From long ago I remembered one of our conversations.

We had been looking down at the swirling green water that charged so hungrily against the cliff side, rising higher and higher until the tide was full. At low tide you could scramble down there among the rocks and then gain the beach by walking along the cliff.

"Let's go down there. Mother," Jack had said. He had been about seven, a shy, affectionate, big-eved boy. And when I shook my head, he asked me. "Why?"

"Because the tide's coming up," I answered. "If we went down there now, Jack, we might not be able to get back again before it reached us, and then we would drown."

The words came back just as I had uttered them. I saw my little son's wide, grave eyes, I smelt the sharp smell of the sea under the blue sky. I had been happy then, and now I could not be happy ever any more.

When I let myself out of the house, the gravness was growing clearer, but still the village streets were quiet and deserted. Even the earliest risers were not up yet.

It was quite a long walk to Tide Point, but I did not know that I was walking. I only knew I saw at last the old deserted hut on the cliff edge, still standing after its many years of buffetings from wind and storm.

The front door hung like a broken wing. I entered and went inside to the front room that faced the sea. The tide was still far out. It might be several hours or longer until it reached the cliff wall. Well, it did not matter. No one would know where I had gone. No one ever came here. I would wait.

What I thought, I do not know. Perhaps it was of old times, old scenes and pleasures. I dared not think of what had come into my life, or what I planned to do. My mind seemed numb, and I lost the sense of time. But the green water drew nearer steadily. In half an hour it would be at the cliff itself. In half an hour I would climb down to meet it

Through the broken windows the wind came icily so that once I shivered in spite of the fact that the sun was now high. But the crashing of the water drowned all sound, so that when I suddenly turned, it was due to a feeling and not any noise.

I rose to my feet with something in my heart that was like hate, like dull despair. What did the man, advancing towards me now, want with me anymore? What further harm could he do to me? And thinking these things, I scarcely asked myself how it was that Eric Benton had found me.

But it was that which he first explained. Breathlessly, and in a voice less steady than usual, I noticed.

"I was up early this morning, and I saw you from my hotel window. I asked the fisherman where this road went. I've been looking for you ever since, stopping all along the way. Thank God, I've found you!"

"Will you go away?" I asked dully.
"There is no reason for you to see me any
more. Tell my son the truth—I can't stop
you."

"Your son is never going to know," he said. "No one is ever going to know!"

And as I looked at him with startled eyes, he went on swiftly with a kind of humiliation in his voice

"Listen, I—I was too harsh. I was unfair Late last night I talked to Betty and she told me what I didn't know before. There is a reason she *must* marry your son. Do you understand?"

Suddenly my eyes were opened, and I remembered Jack's agonized face, things he had said, the desperate earnestness of his refusal. No wonder he had not allowed me to influence him!

And here before me was Eric Benton—a changed man. I would have said, if it be possible for a man to change in twenty-four hours. The cool irony of his eyes was chalen. He looked old and troubled and chalen.

"When I found out that Betty..." he murmured. "why then I—I realized. You see, I'm sorry There's no use asking you to forgive me Only all the things I've always thought seem untrue suddenly. She's got to marry your son—She—she must have loved him a lot. And I wanted to find you and tell you."

I stood there uncertainly. I was not thinking of Eric Benton any more, or whether or not I could ever forgive him for the bitterness he had brought into my life. All that mattered was that Jack would never know my shame.

Then, I know, a smile did come to my mouth, and, I thought: I must tell Jack, I must tell him right away, that I had not meant what I said last night. Turning to Eric Benton, I told him to take me back. We went out to the big car, and the slow miles I had walked that dawn with a desperate resolve in my brain, went like the wind. We did not speak.

Then all at once we sped past the railroad station on our way to the hotel. I cried out and laid my hand on Eric Benton's arm. The noon train was at the platform. The conductor stood there with his watch in his hand. Almost ready to leave. And on the platform itself, two figures . . .

We had turned, raced back, and I had leaped out. I saw Jack's eyes, trying not to meet mine, trying to be cold and resolute. But I threw my arms around him "It's all right, Jack, it's all right!" I cried.

"It's all right, Jack, it's all right!" I cried.
"I didn't know what I was saving last night.
Will you try to forget everything? I'm glad
you're going to marry Betty!"

HE LOOKED at me for an incredulous instant. Then his face, his eyes, changed Holding me tight, he kissed me.

"Then, Mother, I'll be back in a week," Jack whispered hurriedly. "We'll go to Boston and get married there, and then—then come straight back to you. You've made me so happy!"

He released me. I saw him catch Betty's arm, where she stood close to her father. They ran up the steps She waved and kissed her hand to me. They were smiling. I was smiling, too, with tears in my eyes. The train began to pull out

Bareheaded beside me on the platform stood the man who had been willing to destroy my happiness forever, but whom life itself had taught tolerance through the

person of his own daughter.

Our eyes met for a moment, but we said nothing, for there was no need of words. Then he bowed and went back to his car. I turned away and began the short walk to my home. Under the peaceful sunlight I

went with a singing heart.

## Forgive Me My Trespasses

[Continued from page 37]

To take the stand and truthfully tell what happened was my only hope of vindication. Bitter as I was at the world. I still wanted this chance, however hopeless, to set myself right in the eyes of the public.

My story, of course, would put him in the light of a man who had attempted to cora girl and failed. Nevertheless, would proclaim the fact that he had fallen short of the actual deed, which would have automatically given Mrs. Karby her divorce. Would anybody believe me? I was in-

I was intelligent enough to see that the true story sounded more like fiction than fact. Most people would believe I was lying to save

myself and save him.

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How easily I could have wrecked his case by admitting that we had actually sinned together! What a chance to hold him up to the world as a scoundre!! What a revenge! His reputation of respectability and his pocket book, through heavy alimony, would suffer terrific blows

Yet no woman, no virtuous woman, would blast her own reputation to hurt a man. revenge for which my heart thirsted would have to be more subtle, more profitable. So I clung pathetically, perhaps, to the faint hope of telling the truth. I would at least go on record as a good woman. The day before the trial John L. Karby

struck at me again; this time with stunning effect. He robbed me of my chance to set myself right in the eyes of the world.

At the last minute he went back to his wife and she ordered the divorce proceedings to be abandoned!

I stood branded as a fallen woman with

no chance to defend myself!

read the newspaper announcement of this reconciliation over and over again. My heart burned as though actual flames were consuming it. How easy it would have been for him to have gone back to her before the scandal became public! How I had begged him to return to her and save my name. I saw the whole thing as an act of hideous selfishness on the part of both of them. My life had been blighted and now they merely retired into the secure shelter of married life. For me no vindication, nothing but shame!

MEN won't understand this, but women

Suddenly I laughed uncontrollably, until I laughed as though it were the most humorous thing in the world. And all the time my heart was filled with anguish. No man can realize the absolute brutality of shaming a woman in public, the humiliation of a woman's naked soul.

I, who was shattered in every nerve, could not understand the workings of my own mind as the realization came to me that I was robbed, was shorn, of all pretense of respectability in the eyes of the world.

I was guided, not by logic, but by some hysterical urge that flared in my swirling brain and turned me, of all places, to the office of John L. Karby. I wanted to see the man, I wanted to face him and wring from him, with my own white and shaking hands, some vindication.

Straight into his general office I marched, through the swinging gate, down the aisle between the rows of gaping, staring, clerks. In Karby's outer office, through which I had to pass, his confidential assistant, Basil R. Leeds, jumped up with a startled look on

his little rabbit face.
"Miss Lane! Miss Lane, you mustn't come in here!"



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He got in front of me as though to block my way, his face deathly white. Poor little underling that he was, I suppose his excited fancy made him think that I had come to shoot his employer, or commit a melodramatic suicide

I brushed past him. My hand was on the door of John L Karby's private office

and I threw it open

As his eves fell on me, I saw John L. Karby blanch as though he had seen a ghost. He swung around in his chair and raised one plump, pink hand as though to ward off a blow. Then, sitting beside him, saw a middle-aged woman, thin-lipped, sharp-faced, cold of eye. His wife!

KNEW Mrs. Karby by a swift, sure instinct, and she knew me!

What do you want?" he asked me "You! in a harsh startled voice.

His wife never moved a muscle, just sat staring at me with the glinting, frigid stare. could have shrieked: I could have wept, but I did neither. Out of the boiling fer-ment within me a voice welled up, took possession of my throat and tongue.

"I want what you owe me!" I said, and the words sped from my lips like bullets. I want you to give me back my good name! I want you to give me back my decency and my reputation that you wrecked ed! Do you hear me, John L. You have ruined my life, and the ruined! shame of it killed my mother. You have not to do something about it! You can't at away with it. It's not right and I'm not going to stand for it!

His face had colored slowly, had become a brickish red; but it was his wife, the woman with the deadly hatred in her stony

eves, who answered for him.

So you are the creature!" Her words were hard bits of gravel. "I have wondering what you look like. I wa to see you. Well, I'm disappointed. "I have been I wanted look about like I thought vou would. And now you come demanding blackmail!"

Her thin lips twisted contemptuously Yet, in justice to her, there was about her face a relic of a great but cold beauty, a natural dignity that made me suddenly conscious of my inner disorganization. I could feel a vein in my throat leaping.

"You are a woman." I said, the hysteria ing in my voice. "You should be on my rising in my voice. side, not against me!"

John L. Karby asserted himself with a sudden return of his old dictatorial manner.

You will not get another cent out of I don't want me, young woman! around my office, and I don't care to listen to any of your threats. Will you go out of your own accord, or must I have you taken out?"

"I think she will go without trouble, John," his wife said cuttingly, "if she knows what is good for her. With her reputation, I don't think she would be foolish enough to let you call a policeman."

I looked at her aghast Their attitude was that I was a criminal. I, who had come Their attitude

only to plead for justice!

"I mean exactly what I say," Mrs. Karby apped at me. "You cannot come here and snapped at me. demand that my husband pay you. allow it. You try to break up my home, and now you come, greedy, for more money vou dangerous thing! You belong in jail, voung woman, and that's where you'll likely find vourself unless vou mend your

Karby made a motion to quiet his wife; after all, the man knew the truth, and he must have had some lingering remnant of

conscience Now, mother," he said, "be quiet. whole unfortunate affair has been prolonged too far already, and there is no use of our irritating ourselves further. Miss Lane, your better nature ought to tell you the futility of coming here to see me for any purpose

whatever. What has been done can't be undone. You're a young woman, with your whole life ahead of you, and you can make vour own future what you will. my attorneys paid you a sum of money which should be sufficient to take you any place in the United States, to give you a

tresh start in life. Money! How How little he knew of my feelings at the moment. How firm is the faith of the rich in the magic of money!

"I don't want your money!" I told him through my teeth

Then I cannot imagine why you should be here." he said with an assumption of dignity.

No. she doesn't want your money!" his wife said bitterly. "No, father, she didn't expect to meet me in your office. It's not vour money, it's you she's after.'

What could I do against this stone wall of antagonism? They were secure, safe. Only one life had been ruined, and that mine; only one heart broken, and that mine. Blindly, with sudden tears flooding my eyes, I stumbled out of John L. Karby's office, passing the quivering rabbit nose of Basil R. Leeds, down through the battery of brazen eves that seemed to leer at me from every spick and span desk in the great outer office.

Even now, as I think of it, my heart freezes and my cheeks flame. The little swinging gate in the outer rail opened against the lurching pressure of my body, and I was momentarily alone in the outer

reception room

Wracked with a thousand tearing miseries, I tottered on my feet; swirling weakness swept over me; cloudy blackness enveloped me; I groped, I stumbled toward a bench fearful lest I fall to the floor in a huddled heap.

I saw surrounding objects dimly; I pressed my hands to my temples to still the throbbing pain.

elevator stopped and discharged a passenger. The door clanged, and I was alone with a man

My ghostly pallor must have arrested his eve, because he came instantly to me. Vaguely I was aware of his form and features; he was young, tall, smartly groomed. Even under the circumstances, the eternal feminine that is always in us was conscious

of something agreeable in his personality.
"What is the matter? Are vou ill?"
The embarrassment of the situation brought back a tinge of color to my face. 1 could feel it like a creeping tide.

..I—I-

"You are not going to faint! Please don't." he said in an alarmed voice. "Sit still right there for a minute. I'll get a glass of water.'

TRIED to protest, but he was gone. The TRIED to protest, but he was the thought came to me that I might rise and thought came to me that I weakness was ring for the elevator, but the weakness was still upon me, and my body refused to obey the summons of my will.

Almost immediately the young man was back. If there was anything on earth I distinctly did not want at the moment it was a drink of water, but I did the conventional thing and gulped part of it down.

he said, looking down at me. 'I sav. "This is too bad, really it's too bad for you to be taken this way. Are you one of the girls here in the office?"

I shook my head. He looked at me for

a moment

I'll tell vou what!" he said with sudden briskness. "I'm going to take you to vour home. Just as soon as you feel a bit better, we'll get downstairs. I have my car outside, and I'll take you wherever you want

He was not flirting. I could tell, from the tone of his voice and from his manner, that he was prompted solely by a courtesy that would have applied to anyone else who happened to be in my place. Something

soothing and kindly in his personality seemed to strengthen me; his offer to take me home was so opportune, so immensely desirable, that I accepted without any feeling of unnaturalness. Perhaps it was because I was not quite myself, perhaps it was because, underneath the sophistication and cruelty of life in New York, there runs in all of us a yearning for simple, natural kind-

His hand was under my elbow and he assisted me to rise. Almost before I knew it I was in the comfortable seat of a long, slim roadster. The fresh air cleared my

head, and I began to be normal.
"Where to?" His voice held the utmost

in consideration.

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I gave him my address. Home! How I longed for the privacy of my little room, for the privilege of throwing myself on my own bed alone, shut up with my own troubles. Block after block we moved through the traffic. I was scarcely aware of my companion, yet all the while I was subconsciously absorbing and appraising him. He was young, no more than twenty-four, I imagined. His hair was dark, and his eyes were blue; his hands, on the wheel, were strong, sun-burned and competent.

When we stopped in front of my rooming house he was out of the car at once, assisting me across the sidewalk and up the steps

to the front door.

"Are you sure you can make it?" he asked, without a trace of freshness. "Do you want me to help you up to your room?

Despite the anguish that was still running through me like a bitter tide, I could not help the glow of good feeling I had for this courteous young man.
"I'll be quite all right," I said, "and thank

you for being so awfully nice to me.

"Oh, that was nothing," he said with a ow smile. "Are you quite sure you're all slow smile.
right now?"

"Perfectly."

"And you're sure there is nothing else I can do for you?"
"Nothing." I even managed a little smile.

He hesitated for a moment on the steps, a little scowl of embarrassment on his forehead.

"You know. I'm thinking of something but it's awfully hard to say." he admitted "I was just wondering how it happened that you were in our office so shot up. I was just wondering if anything happened in the place to knock you out. weren't looking for a position or anything, were you, and got disappointed? Or maybe you had a position and lost it. You see, I was just thinking that if there was any way I could help you-I don't like to see a girl

HE STOPPED abruptly in befuddled con-fusion, but I got the impression def-initely that, under the circumstances he outlined, he might be in a position to help not particularly, but any girl. By every self-revealing indication he was a young man of money.

"No, everything is quite all right with

me," I told him with a sincere feeling that he had meant only to be generous.

"Well, in case it isn't, I wish you would let me know," he said, still lingering,

He hesitated as though he wanted to know my name. Just for a moment I wished that my name was not Savannah Lane, that mine was a name of less notorious signifi-cance at the time in New York. Nevertheless, it was my name, and some streak of grim pride rose up in me.
"I am Savannah Lane." I said.

He did not move a muscle, but his blue eyes leaped with sudden hositlity.

You are Savannah Lane? "I am Savannah Lane.

I looked him straight in the eye. "De "Well. I'll be damned!" he said in a girl-

changed voice, that cut me like a knife. "Good afternoon," I said.
"Wait a minute!" he said sharply. "That

name handed me an awful jolt. You don't look at all as I thought she would. I thought Savannah Lane was somebody entirely different. You see, I happen to have a personal interest in Savannah Lane. My name's Karby—Kenneth Karby. My father is John L. Karby, and I happen to read newspapers!'

Now, in a flash, I remembered that John L. Karby had once told me that he had a son. I glanced quickly at Ken-neth Karby's face. Yes, I could see his father in him, and his mother, too; a mingling of his parents' features, but younger, cleaner, fresher and, somehow, better. The sharpness of the mother had become intel-ligence, the bulk of the father had become strength. Bronzed, level-eyed, solid of chin, young Kenneth Karby was a better type than either.

COULD feel his eyes regarding me with a

curious, not unfriendly, interest.
"So you're the girl!" he said slowly. "I had imagined you more of a vampire type."

I began to burn inside with a kindling resentment. Was I never to be free from suspicion? I was stamped—branded! How ready was everyone to believe everything except the truth!

"Do you think I would have accepted any favor from you?" I demanded with sudden heat. "I never want to see any of wrong with all of you!"

I stood there

I stood there quivering, with a feeling that I had been driven into a corner. Kenneth Karby's eyes never left my face.

"You seem to think, Miss Lane, that I blame you. I do not. My father is certainly old enough to look out for himself, but I think I may be permitted some natural curiosity regarding the girl whose name has been so intimately connected with his and therefore with mine."

I turned my back on him and reached for the knob of the door without answering. In another instant I would have been inside the house, but he seized me by the wrist, held me with a firm, almost cruel, pressure.

"I want to talk to you, Miss Lane," he id softly. "I have been wanting to see said softly. you ever since all that scandal broke. hit my family pretty hard. It's hard for me to imagine how my father made such a conspicuous fool out of himself. I'm his son, and I want to get at the bottom of it. Luck threw you across my path, and I don't intend to let you go until I get your side of it. I think I'm entitled to that much from you, don't you?"

The idea that anyone by the name of

Karby could have the slightest claim on me brought a cold, mirthless smile to my lips. I wrenched my wrist free from his grasp.

"You believe in giving people what they are entitled to?" I asked.
"I do." He told me seriously.

"Then go back to your mother and father and tell them to give me back the peace of mind and the decent reputation I had before they dragged me through the mud of a public scandal! Tell them to bring back my mother, who was killed by the disgrace Go back and tell your mother to apologize to me for her accusation today that I was trying to blackmail your father! Don't stand there looking at me like I was a criminal of some kind, Mr. Kenneth

"I say, that's pretty rough on the folks," he said in his low even voice. "You said that as though you meant it! Do you claim that my father and mother positively gave you all the worst of it?"
"Yes, a thousand times yes!"

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"I was, and I am a virtuous girl!" I cried with nervousness coming back to my voice. "But what does that matter to them. or to your You're all alike!

"Let me get this all straight. Miss Lane You went to my father's office today, and my mother was there?"
"Yes, they were both there. They threat-

ened to call the police and have me taken away!

But why, Miss Lane? Tell me-just why you went to my father's office? What dol you want?"

telt my pale cheeks color with contusion. Again, the blank wall! I couldn't tell him what I wanted because I did not know, exactly, myself what I had been after, Blindly. I had rushed to John L. Karby's office to seek. I knew not what. Unstrung, disorganized mentally. I had gone there in my helplessness, with tutile fires burning in my heart to plead my unhappy cause.

"You must have wanted something from v father." young Kenneth Karby said.

"What was it—money?"
"Money! In the name of Heaven is that all you people think about? Money! Is it your God? Do you think money is all that matters to a girl after she has been ruined?

His evebrows lifted slightly. "Ruined? I thought you said-

"It amounts to the same thing!" I told him heatedly. "They have made me notorious. What good has it done me to keep straight? Even my own father won't believe-

I choked up—I was on the verge of tears, and Kenneth Karby realized it. I could

feel him soften You're either a great actress, or vou've had a mighty rotten deal," he said thoughtfully. "Will you go somewhere with me-to a tea room, or any place, where we can

talk this over calmly and quietly?"
"Never!" I told him firmly. "I am through with all of you people. I don't care

through with all of you people. I don't care what you believe; it doesn't interest me."

If I believed your story. Miss Lane, I would personally try to make whatever amends are possible. If my father has ruined your life, common decency demands that I do something about it. You have that I do something about it. You no reason to feel harsh toward me.

not be sensible, and tell me all about it? "Tell you all about it?" I mocked. "W "What What could anybody do could you do? now, after all the damage is done?"
"I don't know what I could do." he said.

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"but I might have a go at setting things right. The Karby family is not exactly a family of scoundrels, and my father is not the first married man to be attracted by a pretty girl. Even if he committed a human act of weakness, it will be pretty difficult to convince me that he is a downright scoundrel. In fact, I don't think anybody could convince me of that. As for my mother, we can leave her out of this."

MY INDIGNATION was so ineffective that I felt cheapened at the anger trembling in my voice

"I don't care to stand here listening to vou defend vour family. Mr. Karby." I said. "I want nothing further to do with them or with vou. Good afternoon!"

This time I had the door open and was

definitely entering the hallway when he blocked the closing of the door with his

THERE'S only one thing to do when you reach the bottom of a well—and that is to climb up again—if you can. That is what I wanted to do; I wanted to forget there was a Karby family. I wanted to climb back to respectability again, but that well of misery was deeper than I thought and I hadn't touched the bottom, even yet. I'll show you in May SMART SET how cruel Life can be when it turns against a woman.

## Can't You Women Behave?

[Continued from page 82]

man? Men, if they possess the female of the species as their slaves before the en-croachment of civilization, lose them in the path of progress, and who is there to say that progress is undesirable?

Statistics, which Professor Low obstinately ignores, show an increasing number of selfsupporting women. How can they invade man's domain of commerce and industry, and evidently supplant them there if they do not sharpen their wits at the expense of someone; presumably, since they are men's successor, a male dullard

The statement which the Professor makes as regards men cosmeticians is truly laughable in its betraval of blatant ignorance Many of the largest chemical houses employ only women in their cosmetic departments. Women are, as a matter of actual record. tar more apt in this particular line than

AM a chemist in a large industrial I AM a chemist in a large laboratory—I do my work quite as commendably as my men fellow-workers, and am trusted quite as much. I would be able to pull the various ingredients in their respective proportions from my rouge box, without soliciting the assistance of a male cosmetician

Small wonder that the average male, however, has scant respect for woman's intel-

lectuality. I have found my intelligence to be of the greatest hindrance to me in my relations with the "lordly male," especially in a social sense A revelation of the posession of any greater amount of gray matter than would comfortably fit into the cranial cavity of a jack-rabbit, when made by a member of the female sex is regarded most decidedly askance by any male, and re-dounds just as much to her popularity in his eyes as though she had boasted of being a victim of a contagious disease.

PERHAPS the progress of the female of the species has been arrested, while the male line of humanity has gone forward with rapid strides, but when I compare women like Gertrude Ederle to a certain marcelled. powdered type of masculinity often to be seen as a blot on the landscape, or when I recall the genius of Madame Curie in contrast with the mentality of the average male, I thank the Creator that he made me a "squawking female," and not a member of the fraternity who, Professor Low would have us believe, are the divinely appointed lords and masters of ceremonies in this vale of tears!

Helen Haggard, Los Angeles, Calif. The Professor's ignorance of women trikes Mrs. L. D. Kerns as simply colossal. and in spite of that she never "heard of a in who was so proud of himself."

WHAT Professor A. M. Low knows about women wouldn't make a chapter

in a dime novel!

I am sure I never heard of a man who
as so proud of himself—so self-conceited—
egotistical as Low's article on "Can't
Women Behave?" showed him to be. He was so proud of himself-so self-conceitedrought into this world by a woman. Pre-umably, he thinks he was "hatched" by

me scientific incubator.
He leaves the impression that women fould never live without man. That may Nevertheless, they could live very legrading thoughts as his. However, I believe that if Mr. Low were deeply in love aith some woman he would thrash the man who ventured to say such things about her as he, himself, has said about women

Yes, in part, women are good, clean and noble through the rectitude of fear-fear from what man in his ignorance and passion will cause her to suffer. But the bigger reason why she remains clean and pure is

a good Christian.

I agree with him that women excel in religious practice for the simple reason that they are the better half of the human race. It has often been said by men of high renown that a good woman can lead men to heights of glory otherwise unattainable.

A. M. Low must be a man somewhat like the narrow-minded fellow who asked his wife: "If women were not put here to work, what were they put here for?" The little wife quickly and truthfully replied: "To what were they put here for?" The wife quickly and truthfully replied: make allowance for the silly creatures who

are our husbands."

Women display their charms because men revel in seeing them. I can't remember seeing any man stop to admire an "out of date girl" with shiny nose, stringy hair date girl" with shiny nose, stringy hair pulled back tightly from the face, with long skirts dangling around roughly shod

But, watch a man stare and admire when a well dressed modern girl appears. And just listen to the remarks the ignorant

things make

If womankind does not know pain and misery there is no one on earth who does. When she goes down into the valley-ofthe-shadow-of-death to bring forth man's child-mere man will never have the ability or faculty of mind to realize the depths of that pain.

A. M. Low believes that somewhere back in the ages his grandmother swung from the trees by her tail, how can he help having the kind of mind he has?

I will say in conclusion that a man like Professor A. M. Low is more to be pitied than censored. It is fortunate for the human race that the majority of men do not share Professor Low's opinions and still further fortunate that he cannot substantiate them with any more acceptable proofs than those he has chosen. They, therefore, remain what they are, unfounded opinions.

Mrs. L. D. Kerns, Freeport, Pa.

HAVE you ever been weighed in the balance and found wanting? If you have you may understand something of the humiliation I felt when the man I loved told me he loved "The Girl I Might Have Been". My story in May SMART SET ought to give you courage to make yourself worthy of anything you want or anything life sends you.

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Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

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Painstaking analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effective-You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

#### Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

### Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will tend you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for vio-lent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

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"My double then can hed in the magic of Farry bath."

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"Thank you be lare I little and on three ook tool letter and certain look teter."

Since 1.1% domestic kandles have a sare lost a sorre of a sare of a sare table to e rote of them teast tally. The key of sere mark?

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If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

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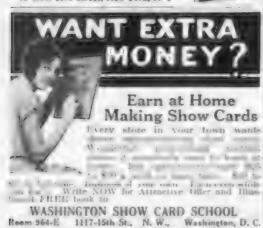
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Washington, D. C.

# This Girl Tried to Get Away With It

[Continued from page 30]

et vourself. That sort of stuff was all wet You had to hold your liquor and keep your held and see that you didn't get talked about. The se the right man and keep him Lucsur 2 after you chose him.

And be a square shooter always. But suppose a girl did pull a little wild stuff, what harm was there to it? Girls had as much right to sow their wild oats as men. didn't they? Broadened them. Made them more tolerant. All that ancient line of tripe about women remaining innocent and undefiled was blooey. Wives and mothers needed to know the world as well as husbands and fathers. Maybe they needed to know it more, to keep the kids straight.

She had it all down pat. All the excuses and vindications and she really believed Den't mistake that point, for if you do you'll be out of joint with this whole modern movement. She really believed in her code. She was as earnest about her propaganda as any Russian bomb thrower. She was as earnest as Joan of Arc and believed she was fighting for as righteous a cause in freeing women from "that ancient line of tripe." And I don't mean maybe.

SO SHE went along until her senior year, stepping high, wide and handsome on aching arches, slugging herself along with black conee, keeping herself in amusement with the slickness and skill of a contortion-ist, and being quoted as "one of the nicest girls on the campus even if she does have to work her way through, plucky little kid.

Then she met Herbert Rawlins.
Herbert was the "prize male" of that year.
A senior in mining college. A big, shy fellow, mighty hard worker. The girls were crazy over him because of his superlative good looks, his wonderful clothes, his Stutz car (the gifts of an adoring millionaire papa and mama) and principally because he didn't care a hoot for any of them. tory records he didn't know that a girl existed until the day he dropped in to the sandwich shop and Edna served him a "cam-pus special." His blue eyes rose to her brown ones, and from that second on it was all off with Herbie.

All off with Edna too. She fell for him as hard as he'd fallen for her, fell as whole heartedly and sentimentally as her mid-Victorian grandma would ever have dreamed of doing. All the old stuff, fluttering breath, starry eyes, little shivers down her spine when she saw him coming, that's how Edna

And they say that kids are different!

They planned to be married as soon as graduated. His folks came down to look her over and beamed at their darling's choice. Everything was jake.

She came to tell me about it and she was actually blazing with joy. Strutted up and down the room throwing off sparks, laug 1ing, crying, telling me how wonderful he was in a new, deep crooning sort of voice, while she smoked one cigarette after another.

This was what she had dreamed of!
Better than any dream! A man like that,
in a home like that, gosh, wasn't life too beautiful to be true!

Midway in the conversation she sobered down long enough to hand a certain lady friend of hers a few mean cracks. Said lady friend was a senior, one of the also-rans for Herbie's favors. And she knew all the highly technical ins and outs of Edna's private career. She has a few ins and outs of her own to account for, but she forgot all thos when she heard of Edna's engagement and crashed right into the ranks of heavy r spectability

Told Edna, in one of those mean, cooin confidential talks such females pull, that sa didn't know how she'd dare marry a straight-laced fellow like Herbert Rawling "after all she'd done." How could she trust "after all she'd done." How could she trust herself? Didn't she know perfectly well that if a girl was once promiseuous she would never be satisfied with just one man again? And suppose Herbert found out?

Edna nearly added homicide to the rest

of her technique that day.
It was typical of her that she went straight to Herbert and told him the whole story, not sparing one detail of the tale of years. And Herbert took it standing like a gentle-Nothing all his life had ever hurt him quite so much as that and she saw it in his eyes, but they faced it like two soldiers and saw the thing through

I think that in some way they both felt that something was involved which was bigger than their own individual destinies. some sort of a civil war for the new morality. That's the way these college voungsters do think about such things, whether you believe it or not. But you can bet they didn't put into any such tlossy language, as their grandparents would have done.

She simply said, "So now I've put you wise, kid. Shoot the works!"

And he answered, "It's all jake, old girl!"

And that was that

She told me about it and I could feel the victory flaming in her. Not merely a vic-tory over the catty lady friend but over all society. This was something to chalk up against that bunch of old prunes. Always croaking about what would happen if a "girl went wrong." Well, she'd gone wrong, and what difference had it made?

She was sure that it hadn't made any difference at all. And the gods certainly seemed to be backing her bet

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So they were married, with every girl in college looking on with envious ever

wonder if marriage could possibly have meant more to a girl than it meant to Edna. Not only the love part, although that was enough to turn her world into a dizzy para-But all the rest, the freedom from that awful grind of manual labor, the shabby makeshifts, the humiliation and risks. The sense of being safe and settled. No more work or worry. No more scheming or scuttling.

Married!

Mrs. Herbert Rawlins!

With a town car of her own and her monogram on the discreet gray door.

NO MARRIAGE could have meant more to any girl. No girl ever had firmer intention of staying put. No girl ever had better training of body and will for doing the thing she wanted to do.

And for one year she did it. For one year she staved put and made a big success of marriage. For one year, she who had made her own laws and broken other folk's. and come out victorious, got by with it For one year she remembered those wild oats she had sown and chuckled because there wasn't any crop.

Then it began.

The crop.

But not the crop she had expected. Not any crop anyone had expected. No desire for the kisses of other men. No slow cor-

rosion of her husband's faith in her. No -ubtle sneer from a society which had grown wise to her. No eating remorse in her own proud soul, no sinister taint in her arrogant voung body. None of None of the old crops. None of the old punishment.

Something else. Restlessness!

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Restlessness starting like a squirming, vicious itch on the rim of her new content.

Not restlessness for love, she had enough Not restlessness for things, she had enough of those. But restlessness for some-thing that she had always thought she despised and would be well rid of.

RESTLESSNESS for the old risks and thrills, the old dangerous adventuring, their perilous excitement, the hectic change and chance and color of the life of jazz.

The new crop from the old, old sowing, the crop of stinging thistles of restlessness.

She had not expected this, nor prepared herself against it. She had simply taken it for granted that any girl in her right mind would appreciate the advantages of such a marriage and strive to hold them. She had never considered the fact that a habit once ingrafted is a veritable spiritual tick. That an oat once sowed is bound to sprout some

She hadn't considered that, nor when the restlessness began, did she realize the danger. She thought she was a little bored. The first flush of romance was over. She needed a change

So the restlessness began and it came on all the swifter because she didn't realize what was happening. Within six months she was like an animal gnawing at bars. Bars of monotony, dullness, safety, respectability. She couldn't stand them because she had never disciplined herself to stand any bars that she didn't like. She had learned to play her own game but she had refused to play any other game and now she couldn't play society's game on which her marriage was based.

Restlessness in her, gnawing at the bars. Restlessness in her spreading like a disease. Restlessness in her darkening her with shame, turning her back into the wilderness

She thought that she'd escape her wild oats because stoning had gone out of fashion and the old shame taboos no longer existed. She thought the new morality was winning out because it was right that it should. She thought triumphantly that she had been able to get away with it. Secretly she was laughing up her sleeve at those who had prophesied such dire results. She didn't know that the old taboos had simply been transferred. The stoning and the shaming still went on inside her.

Last week Edna got her divorce after months of sulkiness and tantrums and futile, hysterical efforts to be satisfied with the she had chosen. But unfortunately it hadn't been her first choice, and that first choice got her in the end. She's out in the bright lights again now—a bitter, restless woman with haunted eyes, living in shady hotels, haunting hotel lobbies and tea tables, listening for phone calls! ing for phone calls!

Stung night and day by thistles of rest-

That's the story of Edna Flack.

DO YOU think you are safely married? Then look out! There are as many different kinds of fools as there are men and women and you may be one of them. If you don't believe it now you may when you have read in May SMART SET what almost happened to my marriage when I met my Panther Woman and left my wife alone in the land of the Lotus flower



# Will you give me 10 minutes to restore natural shade to GRAY HAIR?

[Please accept free test that proves its safety]

ON'T believe your hair is hopelessly D gray until you have made this amazing test . . . have tried science's latest way to regain natural color. way's stars say it's amazing. 10,000,000 women have proved its safety.

A colorless liquid called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer does it. You simply comb it through the hair. Natman's Hair Color Resident the hair. Nat-simply comb it through the hair. Natural shade quickly replaces gray. Faded streaks quickly disappear. If hair is auburn, it reverts to auburn. If black, black it will be.

No messy crude dyes everyone can see so easily. No danger of robbing hair or its life. Nothing to wash or rub off. Just No danger of robbing hair of a clean, colorless liquid that gives back color and lustre.

It takes only a few minutes. It costs only a few cents for complete restoration. If you wish to test first, write address below for free outfit. If you get full-size bottle from druggist, money will be returned if not amazed and delighted.

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**Explains Most Probable Cause of Your** Sick Spells, Stomach and Intestinal Disorders and Tells What To It Reveals Truths Ignored by Doctors and Why You Continue to Suffer Needlessly

#### ILLUSTRATED WITH X-RAYS



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The latter Mysteries of the Stomach"

from the pen of an authority on smach disorders who graduated from the University Medical College of New York 1890. Its free distribution will aid the lith authorities of every city and the University high death rate due to ignormal meglect of stomach disorders that ocions disen



# My Mysterious Husband

[Continued from page 77]

whether I was going to accept or be indig- ialist. nant at him

How have you spent your life?" he

Wasting for you," I said.
'You are laughing at me," he cried.

Can't you recognize the truth when you hear it? I said softly.

He pulled the car to the side of the road

I took me in his arms
"My darling," he said, "you are crying,"
"Boy," I said, "it's because I'm too happy. Something will happen to take you away

ATER he said, "Neva, you drive back: I want to sit where I can look at you and not the road

Mother was still asleep when I got in. made a cup of coffee and then woke her and told her all about it. I had never seen her so excited and she knew all about his family.

"He'll be back in three days' time to see vou." I told mother. "and I've got to go and be introduced to his people."

I didn't get to the office till two. The boss was fussing. I let him talk and then said if I wasn't satisfactory I would be glad to guit. He calmed down and said

There was some wealthy looking elderly man in here at twelve. He came again at one and savs he'll be back at four. Seemed preved at not finding you.

I said I couldn't see him till five and then I told him I wasn't interested in his proposition. He wormed my reason out of me.

Then he shook his head

"I don't know the Oliver Kennets except name, but I know their way of life and their prejudices. Girlie, you haven't a chance. I'll leave my card, so you can reach me if you change your mind. You look like Fifth Avenue and Newport but society is a close corporation and you're an out-

The next evening just as I finished my dinner a big sedan drew up and an elderly well dressed man came up the path. Mother had gone to a neighbor's house, so I went

to the door myself.

"My name is McGregor," he began, "of the firm of Wadsworth and Grant. of Los Angeles and San Francisco." He took out "We at. a check book and a fountain pen. tend to the business of the Kennet family on the Coast." He tapped the check book, "How much shall I make it?"

"I don't know what you mean."
"Then I'll explain. You are a stenographer with a liking for night life. I have found nothing definite against you although if one is to be judged by one's companions you are already condemned. You are the hance of William P. Hurley, who is in the second-hand automobile business.

"That's a lie!" I cried

"And although you were engaged to him ou represented yourself to my client Barton Oliver Kennet as being free.

"Did Mr. Kennet send you?"

"He does not even know I am here. I represent his mother who controls the Kennet millions and can cut him off with a pittance if she wishes. We've had a lot of trouble with Barton. He is incurably sentimental. You may have observed his singularly feminine mouth. He isn't a vicious boy at all but pretty girls, especially pretty blondes like you, lead him to instant pro-posals. Fortunately he generally chooses those who can be bought off."

"When Barton knows vou've been here-

"But he won't." said Mr. McGregor. "His mother has developed a sudden illness that can only be treated by her New York specialist. They leave for the East at nine o'clock this evening. Barton adores his mother." Mr. McGregor smiled

"Barton loves me," I said, "and I love

I wen't give him up.'

"My dear young woman." he said, not un kindly, "If you love him why ruin his life? He is very extravagant. That's all right His mother pays the bills. Barton is a poet and a beauty lover. He has never been in side a house like this. He can conceive of no house that is not filled with servants and lovely furnishings. Poets are fickle, always looking for the perfection that doesn't exist This isn't the first interview of this sort I have had in his interest. It won't be the last." Mr. McGregor looked as if such interviews bored him, and I hated him for the sneer in his voice.

When I didn't answer Mr. McGregor shrugged his shoulders and went off.

The next day I rang up the number the elderly man had given me. He met me in the lobby of his hotel and I told him I'd

to hear his proposition My name is Weiman and my only interest in life is to add to my bank account. will be my secretary and chauffeur. you one hundred a week. We shall have to travel all over the country and I'll pay three months in advance so you can leave your mother well-fixed."

I shook my head. "Why pay all that? It isn't reasonable." I could see that he was anxious to close the deal "It is reasonable." Mr. Weiman insisted "I'm the judge of that, and it may interest you to know that I dismissed my last chaufur Mike, for being vellow."
"When do we start?" I said, but I won-

dered to myself how a racing-driver could

have been yellow.

"Tonight. I'll call and see your mother and bring the money in cash."

I didn't tell mother about the Kennet lawyer. I only said I'd been a fool and everything was off and I'd be glad if she wouldn't mention the subject again. I said I had the best job in my life and was going right away. The six hundred dollars I left softened the blow because we'd been worrying about an assessment

Weiman came to see her. He impressed her favorably and said he'd see I didn't run around with any men she'd disapprove of. Later I asked him what he meant.

"You won't run around with any men." he said. "not while you're taking my money. I don't drive up and down the Coast for pleasure.

WHEN we left San Diego at midnight, I drove a sport model runabout. "We've got to breakfast in Santa Barbara," he said. "Two hundred and forty miles," I said. "I ought to be able to get you in earlier than breakfast." than breakfast.

"There's no necessity to crowd her yet. You'll drive other cars and you'll find mine are all geared for a little more speed than the other man's. When I tell vou to step on her you'll be able to burn up the road but there's no sense in being pinched.'

was puzzled.

I was puzzled.
"There's no mystery about it," he said,
"Morely business, reading my thoughts. "Merely business. Notice anything special about this boat? Probably not. Well, don't get scared if this happens." happens.

Suddenly he slid out of his seat the floor. Anyone passing by would think I was the only person in the car. I was a bit startled but all I said was, "Must be a lot of room down there."

"That's what I meant," he said, climbing

"What do you do it for?" I demanded.

"Can't be for your health."
"That's just what it is for," he That's just what it is ior, he used. "I do it for my health. If any used, "I do it for my health, if any imused. cop stops the car and sees me down there I am your uncle and I probably fainted as I sometimes do. I'm your uncle loe and the license is made out to Joseph Weiman, your mother's brother. Your home town is in San Diego, naturally, but I'm from Chicago. I don't expect to have to repeat my instruc-tions. People may question you about me. Tell 'em I'm your rich uncle who is taking

you touring."

'Check." I said.

"Good," he answered. "I suppose you wouldn't like to tell me what made you alter I thought you were all headed your mind. to the Four Hundred with some young millionaire

That's off," I said, "nipped in the bud by the family. I was a fool for saying what I did. It was a rush of words to the head, I guess." I tried to make and it the head, I I tried to make out it hadn't hurt me but I knew it was a wound that would never heal. We didn't speak any more until I pulled up in front of the Samarkand at

Santa Barbara.

"Punctual to the minute," he said, "That's a whole lot in your favor." Before I went to my room he told me to get all the sleep I could as there would be some night driving. I didn't sleep very well. I was restless and It was all very well for my fake excited. uncle to pretend his other chauffeur had been dismissed for being vellow, but I knew that Mike was a scrapper if ever I saw one, and I knew there was no sense in believing I was worth fifty-two hundred a year just to drive a car, so how was I going to earn money ?

We had almost finished dinner that night

before Weiman spoke.

"HAVE the car filled up with gas oil and water." he commented. "We leave at nine and we are going to San Francisco with a stop at San Luis Obispo. That's about a hundred miles and I want to be passing through it at midnight."

I made San Luis Obispo on time. told to drive slowly along the deserted main street. In front of me I saw a touring car at the side of the road. It flashed it red "stop" signal twice. "Follow that car," It tlashed its

Weiman snapped.

It turned up a side street and pulled into the curb. Weiman got out and joined two big men who climbed down from their car. They looked like deputies or plain clothes men to me, but evidently they took orders from my boss for I heard his sharp voice laying down the law and I wondered whether he might not be some sort of Prohibition chief engaged on a big round-up.

He was in a good temper when he re-turned and said: "It's a hundred and eighty-six miles to San Jose. It'll do if we get in there by seven. We'll make Frisco in the evening and you must have some

swell clothes.'

"What's the matter with what I've got?"

I snapped.

"My niece has got to dress as if I were uncle," he laughed. "Don't get peeved. This is purely business."

FELT this was a good chance to find out what he wanted me for.

"Why not adopt a nephew and not a

"A nephew wouldn't do at all." Something seemed to tickle him. tective alliance." I was to I was to find out later that this exactly described the situation.

What's the good of wasting money on clothes if there isn't going to be any running around for pleasure?" I said, remindhim of what he had told mother.

"If you think I'm proposing to waste my good money to buy you clothes because I like you you're on a detour. With me everything is business. Do you understand that?"
"All right," I said, "that relieves me of

feeling under any obligation to you. "Sure." he said carelessly. "If you "If you write to your mother from San Francisco tell her we're doubling back to Los Angeles and she can address mail to the Ambassador."

I sent a night letter saving we'd be in Los Angeles in a day or two, but we stayed a week in San Francisco although each day Weiman said we'd be leaving next morning.

SEE now he never meant to go back to Southern California. He intended for very good reasons of his own not to let me get any mail from home. He was clever about it, too. When we finally left San Francisco his destination was Seattle, but he reckoned that if he had told me that I could have got a wire off to mother to send things to me at the General Delivery there. So he merely said when we started, pointing to a road map, "I want to make Ferndale. Take all day if you like."

"What about Los Angeles?" I cried.

certainly was disappointed.

'Had a wire altering my plans," he an-ered. "Don't you understand this is a business trip?"

"Business in Ferndale?" From the look of the map it seemed a small place on the

"My business," said Weiman, "takes me to many places you've never heard of. Some of them are lonely places where there's a chance of a hold up. I'm going to trust you, Neva. See this bag which I've had specially made for you?"

It was no better looking than the one I

was using though a trifle bigger.
"I've got a lot of money concealed in this. Never mind where. If we are held up they won't find it. Put your things into it and throw the old one away."

The auto I drove only had room for two in the front seat. This made Weiman sit close to me and half the time he used to his left arm on the back of the seat with me almost leaning against it. When I tried to show him that it was uncomfortable

he said:
"This is not and never will be a petting party. I've told you before that this is a protective alliance. I'm your uncle Joseph V. Weiman. Any woman who save I Weiman. Any woman who says I looked at her kindly since Cleveland was president is a liar. Get out of the habit of questioning what I do or say. You'll never get such a salary as I'm giving you and if I accomplish what I've set out to do there'll be a bonus of five thousand dollars.'

"I'd like to know what business you're

I said

"No doubt," he said drily, "I'll tell you one thing though. You think I'm a boot-Well that is your biggest error. I'm legger. Well that is your biggest error. I'm not. The bootleggers don't like me. I'm not afraid of the motor cops, but I'll always duck when I see a man named Zicci and his gang coming toward us on the road. e drives a straight eight Packard."
"Who is Zicci?" I asked.

"He was a saloon keeper in Sicily ten years ago and was lucky if he made a hundred American dollars a year. Now he's the bootlegging czar of the Pacific Coast.

"Do you mean to say he and his wop gunmen are after you?"
"They don't like me," he said slowly.

"What chance would we have if they chased us? This is a good bus but if you think she can do ninety vou're cuckoo. It he drives a straight eight Packard he can beat that."

'The body of this car is one thing." he said, "and the motor is another. I've got a hand built motor in here that can whizz by anything Zicci has so fast he wouldn't see who was driving. I'll give you the opportunity to try her out later."

You must be away up in the Prohibition

If you are interested in a high-grade proposition that will bring you an income of \$100 a week, I am ready to make you an offer. I don't care what your age, experience or schooling has been. I need men and women who are ambitious and energetic. That's all.

who are ambitious and energetic. That's all. I will give von the same opportunity that enabled Christopher Vaughn to suddenly increase his income to \$125 in a single week; the same offer that caused Frank M. Brown to increase his earnings from \$25 a week to \$27 in an 8-hour day; the same offer that brought John Scotti \$97 in his second week, and that enabled Mrs. K. R. Roof to make \$50 a week in her spare time and \$15 in a single afternoon.

### Here Are The Facts

I am the President of a million dollar company that has back of it more than 18 years of successful experience. We are manufacturers of the famous "Zanol" line of products. We have hundreds of thousands of customers. Last year we spent more than three hundred thousand dollars in advertising "Zanol" Products. Our established customers bought more than ten million "Zanol" Products last year alone.

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"Zanol" Products are never sold in stores. By dealing direct with us through our representa-tives our customers are assured of better values, fresher merchandise and low prices. If you become our representative you will be givyou become our representative you will be given a generous profit on all the business that comes from your territory.

This year "Zanol" Representatives will make more than two million dollars. You can get your share of these tremendous profits. You will have the same opportunity as Henry Albers who worked in a factory for small wages. He became a "Zanol" Representative and has made as much as \$125 a week, and even \$47 in a single day.



We offer to provide a We offer to provide a new Hudson Super-Six Coach without any expense to you whatever. Just write for our proposition. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this handsome closed car handsome closed car without expense and an income of \$100 a week, or more.

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Dr Scholl's Foot Balm service," I gasped more puzzled than ever. "So high up," he said without a smile,

"that I'm clean out of sight. If you found what I'm doing isn't altogether that legal what would be your attitude?"

I thought it over for a bit. I had already

left mother six hundred dollars of his money. didn't want to go back to San Diego. was sore on the world since that Kennet lawver left the house and nothing much mattered.

"I'd stick," I said, and meant it.
"Well," he said, "Zicci has sworn to get

"Well," he said, "Zicci has sworn to get me and he's not the only one."

"Then I'm in danger too," I said slowly,

"You are," he said, "and that's why you
are cetting a big salary for doing a chauffeur's job, but I knew a girl who could
swing a big car around those mountain
curves couldn't have a vellow streak in her
make-up. I found you had taken prizes
for high diving, and I never knew a high for high diving, and I never knew a high diver who hadn't nerve."

What made Mike run out of the job?"

I demanded.

"They threatened him and it broke his rve. Mike would fight Tunney for a tenspot but mysterious warnings over the phone and anonymous letters scared him." Weiman yawned, "You may get them, too. If they throw a scare into you I miss my

TOOK a quick look at him. "You've got nerve. uncle.'

"Had to in my line." he said. "Another thing that made me choose you was that we are not unalike. Several people have you looked like me enough to be my

daughter.

'Besides," he went on, "they say you can take a motor down and make repairs as well as a high-priced mechanic. High speed isn't attained without the necesity of adjustments now and then. Mike was pretty good but he took to boozing and to last with me you've got to be cold sober. Funny to me you could travel with that crowd and keep off the drink." off the drink.'

"No doubt." I said, but I wasn't going to tell him that one drink turned my face the color of beet-root and kept it that way

hours

"Just get this, Neva: I have no official position at all. I'm a private investigator and I get paid by results. My job is to find out where they bring the stuff in from Canada. That's why we are visiting these little towns by the sea from the Mexican line to Cape Flattery."

For almost three months I drove up and down the Pacific Coast until I could drive

that Coast Road in a fog.

The only thing that worried me was having no mail. Finally Weiman told me it was for our own protection because his enemies would be liable to get our routing from mother, but I used to send her money occasionally.

One day we were jogging along at about forty-five when Weiman said with a slight quiver in his voice. "Now's the time to try her out and see what she can do." In the mirror in front of me I could see a touring car coming up behind us very guessed something was wrong and I stepped on the gas. The speedometer said ninety but I held the road easily until we had shaken off the pursuers.
"Who was it?" I asked.

"A bunch of Chicago bootleggers." he said. been waiting for them and now I know they are here I guess they mean to operate. Zicci was the trail blazer."

"We got up to ninety-three," I told him.
I'd never driven so fast and I was thrilled.
More than a mile and a half a minute!

"I don't enjoy it," he said, "With me it is merely business but if it was Zicci or his next a selection of the said.

partner Thugan he might have had a shot at me."
"Why don't you have them arrested?" I

asked and after a long minute he answered:

I have nothing specific against Thugan. If we meet unexpectedly in a cafe we are like brothers. Thugan won't get the protection in the killing business he got in his home town.

I let him talk on. I didn't think it meant much to me, this mention of Zicci and Thugan and their gangs. I didn't guess then that things were coming to a head quicker than he or I imagined possible was busy with my own thoughts. to admit to myself that I was still crazy about Barton Kennet. I hadn't much pride about Barton Kennet. I naun't much pride you may say? Pride nothing! When a girl is as mad about a boy as I was about Barton, calling pride to the rescue is only making things worse.

Suddenly I realized we were being followed by a mater can. It was a had place

lowed by a motor cop. It was a bad place for speed and a motor-cycle had it all over a big long wheel-based car. I told Weiman and he looked at the man with his binoculars.
"It's one of my boys." he announced and

then explained that he had six of these motor-cyclists working for him up and down the coast. They looked enough alike to motor cops to fool people who only took a quick glance at them. I pulled into the side of the road and Weiman got out and talked to him for half an hour. He handed the man some of the little sketches and plans he had made of the ocean side towns we had stopped at.

"Beat it north as fast as you like," said Weiman when he came back. "Thugan's just behind us. He knows where we are headed for, and he'd like to interview me."
"You didn't seem to let that worry you,"

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I returned. Weiman had talked as leisurely to the motor-cyclist as if he had all the

week to make Salem in.
"We won't make Salem today," Weiman said, "We'll turn off the road to a little place that interests me. Thugan was there last week according to my man." Weiman seemed so well pleased with himself, that he actually laughed.

That was about the last of the quiet uneventful days. After that things began to move and I found out how Weiman was

making his money.

Back in San Francisco, we pulled into a garage where, by what I thought was a coincidence, we met one of Weiman's motorcycle cops. The man didn't take any notice of his boss, but he slipped a letter into my car as he pushed his machine out. When Weiman read it all he said was, "It looks like the showdown at last, Neva.

That night we dined at the Golden Girdle. the newest and smartest case in Frisco, Weiman had on a tuxedo and I wore the best

dress I'd ever put on my back.

"You certainly can carry clothes," Weiman said. "I'm glad vou look like a million dollars because Thugan and Zicci are in town and they want to enjoy my company.

SUPPOSE he saw I was kind of puzzled You're too clever a girl not to guess that that gown wasn't bought from what the world would call honestly earned money. Legally you're in it as deep as I am but there is time to draw back." I could see for all his indifferent tone he was anxious. 'How about it?

"It doesn't interest me." I said. been too long in business that is legitimate to have illusions left about honesty

Thugan and Zicci were at a table and I could see them staring at us as we went down the main aisle.

Presently they came over to our table. Zicci bent himself almost double and kissed my hand. Weiman invited them to sit down and introduced me as his niece. He was as cool as a cucumber.

"This is an unexpected interruption," he said. I thought he was going to say "honor," but not he. "What brings you to the Coast,

"A leetle pleasure trip," said Zicci, "but what about you?"

"I'm here on a big business trip," said Weiman, "and by the looks of it I'm going to cash in.'

Thugan asked me to dance.

Where did Weiman pick you up?" was his first question.

People don't pick up their relations," I said. "They're wished on them at birth."
"I never knew Joe Weiman had any re-

lations," he said.

"What business is it of yours?" I asked. "Do you suppose he cares in what peni-tentiaries your's are?"

You talk like Joe does," he said scowling. "He has the most insulting line I've ever listened to."

"We don't like inquisitive strangers," I

"You certainly can put inquisitive strangers on the ice," he said. "Joe going back to Chicago soon?"

'I don't know. He isn't one to tell his plans." I wasn't going to spill any beans I knew it.

"What's he doing driving about the country for?" Thugan asked.

"Giving me a good time, letting me go where I like and drive as fast as I like.

What speed were you going when you gave me a race a week or so back?" He stared down into my eyes frowning.
"Gave you a race?" I cried, "Why I never

saw vou before." After he had mentioned the time and place I told him I never let anyone pass me on the open road and there hadn't been anything personal in it at all.
"What were you going so fast for?" I asked.

Zic and I were looking for Joe.

"Well, you've found him now." I said as the dance finished and Thugan and I walked back to the table. Zicci was ruffled for he said to Thugan. "We do nothing with this man. He wants his lesson." "Maybe," said Weiman. "but no garlic-cating immigrant from South Europe is

going to give it to me. Listen here Thugan. You and Zicci have a good business. I have a better one. I'm not interested in any proposition you can make."

Zicci asked me to dance and I refused, but later in the evening Thugan whispered semething to me that interested me enough

to let him take me out on the floor again.
"I said," he began, "that I'd explain why vour uncle turned vou into a chauffeur. I know more about him than vou do. He used to be one of the five big men in the Chicago bootleg ring. Zicci and I were little oosses in those days and we didn't count for much then, but we do now, girlie. I guess your Uncle Joe bears a charmed life for he's been fired at by everything including the first machine gun ever used in a private vendetta.

"All no doubt true." I said, "but what has that to do with me?"

"Just this," said Thugan, "the men who are after him don't want to get in dutch by killing a pretty girl like you as well. The way he sits with his arm back of you makes it pretty hard to hit him and miss-you." I remembered that Joe had said that he and I formed a protective alliance. So this was true. He used to sit so close to me that I was a sort of human screen

"Pretty clever of him I'll say," I answered

HE DIDN'T say much after that. He could see he had flivvered so far as I was concerned, but he had the nerve to threaten Joe Weiman before he left

We'll get you, Joe," he said slowly. "In Chicago vou might, but not here." Weiman answered.

When they were gone he asked me what Thugan had tried to worm out of me When I had told him the whole story he seemed pleased.

They came here tonight because they

believe I'm going to cut their prices," he explained. "Their booze will be run in along the coast at a score of carefully chosen points, but if I've some stuff coming ahead of them, I shall get the big prices and they'll either have to sell cheap or hold. so easy to hold twenty thousand cases and that's what they have got coming.

This being mixed up with bootleggers made me anxious. Of course everyone I knew used to buy the stuff some time or other but running in twenty thousand cases and bribing the officials didn't look so good. Perhaps my "uncle" saw I was worrying, because he said. "You'd better drive back the hotel. I'll spend the night here. Zicci's sore enough to forget to be cautious tonight.

"Be around here at seven sharp," commanded, "and by the way Neva. you'll find another motor waiting for you tomor-

HE new car was a coupe and under the THE new car was a coupe and and hood was an English Daimler motor and I was crazy about the bus by the time we reached Seattle. We thought we had beaten Zicci and Thugan, but they were smarter than Joe thought.

We were heading south again when motorcyclist stopped us. Joe got out and had about one minute's conversation with him and came running back into the car. For once his gambler's calm was gone.

"A hell of a thing has happened," he said. "Thugan has found out somehow that you are no relation. There's a Federal warrant out for me on a charge of violating the Mann Act. You know what that means?" Mann Act. You know who "Sure." I said miserably.

"Well, head for Crescent City," he said. "We want the county clerk. There's only one way out. We've got to beat that warrant by getting married."

I pulled the car into the roadside and

faced Joe.
"Listen," I said, "I've one or two things to say to you Joseph Weiman. I know why vou hired me. You hired me because you

thought the men that were after you wouldn't risk killing me."
"Absolutely. I knew I was safe when you were driving which means you were For God's sake step on the gas, Neva.

"So that I can marry you?" I laughed, be your age 'uncle.'"

"If you think this means anything else than a mere form you're a bigger fool than I imagined. I hate women, and that takes you in, but if you marry me it's worth ten thousand dollars to you, spot cash. You will be free to do as you please afterwards."

Seeing I hesitated he took another tack. 'If you won't, what happens? We are arrested and everyone will believe the worst Your reputation will be gone. So will mine. don't care a damn about my reputation. All I care about is not being in jail when Zicci and Thugan run their stuff in. They know I'm dangerous and they've framed me It's up to you to root for Thugan and Zicci who mean nothing to you or to go

to the bat for me. I've treated you fairly."
I started the car. "I'll think it over." I said. I had to admit that he'd put his case pretty well. I wasn't engaged and this marriage ceremony would save us both and pretty well. it was to be in name only. Also there was ten thousand dollars. I had a certain admiration for him just as a boy might have for some man who was a good scrapper and had nerve.

So that's how I got married. Joe gave me ten one thousand dollar bills. "Your wedding present," he said. I didn't much like taking the money and I said so. "Look here Joe," I said, "If vou've need for this take it now and pay me later."

It was the first time I ever saw him smile at me with something like a human expression.

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"That's mighty good of you," he said, "I do need it the worst way. Now that we man and wife I may as well satisfy your curiosity. You wonder what I am. First and foremost I'm an organizer. I put bootlegging on a dignified business basis. used to be run any old way till I took hold. I have been busy this last four months in organizing hijacking into something like a real business. There never used to be any system in it." Joe chuckled. "Thugan and Zicci have hired furniture vans from the long distance trucking companies with just enough men to lift the cases from the boats When everything is riding to the van. pretty mv gang jumps 'em. have customers for every case we loot from them. I'll take in half a million. I could do better than that if I had more time but speed is our motto."

"Our motto?" I said.

"Sure." he answered. "You're in as deep as I am."
"I don't like it." I said. "There'll be murder vet."

That can't be helped. Big profits mean big risks." Joe must have seen I shuddered at this. "Where's your nerve?" he asked. "How long would it take you to earn ten thousand dollars anywhere else?"

I left Joe in Oakland where he was going to remain hidden until he could get his lawyer and find out how things stood.

He called me up next morning to say that the Federal authorities had decided to take no action but that I had to go before them. I explained that I married Joe of my own

free will.
"That was a mighty close call," he said as we left, "and you certainly made a fine impression. I'm going back to Oakland."
"Don't I drive you any more?"

He shook his head.

"This time they'll shoot if I was sur-rounded with Saint Ursula's ten thousand virgins. I may get it. It's coming some

"And if you get away with it?"
"I've picked out my retreat," he said, "and it's where that bunch will never look for me. You can get your divorce on the grounds of desertion. I'll see you get that wedding present back when I've trumped Zicci's tricks."

I didn't guess then that he had done to me what no money could ever atone for.

I didn't go out alone at night. terribly nervous. I knew that Thugan and Zicci associated me with Joe and that I couldn't expect any chivalrous treatment from them.

One of the desk clerks recommended the ferry trip to Sausilito across the harbor, so I

I CLIMBED up one of the steepest streets and walked what seemed miles along a lonely road. I hadn't been out much and the exercise did me good. I felt that I was right in the midst of criminals. Joe had said I was in just as deep as he was and I knew that's what the world would think. I began to wonder if mother hadn't been right when she said nothing good would come out of my liking for fast driving. Looking back on that night at Tourmaline Tavern where I had met the man who was my husband I couldn't help remembering the man whom I still loved. Barton Kennet.

I was still thinking of him when I ran ght into Thugan. I knew in a moment into Thugan. he had been tracking me.

I tried to get back to the main road but

he stood in front of me.
"Not yet," he said. "This is a lonely spot and you can holler if you think will do any good. I've got to get the truth. I know Joe isn't with you. Where is he?"
"They nabbed him on a charge of violating the Mann Act."
"Like hell they did," he snarled. "He

fixed it up by marrying you. Joe can't fool me.

"Fooling you would be the he did. If you don't know I laughed easiest thing he did. If you don't know where he is now that's proof he has fooled

Thugan hated to be laughed at. you won't fool me. I'll bore the truth from you if you won't come clean. When I thought you were his niece I sort of respected you as a girl who wasn't wise to the sort of man your uncle was. Now that I know you're just as bad as he is you're fair game.

I knew I was in a desperate situation. I'd wandered away out of sight of houses. "All you have to do is to take me to Joe.

You don't have to let him know about it. Go where he is and I'll follow you." You want to murder him." I said.

"Somebody is going to be bumped off and it's either Joe or—" Thugan grinned and didn't finish the sentence. I knew what he meant and I knew lives didn't mean a whole lot to men like him. Frightened! I'd never been scared in my life till now.

SAW him signal to the driver of his car down the road a ways and the man moved off.

"Gone to fetch Zicci." he said.

"You're taking a big chance," I said.
"Got to," he said scowling. "I want Joe's address and that's all there is to it. I've tried every place where he ever stayed at in Frisco.

I wasn't going to give Joe away. didn't approve of bootlegging or hijacking I as for Joe as against these two men.
"You'll talk presently," Thugan said,

Those Sicilians know how to make people tell the truth, but this ain't no place to put you through the third degree

Suddenly Thugan turned half around and swore. A man was coming toward us. When I saw him I think I gave a cry of JOV.

It was Barton Kennet!

I thought at the moment it was the most blessed coincidence in my life. I didn't know the truth till later, but anyway there he was tall and straight, as tall as Thugan but not nearly so heavy. For the moment forgot about McGregor the lawyer. only saw him like a knight in an old story book coming to the rescue of his lady-love

I had never seen a real fight but something told me there was one coming. I wished there was some one here to stop them because I was afraid for Barton. remembered Joe telling me Thugan had started in the prize ring. Thugan saw we knew one another and he was insulting and sneering from the start.

Are you Mr. Weiman?" Barton asked. "No," snapped Thugan, "I'm not as low as that. Who the hell are you?"

Thugan drew my arm in his. I couldn't

shake myself free.

Barton had bowed to me almost coldly, but I knew why. He thought I was making a fool of him when I ran off with Joe Weiman, and probably didn't guess that I had seen his mother's lawyer. He thought he had a grievance against me. Well, that

would wait.

"Is this man holding your arm against your will?" he asked.

"You can see he is," I said indignantly.

"One can't believe all one sees or hears," he said.

Then he turned to Thugan. I'll say for a poetical dreamer he had a manner that would make a pacifist fight.
"Let go, you swine," he said.
Thugan took his arm away quickly.

could see he was spoiling for a fight.

"I don't see exactly where you come in," he drawled, "but I ain't in the sweetest temper this morning and I need exercise."

"You are due to get it," Barton said.

I don't know anything about the technical terms they use in fights but I almost

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screamed with terror when Thugan hit at Barton's face. I needn't have screamed. Big and strong as Thugan was he couldn't land one of his blows. Every time he swung he missed. Finally Barton stepped back and there was Thugan lying on the grass like a dead man.

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"He's got a gun," I warned Barton.
"That sort of a brute would have." Barton said and took it from Thugan's pocket. He emptied the cartridges out and threw the automatic into the bushes a hundred teet away.

"My car is near." he said, still frigidly.

"I want to take you to your mother."
"Is mother in San Francisco?" I cried.
How on earth did these two happen to be traveling together? I was anxious to get away but Barton insisted on remaining until traveling together? Thugan came back to consciousness, and

reached for his gun.
"Fortunately for us both," Barton said,
"I relieved you of it."

"That isn't the only gat in the world," hugan said. "I'll get you if it's the last Thugan said. thing I do.'

He turned his bruised, cut face to me.
"As for you—" he began, but that was all he said for Barton sprang at him with his fists clenched. "One more word," he cried, and I'll begin all over again.'

By the time we were in Barton's car and headed for the ferry, I had pulled myself together. I was the one with the grievance and Barton Kennet was due to find it out.

"Why are you so angry at me?" I asked.
"You can ask that?" he said bitterly. "I can ask a whole lot more than that!" shot back at him. "How did you happen I shot back at him.

to come along just then?"

"I brought your mother here. She was trantic about you. We've been on your trail for six weeks. All we had to go by was your postals. I must have been a few hours behind vou more than once but then vou doubled back on your own trail and we lost you again."

"I still don't quite get this solicitation on

vour part, Mr. Kennet.'

"I suppose not. I suppose a girl like you wouldn't believe that a man might mean what he said even if he had only known you I did believe vou. Neva. a few hours. you remember the last time we were in a car together? You drove so I could sit back and look at you." I could feel he was staring at me hard. "You are the loveliest thing I've ever set my eyes on and I've lost you.

I DIDN'T know what he was talking about and yet in my confusion I began to feel happy again. He was telling me he loved me, but I reminded myself of what had happened after I believed in him the last time. If he was just allowing himself to be poetical, why should he have gone to the trouble of bringing mother over thousands of miles of roads to look for me?

"I remember that drive just as well as u do," I said. "Perhaps a whole lot you do," I said. "Perhaps a whole lot better. It was the first time I had ever loved anybody. I felt that all my life had been created for just that moment."

"So you promptly ran off with a Mr. Joseph Weiman whose friend evidently was getting a little too familiar when I came up. Or was he? How can I be sure I didn't hurt someone you like far better than you do me?

"This has gone about far enough." I said. He laughed a curious, harsh laugh that

had pain in it.

The comedy is finished." he said. "I will take you to your mother and then you won't be bothered with me again."

Just then some man came and asked him the name of a big island we were passing and kept him talking till we reached the ferry slip so I hadn't a chance to say any

'Neva." he said, as we docked, "last time

I asked you to drive so that I could look! at your face. I don't want to now it hurts me too much, but I wish you'd drive to the Fairmont for me.'

"I prefer not to," I said coldly.

He sighed a little. Outside on Market Street we nearly ran into a truck because was steering badly. I told him to be careful, and then I saw that his hands were horribly swollen, where they had been cut on Thugan's teeth. That was why he had asked me to drive. I gave a little scream he saw what I was looking at.

"I'm not strong on bare-knuckle fighting," he said, "but I shall probably make the Fairmont all right."

I TOOK the wheel then. I was thoroughly ashamed of myself. He sat back and watched me.

"You said you weren't going to look at

me." I reminded him.
"You are a magnet for men's eyes," he said, "just as Helen of Troy was and all of the other great beauties that have sent men destruction.

Poetry again!

"Why frown?" he said. "I meant it, Neva." I told myself it was time to stop being silly, weak little fool. Outside the hotel had it out with him.

You want to know why I went off with Weiman," I began. "All right, I'll tell you. It was because of a certain Mr. McGregor of the firm of Wadsworth and Grant of Los Angeles and San Francisco."

"Never heard of him. What has he to

with it?"
"What?" I cried. "You mean to say you

don't know the lawver who attends to your family business on the Coast?" 'We employ Kane and Clark," he an-

swered.

"An elderly man with a beard and Scotch burr?" I persisted, "Perhaps he's your mother's private attorney?"

I should have heard of him if he were.

I looked into his eyes. I knew he wasn't ing. Then in a flash I saw that Joe Weiman had sent him. He knew about Barton and Barton's people and he had outwitted me as he had thousands of others. say anything for a bit. I was Joe's wife now and mixed up in his crimes. And here Was Barton who had loved me all the time. He must have come back as he promised, but too late. That was why Joe never let me tell mother where I was and that is why if mother ever wrote I never received the

"Darling," said Barton "why are you crying? You can't mean you do love me after all?"

"I shall never love anyone else," I said.

He leaned toward me and kissed me. "No, no." I said. "It's too late for that. I'm married."

I saw the happiness fade from his face. In the hotel when mother had cried over me I told the whole story to them. In the beginning Barton had looked at me with eves like a wounded animal's and mother had shown by her manner that she suffered It was strange to see these two with him. sitting in judgment on me, but it showed

how completely he had won her confidence "Why didn't you tell me about the man McGregor?" mother said.
"I didn't want you to think Barton was so weak." I tried not to look at him.

"Ought we to inform the Federal authori ties?" Barton said.

"And get my girl mixed up with them?" mother said. "I should say not. Weiman has lied all along and he may be lving yet. The sooner I get home the better for us. Neva can get her job back."

"I'm going to have my hands attended to," Barton said, getting up from his chair, "and then I'll consider what had best be done. Little Mother, don't let Neva leave



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the hotel." He went out and didn't even look at me.

"Did you see that?" I said. "Barton thinks I'm a criminal. He won't even look my way.

"Barton Kennet is an honorable gentle-man," said mother, "and he knows you are another man's wife." "Wife!" I cried, and I was almost hyster-

I cried, and I was almost hysterical. "Can't you see it wasn't mry fault. I was just forced into it."

For ten thousand dollars," said mother to my surprise

We didn't see Barton for a week. I hadn't the heart to go out. I had my meals served in my room. Every time I looked in the mirror I saw I was losing the color from my cheeks and the sparkle from my

I didn't take any interest in life until I aw the headlines of the morning papers on Wednesday the twenty-second of Spread all over them was an account of the battle between bootleggers and hijackers. Joe had met Thugan and Zicci face to face. He had been shot three times and they thought he was dead, but he drew his cun and killed them both. Then the police and killed them both. Then the took him to the hospital under arrest.

"Suppose they arrest you?" mother sugcested.

'It can't be worse than it is." I said. "with you and Barton already looking on

me as a criminal."
"Why Neva he worships the ground you stand on."

"What do I care about the ground?" I said to her. I was bitter toward everyone and everything. Why had he left me alone all this time? Surely if he had ever cared for me he would see that my story rang true and that I had done nothing wicked. I saw that mother had packed up so that we could leave in about ten minutes.

asked her why she did it.
"If I get a message from Barton that

there is likely to be a warrant for Mrs. Joseph Weiman he has arranged to get us of the State."

"What does he know about it?"

"His lawvers are watching out for us. I talked to him over the phone not an hour ago, while you were sleeping."

Half an hour later we left in Barton's car. I didn't know whether we were escaping from justice or what. Barton smiled a little at me but he made no explanations. A chautieur drove us and I sat between Barton and mother in the back seat. It was not until we had left the city well behind that

he spoke.
"Neva," he said, "Joe is dead and he did not squeal about anything. As you were never a wife you can't be considered a widow. He told me just before he died that his wife in Minneapolis is his legal widow. He gave me her name and also an envelope with ten thousand dollars in it which he says you earned. I took the liberty of sending it to the woman in Minneapolis. My wife doesn't want that kind of money."
"Your wife?" I said, and my fool heart

began to skip beats.
"Of course," he said, "I am taking you and Little Mother to my Big Mother who is in Santa Barbara. She knows all about you. I had her on the long distance last night just before Joe died."

You are taking a lot for granted," I said. I don't know what made me say it except that women often try to cover up the sort of feelings that filled me with ecstacy then.

I could see that my words frightened him. I knew in that moment he had not been sure of me. He must have been wondering whether or not I had cared for Joe Weiman. Mother was looking at me anxiously.

"It is for you to decide," Barton said

very quietly.

"I have decided long ago," I said. Then I pulled down his face and kissed him."

# I Didn't Mean What He **Thought**

[Continued from page 73]

through the rooms the people were gathering, some gay with their winnings, others grey-faced, desperate, waiting for the game to begin. We passed through the refreshment room where they were eating ices, on to the card room. Here, about ten people sat at the table, waiting for the cards to be dealt. Though Paul stood back, I pressed eagerly forward. I watched the master of the house deal the cards. A young man with a shifty face interested me. He held out his hand for a card. The master dealt, and the shifty faced young man won. mediately the master of the house took a bank bills out of his pocket and roll of paid the bet. The young man raked in his gains. It was the first time I had seen money won at cards and it fascinated me. It was done so easily. Again the voung man selected a card; again he Again the master paid out the money, won. Again the master paid out the money, and the young man raked it in. There seemed to be no end to his gains. And again! It was impossible to lose at cards! Paul spoke over my shoulder; "That is my friend, Henri d'Arzee. He is lucky

tonight.

"But you! Why don't you play?" I inquired.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING Room 564-E, 1113-15th St., N W., Washington, D. C. "I never play, now! I played once! I love cards. I have, you see, many things to make me sad, as well as much to make me glad."

"Do you love cards so dearly?"

"Yes, I love cards almost as dearly as I Cards are a passion with me. love women. "Yet you do not play? I can not understand it."

"I am not allowed to play. Long ago I took an oath never to play again. The story is common property, all the world knows"

knows."
"Tell me—" But just then Henri rose

"I have played enough. I am beginning lose," he said to Paul. And, again, I noticed that light shifty look in his eyes. Paul did not introduce him; and I learned that it is not etiquette to make introductions in a gambling house. All may converse freely; but, once outside, the acquaintance is forgotten. Henri talked with us a minute and passed on. Soon the spirit of the game caught me. I wanted to win some money. "Tell me how to play," I begged Paul.

But he drew back; "I can't even advise

you," he said and I put it down to a whim. We left soon afterwards.

WE HAD come out to be together, not to gamble at the Casino, and we both knew it. Just to be together! A supper room was open and we entered. Couples were seated at the tables drinking hot chocolate whipped to a froth. I scarcely touched mine. Paul de Cartier filled every thought. I sat close to him perfectly happy. "Do you live here all the year round?" I asked.

Oh no! I come only for the season."
When he spoke it was like tlame leaping to flame. I was crazy-yes crazy!bout him.

I live in my own house," he went on. It is on the hill, the house with the stone wall, and the porter's lodge with the little Jate.

Is your home very beautiful?" I asked Yes! And I love it. If I could only take you there! Will you go, Mademoiselle? There is a lovely moon. It will flood my tudio with a marvelous light. Can you zo with me?"

I KNEW that I ought not to go. Yet some night I would go! "Wait." I whispered, "until some other time

"I will wait." I recovered myself. "Your studio? vou an artist?

Yes, I am a sculptor. I work for love of work." He placed his books of work." He placed his hand upon the upholstered bench, between us; and I laid He was watching me. my hand in his. reading me, and I was so afraid he would think the wrong thing of me. "Has no one else ever attracted you so before, Mary?"
"Never. I don't know what it is"

"And does it make you happy?"
"I don't know." It was a foolish answer, but I was in love! I blurted out a very girlish question. "Are you sure you

will never love a woman—deeply?"

"No! I am not sure!" And, then, he rave me a look that was madness. I had a feeling that I must escape then. The hands of the clock pointed to four. "Oh, I must go back to the hotel," I choked.
"I was never out so late before."

"I was never out so late before."

He rose without a word: and we walked back through the silent street. I spoke softly; for in the night, under the queer light of the watching sky, one always speaks "Will you dine with my grandmother

and me tomorrow night?"
and his head. "I go to Paris tomorrow to attend the funeral of my Aunt, the Countess d'Uzes. I shall be away some davs.

He felt me catch his arm, and added, "But I shall die of eagerness until I return." He left me at the hotel. I went upstairs

He left me at the hotel. to my room, but how could I sleep quietly with his face in my dreams? I was at the card table again and he was standing behind me, refusing to tell me what to play. Why had he refused so firmly? He was going away. How could I live through it? At last I slept heavily and awoke late.

Though I had visited the Casino only once I had caught the fever. I could hardly wait until night. There is something about gambling! As soon as grandmother had gone to bed, I put on my dark cloak and went up to the Casino. I went through the rooms to the card table. Henri, Paul's friend with the shifty eves, was there, playing and winning. I stood for a long time and watched him. He urged me to take a card, but I was afraid.

"Then tomorrow night," he insisted. "You will play then and you will win."

The next afternoon grandmother took a walk. We went up the hill, past the Casino, to see a pretty little villa that was to rent. It overlooked the bay and we could get it furnished for the season with two servants. Its rear windows framed a sweeping view of the water. But the side windows looked toward a great mansion -Paul de Cartier's home

"Oh, grandmother." I urged. "Let us take

Grandmother never says she can't afford a thing. If it is beyond her means she simply says: "I will consider it." She thought carefully. "I will consider it. Mary!" I knew that meant that she could not afford

If we took it we would stay in Dinard

all the season; and I wanted that little villa more than I had ever wanted anything else in all my days. Grandmother looked worried when I spoke of it. That meant that we had been going beyond our means and there would be no more money for three months. We got our dividend check quarterly from home.

When I went to the Casino that night I had an idea. Henri was there and he was winning. Why couldn't I put my money on a card and win? I asked Henri. He replied; "There is nothing easier for you, Mademoiselle!" He gave me a queer look as if to say that I was not as innocent as I pretended to be, but what did I care what Henri thought!

I had two thousand dollars in travelers checks which are coin of the realm in any While Henri looked card, placed a thousand dollars on it and waited. The master of the house cards. My card lost! I jumped to my feet frightened. Henri who had stood amazed, at the size of the doubting his own eyes at the size of the stake, touched my arm. "Don't take it so hard. You can win it back on the next hand. I have played many times. I know!

I played again and again and I lost each me. Within an hour I had lost every dollar of grandmother's money I had not a franc in my purse. "Oh, what shall I I cried turning to Henri. "Surely my It had happened so quickly that I was dazed. A few minutes ago I had our checks, all we had to live on for the next three months, and now I had nothing! It was like snatching it out of my hand. I opened my bag. There was scarcely a tip for the waiter at dinner, "Oh, what shall I do. What shall I do?" Henri was full of sympathy. He offered

me money. "But what if I lose it?" inquired.

"You will not lose." He placed money in my hand. I put Henri's money down and lost again. I turned to him. He drew back but I smiled and held out my hand I saw that shifty look in his eyes but I felt so sure of winning. "Please, please. felt so sure of winning. "Please, please. Monsieur Henri." I begged, and he handed me more money. To me it was only a me more money. To me it was only a temporary loan. That the gambling table could be a great monster with widestretched mouth gulping down fortune after fortune I did not dream. I had seen Henri win so steadily. I took all he gave me and lost every time. At last even Henri stopped. "Your luck is against you tonight, Mademoiselle. Don't play any more.'

I STEPPED back from the table and turned to Henri. "I owe you money!" I exclaimed. "And I haven't a franc to pay you with.

"What! You can not pay, Mademoiselle?" He named a sum that sent me reeling into one of the great chairs against the wall. The Seats of the Sorrowful, they call them. "Surely, you didn't play all the money you have in the world!"

"Yes, all I have in the world." I rose from the chair and paced the floor frantic ally. What was I going to do? Henri kept close to my side. He had lent me money; and I could not pay him. His very presence was repulsive to me. He took me into the refreshment room and ordered sherbets. "I can't eat nor drink." I moaned. "Tell me what to do. I am moaned. desperate.

He came closer to me. His every move intimated that he expected to be paid in one coin or another, but I drew away from him sharply. He shrugged his shoulders; and though he did not speak in words, that shrug said very plainly: "I expect to be paid in coin—since you decline to pay me in any other way."

Who will back me until I win?" I was suddenly possessed of the gambling spirit. "In time I can win. I know it." I would I know it."



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play-play-stake my life, until I won. Henri smiled but his smile was less agree-He saw, at last, that I would never pay him in the coin he expected, and he thought he knew the reason. His mind was incapable of grasping the truth. He shrugged his shoulders again-that shrug which universal speech with a Frenchman. savs with his shoulders what he would not dare to express any other way. Henri's shrug said that no innocent young girl could be so reckless as to gamble with her last cent. He gave me a cold, insinuating smile. "Why don't you go to your lover, Mademoiselle?" He gave me a cold, insinuating

"My lover!" I was too wretched to resent it.

"Yes, your lover! Paul de Cartier! He can help you; and he is the only one who can.

I looked incredulous. "Is it possible that you do not know the facts? Why the best known card story in France. story of the de Cartier cards." Why it is

HENRI told me the story briefly. It was too astonishing yet I pieced it together with Paul's refusal to play! Years ago a de Cartier had done a great favor for the King. In return for it Louis XI had divulged to him the great Three Card secret that had come down to the Kings from that had come down to the Kings from all time. The de Cartiers had kept the secret, passing it on from father to son. Each had told it to his oldest son with the command to tell it only to his bride. was the most cherished possession of the de Cartier family. "Paul knows the secret of the Three Cards that will win. And I believe that you can get it out of him Mudemoiselle."

"But if Paul de Cartier knows, why doesn't he play?"

Henri was impatient; "All Europe knows the story. A de Cartier can play only once lifetime. Paul played once, made his great fortune and now he must never touch a card. That is the de Cartier vow." I caught his arm. Henri went on tempt-

light burning in his upper window."
Henri stood silent, watching ing me; "Paul arrived home tonight.

like a young tigress, and I was caught in the meshes of the gambling house. lost all my money; and I was deeply in debt to Henri, who would not hesitate to ruin me. In his hands my reputation was not worth a sou. One person could help me, and that was Paul de Cartier, but dare I ask him? What would he think of me? I pressed my hands to my forchead: "Oh, if pressed my hands to my forehead: I only knew what to do?"

Henri's voice sounded at my elbow; "You are very beautiful, Mademoiselle. Paul would not refuse! Then you could pay me and the loan would be wiped out! I think Paul de Cartier would help you, if you went to him tonight."

I lifted my head high. I could not look at Henri; "Take me to him, please."

All the way to the great stone house I was silent. Suppose my courage should fail me at the last moment. And, then I said; "I must see him! I must see him."

"Often I call on Paul at this hour," said Henri, "You shall go in my place. The front door is open. I will engage the lodge keeper while you slip in. Walk through the ante-room to the grand staircase. Go up two flights. Then down the hall. The door on the right opens into Paul's room. Believe me, Mademoiselle, a pretty girl is always welcome."

I did not care what Henri thought. Paul de Cartier knew the famous Three Cards secret. Vaguely I recalled having heard the story before and I resolved that I would make him tell me.

Henri spoke to the Swiss while I stepped into the house through the wide open front door into the gorgeously furnished entrance hall. Noiselessly I made my way up the

broad staircase. On the second landing I paused under an exquisite figure of bronze. A woman's arm held a light which pointed toward a door. I took a long breath to restore my nerve, walked to the door, and knocked. Paul's voice answered. "Come in!" I opened the door and stepped into the

He stood in the middle of the floor. Near by was a valet, unpacking. Paul stood watching me, trying to believe his own eyes, then he spoke to the valet in short sharp French. The man hurried from the room.

"This is indeed a pleasure," Paul said, and his voice made my face tlame with embarrassment. "Late and unexpected, but a pleasure.

I saw myself in a cheval glass at his side My cheeks were like fire and my eyes bright as though toucned with use. My hair which the French women use. My hair which the French women use. I had the though touched with that belladonna curled loosely around my face. I had the look of a bacchante, one of those women of the night, from whom my grandmother

drew aside her skirts as she passed them in the streets in daylight.

"Please listen to me, Monsieur de Car-tier," I said. "I am in great trouble. Henri told me you could help me." I dared not tell him that Henri had lent me money. "I have come here to throw myself It was a long speech for on your mercy.' me; and it left me breathless. I sank into lounging chair and went on: "Paul! I lounging chair and went on: know how it looks, coming here to see you, at this hour of the night, but you must help me. I gambled and lost all our money. My grandmother's money. I haven't a

"And you want me to lend you some oney. With pleasure." He put his hand money.

in his pocket.

"No, not that! I must win the money back at cards, the way I lost it. They tell me that you know a secret—the names of the Three Cards which, played in succession, will win.'

"I do know such a secret, but what of that?" His voice was crisp and quick,
"Then please tell it to me. Please, please!
I shall die, if I do not win that money

"What you ask is impossible. I can not tell you. It would break my vow, my sacred vow to the dead. You do not understand the solemnity of such a vow with us."

"You mean that you will not tell me."
"I can not." He was pale, firm and unmovable. I clung to him, begged him.
"You ask more than I can give you," he

"Oh Paul!" I cried. "I shall love you all the days of my life if you will help me. It is for Grandmother's sake. She is a You will break that silly vow great lady. You will break that silly vow for me?" There was running through both us a current of something swift and compelling. I could not have told, then, just what it was, but I felt that it was favorable to me and that was enough. "Paul you are going to tell me!" I exclaimed.

HE HAD felt that swift under-current even as I felt it and he seemed to be making a struggle to free himself from it. He tried to turn the conversation, to get the ards out of my mind. As if anygame of

thing could have done that!

"Come with me, Mary," he said.

We crossed the hall, he opened a door, and we stepped into a room dark except for the moonlight that streamed in through the wide windows. There was statuary about. The implements of work were all around. It was the studio of a sculptor.

At the far end of the room stood a great table, and on it was the head of a woman done in plaster. As though Paul de Cartier wanted to reproach me, he led me toward it. I saw a beautiful woman, no longer girlish, but with a settled loveliness, the calm, sweet face of a woman who has loved

one man, who still loves him and is living her life with him in happiness, serene and ecstatic. A shaft of moonlight came in window and rested on that face. Paul touched it. "Do you recognize yourself, it. "Do you recognize yourself, It is you, as you will look some Mary? day. As I once dreamed that you would look. I modelled it that night of our first neeting.

He said no more, and I, who ought to have felt the reproach of that pure face, only seized it as a weapon. gave me something to work with. I felt that I could manage him, if he had loved me enough to make that head of me. I spoke swiftly, heartlessly. "You really do like me! And heartlessly. "You really do like me! And you will tell me the cards! I will pay you back, Monsieur de Cartier in money or in any other way you wish!" It was a girl's toolish, excited speech, but he flamed to it; Do you mean that, Mademoiselle?

"Why, yes!" I was an innocent young girl. I was promising everything—but to me it seemed nothing! I went on talking recklessly, as a young girl will. "Of course I mean it, in any way you wish."

But first I must tell you the secret of the

"Oh, certainly! That comes first!" I laughed hysterically. Every nerve in my body was quivering; and, in my over-wrought condition, I forgot that Paul de Cartier was a new-found friend. I forgot that I was among people of a different blood. Perhaps it was that natural affinity between us, that feeling I had for him, that made me forget. My next words were all American, coaxingly so; "Do be a dear and sat facing him. "You don't know how nice I'll be to you." I had taken off my cloak and

You are tempting me, Mademoiselle." I leaned toward him in my evening gown, sheer as a web, and I determined to charm him as a girl knows how to charm a man. I was young and innocent. But, at that moment, I felt coursing through my veins the daring, the nerve, of the practiced vam-I leaned back my head letting him ne long line of my throat. "Tell me!" see the long line of my throat.

His hand touched the lamp. Instantly a bright light flowed around me, framing me in an arc of vivid glow. I sat motionless, my head thrown back, letting that bright light play upon me with its alluring heights and shadows. "Very tempting, Mademoiselle." he said.

"I knew you couldn't refuse! Conwon't you? Take me to the Casino," begged. And I bent towards him again. begged.

Don't!" he protested.

I was so desperate that I did not stop to think what he meant, what my actions must have said to him, an experienced man. "I'll do anything in the world," I promised.
"You are very lovely," he whispered as though his breath came with difficulty.

I stepped back out of the light of the lamp. He followed me. I felt his arms around me. They woke me to a sense of the moment. I drew away. "And I thought that Frenchmen were chivalrous," I reproached him.

"It isn't a lack of chivalry but a man can stand only just so much and you are very

tempting.

STOOD off from him. "And yet, when I tell you that I will love you, in return for just one miserable little card secret that I'll give you this?" I pressed both hands I pressed both hands to my lips, and held them toward him in swift surrender. "When I tell you—"

His face turned red. Girlishly innocent though I was, I saw that his feeling toward me had changed. I was playing upon an unaccustomed instrument, a man's emotions, and I had brought out something which I did not, myself, understand.

A clock chimed two. "We shall be in

time tonight if you will tell me. The

does not close for hours yet.' Casino "I will do it for you!" he surrendered suddenly, but he looked at me, so queerly and appraisingly it sent a chill through me.

As we started out he said: "I want you to understand that I am breaking this vow you! It is the vow which the de Cartier's have held sacred for centuries. am under oath to tell it only to my bride on our wedding night."

"It is so kind of you," I said.
"You can see how highly I value your favors, Mademoiselle, when I tell you the stake is sufficient. I confess that no woman has ever been so much to me before. I am going to prove to you what you are to

And even then I was so inexperienced did not grasp the truth. What had I promised him? At the door of the Casino Henri was waiting for us. Paul passed him without a look, but it maddened me to think he stood there expecting us. suddenly, from the look on Henri's face I

WE MADE our way through the rooms to the card table. And my heart which had never once stopped that wild convulsive beating, since I entered Paul de Cartier's house, went cold. I realized that I had put a price upon my love, a girl's greatest gift, and that I had bought him—the man I loved! That was why there had been that subtle change in his manner.

In the Casino everybody knew him, and the story of why he never played was com-When they saw him approach mon gossip. the table, a buzzing ran around the room. Even the players paused. A crowd soon Paul stood behind me. They gathered. were playing an old French card game and the onlooker was privileged to advise. The master of the house looked at me. "I will take a card," I said, though I scarcely knew my own voice

Paul bent and said in a low voice. "Take a five!

I selected a five and turning it over. I wrote my wager upon it. "One thousand dollars." The master, used to American dollars." recklessness, nevertheless lifted his eyes. Paul motioned that he would be responsible for me, if I lost. I waited for the cards. A five came up! I had won. The master the house settled with me at once, according to custom. I put the money in bag. The spectators stood openmv mouthed.

Paul bent to me again. "Take a nine!" Again the master turned up the cards. My nine won! Now for the third card. I was doubling and redoubling my wager.
Again Paul whispered to me. "A King!"

I put all I had won on the King. A King came up! 1 had master dealt. won and a fortune lay in my lap. More bills than my little hand bag would hold. I walked through the rooms my hands stuffed with bills. Paul was ahead of me! hands At the door Henri stopped us. According to French law a winner can not leave the Casino until he has paid his gambling debts. Henri was smiling and holding out his hand. It enraged me that Paul should see him. I thrust a handful of bank notes in his open Henri bowed low to Paul and disappeared.

Outside Paul turned toward his house. "This is the way, Mademoiselle. You forget!" For I had made a move to go the other way. He took my arm tightly. "So Henri is another of your sweethearts!"
"No!" I tried to explain. "I never had a sweetheart."

"It does not matter. We Frenchmen have different point of view. With us it is a distinct triumph to win a lady who belongs to another." He was sarcastic. He had not known about Henri and he felt that I had cheated him. There was something in his cheated him.



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manner that told me. I realized fully what I had promised, and he meant to make me pay. "You American girls are clever." I sobbed inwardly but could not answer.

We reached his house. The halls were brilliantly lighted as for a guest. We went The lights in the studio were upstairs. The lights in the studio were burning. "You are turning the wrong way, Mademoiselle," I heard him say. But I stumbled on into the studio. I switched off the lights. I wanted darkness in which to I went swiftly down the room to the table on which stood that head he had made of me. He had loved me then. think that Paul de Cartier whom He had loved me then. And to idealized could terrify me now. He followed A ray of moonlight touched that head. Perhaps it was that look, all sweetness and innocence that gave me courage to speak to him as I did.

I WILL keep my word, Monsieur de Cartier and pay my gambling debt, but first, there is something I must say to you. I am not as you think Monsieur de Cartier. I am an innocent girl. I am sorry for what I did tonight. I would give my life to undo it.'

"It is too late, now." He spoke with a warmth that frightened me more than brutality

"It can't be too late! all the money you won for me! It would all the money you won for me! It would all the money you won for me! It would all the money you won for me! It would all the money you won for me! It would all the money you won for me! It would all the money you won for me! It would all the money you won for me! It would all the money you won for me! It would all the money you won for me! It would all the money you won for me! It would all the money you won for me! It would all the money you won for me! It would all the money you won for me! It would all the money you won for me! It would all the money you won for me! It would not me! It would all the money you won for me! It would not me! It would 'It can't be too late! Let me give you See what I would gladly do From his table I picked up a splendid dagger with gleaming blades. "Look, I would willingly plunge it in my heart."

He took my hand and made me lay the on the table. "I don't understand dagger you, Mary. Am I so terrible as all that?' There was uncertainty, sorrow and something puzzled in his voice. "I did not know that I was so repulsive to you."

Between us, standing there, the atmosphere had changed. That fire had died down in him, and I was offering him pity and sorrow in place of it. "Come, come he said. "this is nonsense! You offered to pay me if I would help you. And the time has come."
"It isn't that!" I could go no further.

Endurance had gone its limit. I sank down in the big chair in front of the table and began to cry.

'Isn't what?" he asked. I felt his hand

on my shoulder.

I seized his arm. The old spell was upon But now it brought despair. "Oh it isn't that! It is the thought of I've lost in you. You loved me, or what I've lost in you. You loved me, or you couldn't have made that statue of me. You couldn't have made me look like that, ideal of me. I've made myself common and made you think I'm common! And all for money! Let me give it back! and now, I've spoiled it all. I've killed your go! But before I go tell me just once, tell me that you believe in me—that I have not wholly shattered that ideal." I pointed to that sweetly serene and innocent head. "I'm like that, Paul. Tell me you do believe

"What about Henri? I saw you go to him and give him money. In Europe these things have a meaning." He was trying to read my face.

Someone was knocking at the door. Paul's hand turned the light on. Henri stepped into the room

They moved away from me but I heard every word. Henri said, "I came here to tell you about Mademoiselle, Paul. You money change hands between us to-SAW night.

'We need not discuss it."

"I knew you were angry Paul, and I came to explain. It is only fair to her. There never was anything between us. I lent her money. She paid it. I tried to lent her money. make her mine-I admit it, but I failed!"

He was counting out a sum of money. gave me too much, poor girl, she was so frightened! Please return this to her. I felt sorry for her when I saw her face when she saw that you were angry at her. telling you this, Paul, because you must love her or vou wouldn't have told her about the Three Cards. I know the penalty you've got to pay for telling. There's nothing to prevent you from loving her, Paul." left abruptly.

I went straight to Paul. I was not afraid now. "Oh Paul, you know that I was speaking the truth! I was foolish but that was all! Can't we go on just as we were before tonight? What has happened to What has happened to

change it so?

Paul drew me to him. "Before I let you go, Mary, we must say good-by! I broke my oath and I must pay. It seems foolish to you, but every Frenchman understands. I must live all my days in poverty for my broken oath. I must sell this house, all these things.

"You must have loved me Paul-to give with me? Did you love me enough for that, Paul?"

"Yes, enough for that. I loved you every minute since I first saw you, until I doubted you and deep love seemed impossible."

"But you love me now?"
"Yes Mary."

"Don't you love me enough Paul to let

me share your poverty with you?"
He shook his head. "You forget, Mary. that my title would be worth nothing at all if I were poor."

Why, I did not know you Your title!

had a title. Paul."

"Surely, Mary, you must know that I am Prince Paul de Cartier!"

The blood rushed to my face. The title was the proudest in France. And I had never dreamed that Paul was the de Cartier. And I had "Oh, you could never love a plain girl like

"Mary!" The old spell surged up in us

both. I crept close to him feeling that I could rest there forever. "I have found the girl I love, the girl I am going to make my

I knew that Paul de Cartier was asking me to marry him. "And you will let me share your poverty and never regret it." I asked.

He held me closer. "You forget Mary, that I can tell the secret to my bride. I shall forfeit nothing if you love me, Mary."
I was trying to tell him how much I

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loved him and failing utterly.

"I am going to take you home now, Mary." He put on my cape. I felt weak and helpless. As we went down the great staircase, his arm around me. I knew that would never leave him again.

IN THE street I said: "But everybody will know the secret of the Three Cards,

"No! The combination is different for each night in the year. I will tell it to you, Mary.

Well, of course, he had to come to see Grandmother next day. That is the French way—a call with much ceremony. He came by appointment at four in the Palm Garden. And, when his card was brought to Grandmother-

Prince Paul de Cartier she nearly swooned. I had not prepared her; and it took a deal of talking, but

persuasiveness won, and we were married right away. I am the Princess de Cartier now, and

when you read that the Prince and Princess de Cartier are visiting in Beekman Place you can think of me.

I'm not advising other girls to gamble, but I'm telling the story of how I gambled

and won!

# Was I Justified in Breaking the Tenth Commandment?

[Continued from page 53]

ince I came into the house that evening. I asked her what she was doing now.

"I haven't been able to get a job since my " she said

I told her how sorry I had been to hear she was ill.

"I nearly died!" she said in a funny sad

That was my first definite clue to their unhappiness. Johnstone, when he told me of his wife's illness, hadn't given me the impression that it was as grave as all that He hadn't seemed in the least worried about I wondered whether he cared for her. and yet it seemed impossible to me that he could help caring for anyone so young and pretty and "alive."

SHE told me that she found life very slow and dull when she was out of work. "It is so difficult to get back, you see. I had to throw up my part to go into the nursing home. Maurice is very busy these days. He often doesn't get home until midnight and I find it awfully lonely here!"

I asked her if she would care to come one night to the theater with me, "if her husband didn't mind." She asked him if she might go and he gave his consent in the most off-hand manner in the world. I left them that night with the feeling that I had been witness of some sort of a domestic tragedy, though exactly what I could not The signs of it were so intangible. One isn't much of a psychologist at twenty-one.

The next week Toni and I went together

to Irving Berlin's Music Box Revue at the Palace. Most of my salary went on a couple of stalls. My companion was like a creature freed, laughing and talking and watching the revue with shining eyes

I fell in love with her that evening.

As I drove her home I cursed Fate for having made her another man's wife and so put her right out of my reach.

That was the first of many evenings together, at the theater, dancing at the Savoy, going to the movies. Johnstone didn't seem to mind, and I didn't feel in the least guilty for taking his wife away for an evening when I discovered that the reason why he never came home to her was that he was off dining and drinking with friends. Ours was just a gay companionship. I put all thoughts of loving her in the background I put all I never dreamed for a moment that perhaps she might care for me.

Then came the evening which was to change the whole aspect of our friendship and involve us in a real maelstrom of con-flicting emotions. We were driving home flicting emotions. from a particularly jolly party when suddenly in the dark of our taxicab I felt Toni grip my hand. She held it tightly for a moment and then, unaccountably, burst into tears, the sort of tears I'd never seen before in a woman. I ordered the chauffeur to drive on round the Park for a while, and I did my best to talm her, asking her what was wrong, why she had broken down that way when she seemed so happy.

On that drive she told me a saga of unhappiness that stunned and bewildered I had always imagined that married unhappiness consisted in physical violence or unfaithfulness. I had no idea of those hundred and one little neglects and failures to understand which can go to make a living hell of marriage. In her stumbling words I read the story of her life with Johnstone, the story which I had dimly suspected and tried hard not to believe in. I

d

realized how hopelessly unsuited they were to each other, what a wide gulf separated them.

Toni was a gay creature, hungry for companionship. She had been on the stage since she was ten years old, enjoyed succe and, with it, that Bohemian equality with men which is part and parcel of theatrical She wasn't in the least domesticated -not that she was wilfully bad at looking after a home, but she hadn't been trained that way—it wasn't in her errant, happy-go-lucky nature. She wanted understanding. She wasn't by any manner of means an easy character, too talented to be placid, too generous and impulsive to be content with half a love or half a companionship.

Johnstone wasn't a good psychologist. His nature wasn't pliable never would be. enough. He hadn't given his wife the com-radeship she wanted. He considered the care of their home quite sufficient to fill her life and keep her occupied. He went his own his neglect hurt her more than way, and physical violence could ever have done.

It was just another case of ill-adjustment. Neither was a perfect partner to the other. They didn't actively dislike each other indeed underneath the unhappiness their love still glowed, an ember never quite extinct. But it would never burn again as in the early days of their marriage. Tempera-mentally they were poles apart. Neither could give what the other needed. gulf between them could never be bridged.

And she was in love with me! My first feeling when she told me this as our cab jogged along under the stars was one of "funk." Not that it didn't make me wonderfully, deliriously happy to have won her love, but I was scared, too. A poor sort of lover, you may say, not to have the courage of his love! But since I am in all honesty telling the whole story of the problem I had to face, I must admit that I was scared. Not of her husband or anything he could or would do to me but of the bigness of the thing that had cropped up in my life. was so ill-prepared to face anything like that. Heredity and upbringing are strong influences, and I had never remotely asmyself with such a situationlove with another man's wife, she in love with me, the husband an acquaintance of mine. In spite of a complex foreign ancestry I was very English in my up-bringing. I had the English fear of "divorce-court business

IT WAS a big thing for me to have to face and I was scared of it. My heart told me 'Take her away from unhappiness!"-but I could not bring myself to do it. I wasn't sure that I could make her any happier, that even knew her, though I had seen a great eal of her for several months. This woman deal of her for several months. This woman whom I loved and who loved me-a marvelous and overwhelming thing that seemed was quite another person from the comof our theater parties. time to think.

I calmed her and drove her home. her that we must take time to think what we should do. As I walked on my way through the empty streets, I felt as though I had a thousand pound weight on my shoulders, something that I was glad to be carrying but, oh, so terribly heavy!

When next day I saw Johnstone at the

office, so neat and cool and unruffled, I began to wonder whether I had dreamed the whole thing. For many days, during which I kept away from Toni, I fought the problem out



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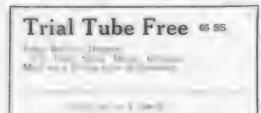
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# How I Get Pretty Teeth

By Edna Wallace Hopper





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What should I do? What with myself. had I the right to do? Could I make her happy? Had I the right to take her from the comparative comfort of Johnstone's home to embark upon my uncertain way of life? Should I do better to go to him and try to make clear to him the reason for her unhappiness and the remedy for it? Nights were sleepless for me that July.

As it happened my mind was made up for me. Johnstone and his wife went away on their summer vacation. I had to stay on in town, working. While they were at the town, working. sea-side I wrote several times to Toni, carefully keeping off the subject of our mutual affairs. One morning on my table at the office I found two letters waiting for me, one from Toni saving that her husband and she were not hitting it off and that she was very unhappy without me, the other from Johnstone in which, in so many cold words he accused me of fooling about with his wife and threatened, if I ever saw her again, to give me what he called "the thrashing I so richly deserved!" I was not to be flattered, he added, by the fact that his wife seemed to care for me, "for Toni would flirt with an errand boy if she had the chance!"

I had been too young for the War, and had had no experience of what is called "see-ing red." But I "saw red" then, as I read But I "saw red" then, as I read and reread the letter with its bitterly unjust and contemptuous estimation of the woman I loved. I sat all morning at my desk, a prey to hopeless and overpowering anger.

I WAS still there when the clerk put a long distance telephone call through to me. It was Toni. Her voice along the wire, for all its faintness, told me that she was in tears. Johnstone had discovered one of my letters to her, created a terrible scene and, finally, taken a bamboo stick and thrashed her. He had locked her in the bedroom of their cottage but she had managed to climb down through the window and get away to the nearest railway station. What was she to do? I told her to come up to town by the next train, that I would meet her and that she was never again to go back to Johnstone. When I saw the pleading in her eves, and, later, helped to bandage the horrible bruises on her. I knew that I had done right, that we belonged to each other and, whatever the future, we would always

That was the first part of our story, the hardest perhaps for me, for during it I had been at odds with myself, and afterwards I at odds with the world. Toni

and I took a flat together. Her bruises, physical and mental, began to heal. We were magnificently happy at belonging at last to each other. She wrote to her husband, giving him certain facts, and asking for a divorce. We did not realize then that nearly two years would have to pass before we should be free to marry

Johnstone refused to divorce her. He had Johnstone relused to divorce her. It innately a sense of property and wasn't going to let go of anyone who belonged to him. He had us in the hollow of his hand. It was his revenge on me for "stealing" his wife. The winter passed and still we "lived wife. The winter passed and still we "lived together," happy in each other but not so happy in our relation to the rest of the world. We had flown in the face of opinion and must be prepared to face the consequences. I had told my friends what I proposed to do and relied on their friendship to see us through. Many of them stood the test, backed us up in all we did, came to visit us and invited us to visit them. Others were not so loyal. It hurt me, especially, to lose my friends because so much of my life has always been in my friend-ships. It was a hateful time, always to know ourselves watched, criticized, disapproved of and avoided. We were asked to leave our flat because the landlord had discovered that we were not married.

In the following February we went abroad, to the Island of Porquerolles near Toulon, set in the blue sea five miles out from the Cote d'Azur. Here we had the sun and friendship of people to whom our troubles were unknown, and I had time and peace of mind to write "The Taste of Honey," my first serious novel which, as it happened, was to lift us above the comparative poverty which hitherto had been the least of our trials. With the summer we were back in England and at the end of the year, eighteen months after our coming together, we heard with joy and relief that Johnstone had decided to give his wife her freedom. The petitions of divorce were served upon us-Johnstone v. Johnstone and Maschwitz documents which described what we had done in such grimly archaic terms that we might well have been scared away from each other. But they were the vouchers of our freedom. In May, 1925, the judge pronounced a decree nisi. On the 16th of November, 1925, that decree was made absolute. We were free to marry, and did.

A long three years it had been and a hard

one. One thing at least we have learned from the world's persecution—to rely on each other for our happiness, to make a world of our own. Has it been worth it? Yes, a thousand times, yes!

# When Is Naughty?

[Continued from page 51]

me. Heywood yelled at Randy to get back in, and park the car somewhere else, but Randy walked off saying he was through driving cheap cars. Marie, and the other couples were also starting toward the roadhouse. Hey turned to me.

"It's always up to the fellow with the car to do the work. These birds joy ride off vour gas. No worry. Flat tire? They stand 'round tell you how to change it. Well, we'll get the old Pullman out of the Some boiled owl's liable to come way. chariot racing up this drive-

The next moment a ball of green shot by within six inches of Hey's car. It came to a sudden stop to the tune of scraping tires, and high pitched laughter.

Hey opened the car door, and stood waiting for me. There was, I thought, a searchling sort of look in his black eyes. Instinc-

amber glow in the rear, and music drifted to tively I felt that he was watching me to see if I was going to show signs of backing out of the party. My old determination to prove I was not a "dud" came back. I held out my arms to him, saying:

"Your lil Ca'lina rebel craves being lifted into the front seat if we've got to move this old car!"

His arms were around me in a jiffy. He lifted as if I were a feather and carried me the three steps to the front door of the car. Before putting me down he kissed me, almost fiercely.

"These parties were getting me bored till today. You've been like a shot in the arm to me," he said, setting me down.

I smiled at him. It was Hey's way of saying I was giving him a thrill, but, most likely that was only because I was some-body new. I wished I was thrilling him for the same reason he made my heart beat

The queerest little pangy sort of faster. sensation stole into my heart and settled there as he started the car, and purred around to an empty parking space. He cut around to an empty parking space. He cut off the engine, and switched the lights out and sat motionless beside me for several seconds. Then as if moved by some swift Then, as if moved by some swift impulse, he took me in his arms.

'You don't really want to go into that place, honey. Just a lot of hooched-up wild folks carryin' on. I'll take you away. They'll never miss us. Listen, sweet lil rebel child, I just know you don't want to go in there. C'mon with me," he said, his

tones half pleading.

I BOLTED up in his arms, wondering what I could have done to make him think I didn't want to go into the place. had tried to show him that I wasn't going to back out. I'd asked him to carry me to the front seat. Surely a "dud" wouldn't have done that. She'd most likely have demanded that he take her right away from such a

"But, you're awfully wrong, Hey," I insisted, "I do want to go in there. I wouldn't think of going away, and leaving Marie and the crowd in there without me. Please, let's go in now, we may be missing something.

I reached for the door.

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The tonneau light went on without warning. Startled, I turned to Heywood West. There was a very pleased, almost triumphant sort of expression on his face. His eyes were glowing. I understood. He was glad that I hadn't turned out to be an old prude. He liked playing with me, making love to

me for the moment, and all of that:
"You're a lil southern sweetheart, Murrie.
Mind me calling you that? C'mon then, we'll go into the den of revelry, and show 'em a new Charleston step. We'll make one up on the floor. Gee! How I like to strut you 'round a dance floor." He snapped off the light, kissed me. and escorted me into

the inn.

As I took off my wrap in the check room, I felt that I had passed Hey's last test. was not a "dud."

was not a "dud."

When we went in a girl was doing the Charleston on a table, her apple green dress the crowd her beautiful knees. The crowd was stamping, clapping, and singing to the tune. I saw Marie and the crowd on the veranda with another party. Three of the veranda with another party. Three of men in her crew were shooting dice on Randy and his girl were standing a little apart making love to each other. They all saw us and shouted to come over. We did. and found that a Mrs. Carol of Sound Park had invited our whole gang over to her big place for a pajama breakfast party, and to stay over Sunday for swimming. She promised to outfit us all in lounging dress, and bathing suits. Hey and I looked at each other, and our eves tattled about our feelings. We were both glad over the idea of being together that much longer.

C'mon, honey, let's show 'em a step," cried, whirling me away in his arms. We Charlestoned like mad and I was out of breath when we finished. Several of the boys in our crowd tried to break but, Hey scowled them away, saving I was his "lil rebel prisoner". From that time on, Hey's love-making became more and more intense

Strangely enough, or perhaps, I should say naturally enough, the more he made love to me the more sharp became the ache in my I wanted Hey's love-making to be the real thing, not the passing romance of night or day. He was my dream man in spite of his apparent streak of wildness.

Finally, when our crowd was speeding through the dawn to Mrs. Carol's for the pajama breakfast party, my heart ached so I was just acting before the others. I was miserable, not happy. I loved Heywood and vet, I knew that all I was to him was another pretty girl who was not a "dud."

Mrs. Carol gave me the most adorable pair of dawn shade pajamas. They were all trimmed in laces, rosebuds, and ribbons Really something of a costume that might have been worn at a fancy dress ball. Everybody was talking, dressing, and undressing at once as I stole out of the room, and slipped out on an upper veranda.

The summer sun was just peeping above the eastern hills. Birds were waking, and singing all about me. The freshness, and the beauty of the morning lifted me far away from everything that had happened since I arrived in New York, everything except my meeting with Heywood West, and my falling in love with him. A feeling of yearning swept over me, and I stretched my arms out to the dawn, and closed my eyes.

But swift steps behind me made me open them. Before I could turn, Hey's arms were around me holding me fast as he step-ped around in front of me. We stood looking into each other's eyes a long time. It was Heywood who broke the spell:

Back there in the car after you refused sweetheart.' I meant it then because your refusal told me what I really wanted to know before I dared let myself go over you!"

What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Listen, honey child, I asked you to go away with me, alone, because I wanted to be with just you, and I was fool enough to think you wanted to be with me, alone. But, you know what you said. You said no, you wouldn't think of leaving Marie, and the crowd. That told me the truth about you, Murrie. You're naughty but nice!"
"So that's the kind of man you are!" I

cut in. I was angry that he was only admitting his love for me after convincing himself I was what he secretly considered a "nice" girl. It didn't make any difference then that he was mistaken about my motives in not going with him alone. I'd refused only to show I was good sport enough to go in the road-house.

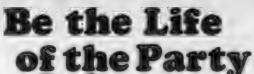
"What do you mean?" he asked, plainly taken back.

"I mean that your kind make me sick. You run around flirting, and petting with every girl you meet, and yet when you find a you want to really love, you demand that she be what you consider a 'nice' girl! You even try all kinds of ruses and tricks to find out the truth about her. Oh! I hate I cried, and ran into the house.

Of course, I didn't really hate him. I was actually crazy about him, but I hated the type he stood for. A man who thought it perfectly all right for him to step out with irls but who drew sharp lines for the girl he wanted to marry.

AVOIDED Hey all the rest of the day. paying attention to a chap who was a week-end guest in the place. I went swimming with him. Stayed near him at dinner, did everything possible in the way of petting him before the others to make Hey realize that I stepped on the gas as much as he ever did. Out of the corner of my eve I realized he was watching everything I and a hope swelled in my heart. If he came to me after seeing the way I acted with Radnor Chandler then, maybe. I'd let him know the real truth in my heart.

That night we were thrown together when we started back to town. He drove on in a forced silence for a long time, then finally burst out with: "Say, Murrie, you sure were hitting it up with that Chandler bird all day. Never saw such 'hot mama' stuff before. But I don't give a hoot, Murrie! I'm honest Injun crazy about vou, no matter what you do. You're the girl. That's the answer to do. You're the girl. That's the answer to everything, Murrie. I loved you the minute I saw you. I'll give you plenty of time to see that I'm telling the truth. Please can't you do something about it?" he begged





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leaning close to me so the others couldn't

That was all I wanted to know. West realized he loved me regardless of any-He'd thrown away thing and everything. the vard stick by which he expected to measure the girl he intended marrying.

"Can you drive with one hand, Hey?" I asked, smiling at him

His right arm was around me in a flash

"You nice, naughty lil rebel sweetheart," he whispered, kissing me.

"Look out for that tree!" shouted Marie from the rear seat.

Hey looked up, and pulled the big machine over. "I could hit a grove of trees. and never know it." he laughed.

"Ye Gods." exclaimed Marie, "I feel another wedding present coming on."

 $I^{S}$  THE hand that rocks the cradle the hand that rules the world? Is a woman always the power behind the throne? Does a man's ambition keep pace with his love? When you read in May SMART SET the inside story of how one "Big Lenguer" made good you will begin to think that even baseball is a woman's game.

## Must a Girl Use Her Sex in Business?

[Continued from page 28]

on my part, and in a vain attempt to keep his mind off the all-important-sub ject-to-man—sex. Fifteen minutes of grace was the most I could anticipate. Then the

hunt would begin.
Imperceptibly, I would move away.
Another fifteen minutes would pass before I was finally trapped in the corner next to window, with no more space to go. Finally, one hand would be captured, gloved A good ten minutes passed while he tried to slip off the glove. At last, just as the car drove up in front of my office, Mr. Jones's fumbling would show results; the button would be unfastened, and my glove would be off. A soft, pudgy squeeze of my hand, and the drive was over.

HAD won. I had played his game. Instead of drawing back and being insulted, I had given him what he wanted. I had been feminine. I had let him smile and I had smiled back at him. Had I not he would never have stopped to find out whether I a good business woman or not. "hide-and-go-seek" for my hand gave me the opportunity of getting a business idea over to him once in a while. As a result, he talked to other business men about me, telling them what a "clever girl" I was.

I wanted a job several months ago that only he could get for me. I telephoned him to make an appointment. Eight-thirty in the evening was the time set. Most of his work is done in the afternoon and evening, so there was nothing unusual in the late appointment. I was taken to his private office. The door was closed, gently. He shook hands very cordially. I told him what I wanted. He reached to the phone, gave a number, and in five minutes it was The door was closed, gently. He hands very cordially. I told him all settled. The man whom I had wanted to see would come to Mr. Jones's office in an hour.

Very sweetly I suggested waiting downstairs in the reception room, since Mr. Jones undoubtedly had important work to attend

"The work can wait," he answered, "It isn't every day I have the pleasure of talking to vou." As he said it, he reached over and let his hand rest on my knee, casting admiring glances meanwhile at my legs.
"Do you have a cigarette?" I asked. He

Both hands were necessary in locating it and lighting it

You work so hard, Mr. Jones," I said, trying to divert his mind from the all-im-portant matter of sex by flattery. It was It was successful for ten minutes, while he told me how extremely hard he did work and what a power he was in the business world.
"But I get lonely and stale," he mur-

mured, "with nothing but work. It is so nice to have you, with all your charm and vivacity here," and his hand came bounding

over again to rest on my knee "Oh, I'm so sorry," I exclai I didn't burn vou." I exclaimed, "I hope

"It is nothing," he answered, brushing the

ashes of my cigarette from his hand.
"It was so stupid of me," I apologized,
"but I was so interested in what you were iving, I forgot to knock off the ashes. Won't you show me, please, the other offices on this floor?" I asked, getting up. "I understand that you have some charming prints.

He arose unwillingly. And there followed half hour of the most vigorous game of hide-and-seek I have ever indulged in. From one room to the other we went. Once my hat was knocked off. And once a kiss landed on my cheek.

Finally the chase led back to his office. I sat down. So did he. He leaned back in his chair and surveyed me silently for fully five minutes. I smiled back at him. And then he laughed, leaned over and shook my hand in a man to man grasp.

"You win." he said. "That's what I like about you. You play the game and you win every time. Sex appeal and brains are a combination that can't be beaten. You have You know what you're doing. brain works all the time. You size up every situation and you keep your hands right on the reins. But you cover your brains with enough physical allure to fool the man every time until vou have got what you want. You know our weaknesses and you have brains enough to capitalize on them. More power to you.'

And we sat quietly and talked until the man we were waiting for had come. interested in Mr. Jones's reaction, for I felt

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summed up the situation extremely well. Most men are not as good sports about as he was. Perhaps they are honestly it as he was. unconscious of the effect a leminine presence has on them. It is hard to see ourselves as others see us even when we try to.

I have a friend, the type of girl, who, on the surface, would never impress the ob-server as resorting to the use of sex in busi-ness. She confided to me the other day that her employer, who, incidentally, is very gruff and growls perpetually about women in business, has a weakness for blue. Consequently, whenever she has done anything that warrants a reprimand, she wears blue, and no matter how serious the error may be, her employer acts as if she has conferred a great personal favor upon him by appearing in the office.

I once had an employer who had days when he was in royal humor; others when he

was so irritable that nothing I did pleased Finally, I traced it to low-heeled I found that whenever I wore highshoes. heeled pumps and chiffon stockings, preferably flesh, his humor was always good so far as I, at least, was concerned

Another employer objected to high-collared irts and neckties on women. The sight shirts and neckties on women. The sight of me coming into the office in a tailored suit and a high-collared shirt was enough to throw him into a tantrum. So i office I was always decidedly feminine.

Why you girls want to change your sex, more than I can understand," he once is more said, "I like womanly women, none of this half masculine stuff."

In other words, he wanted to have girls, nice feminine girls, in his office.

In one office, where I was the only girl, e employer spent most of his time

grumbling about girls in business.

"Girls demoralize the office," he said to me. "I am never going to employ any Why. the very minute you come more. in, the whole atmosphere of the office changes. The men can't keep their minds on their work. They all stop, look at you, and in a few minutes they are flocking vour desk.

"Which goes to prove," I replied, "that men are waiting hopefully for distraction."
"Rot." he rejoined. "It proves that women don't belong in business offices."

Yet, he was the same employer, who day

after day, would come over to me and comment on my clothes. If I wore a dress with-out feminine frills, he was the first to criticize. It annoyed me, for I was really interested in my work and wanted to do it. didn't want to have my mind distracted all the time by having attention called to my clothes. Finally, in desperation, I said:

'Why in Heaven's name all this fuss about what I wear? I am here in the office to If you want me to be a clothes horse tell me so and raise my salary. We might inaugurate serving tea in the office and I'll be garbed appropriately in soft, clinging feminine tea gowns.

He had a grouch for a week, but he got over it, and so did I. Once more I started in to use my sex and all went smoothly. It was a mistake on my part to have forgotten even for a moment to play the game, and it is a mistake I have never made since.

We can't change the existing order. I tried, and tried hard for years. It is sex men want, and it is sex we must give them. And we, the "weaker sex," are winning. When a lot of us have won and women are in the majority as employers, then it will be an entirely different matter.

We'll have to subjugate our sex then, in deference to the charms of the "boss." And after all, no matter how much we may protest about having to use our sex in man's business world, it may be harder not to be able to use it in woman's business world.

DO YOU carry love insurance? Are you protecting your marriage against disaster? Elinor Glyn, famous as the author of "It" and "Three Weeks" and the greatest living authority on love, has written an article in May SMART SET which may help you prospective June brides to escape the divorce epidemic by being cautious in choosing a "Second Hand Husband". The same thing goes for wives.

## Sinners

[Continued from page 25]

were they; and only her sauntering walk betrayed her intent.

We stopped simultaneously close to each other, and I said: "Good evening," in a dull other, and I said: "Good evening, in a dun voice, "will you have some supper? . . ." She waited, with a ghostly smile on her face, and I added—"And—can you—stay out?" She nodded. So we went into the Monico, and sat down to food which neither of us ate.

I took a sitting room and bedroom at the Silversign Hotel. The rooms opened into each other. I ordered fires lighted. About ten-

thirty we were alone.

Shivering with a nausea of all life, I threw myself into an armchair by the sitting room fire. My mind was full of Jack. I could not get Jack out of it. The girl took off her hat and sat down by the table on a straight chair, her chin on her hands; and stared at me, trying to fathom me. At last the intent gaze drew me, and turning my head. I met her desolate and fearful look. It roused me to the consciousness of other sorrows in the world save my own; other hearts breaking; other souls groping in darkness with no gleam of light.

"Come and sit near the fire." I said, and 1 heard my voice quiet and friendly.

The girl shook her head, squeezing her cupped fingers into her cheeks till her wan face was streaked red with the grip. seemed to sit there with bated breath. "Yes, come over here," I repeated,

"Yes, come over here," I repeated, "and tell me; what's your trouble?"

I suppose she found the unearthly quiet about me that calmed her. So she came over to the fire and sat opposite to me. I noticed her passing the tip of her tongue over her lips; and her knees were shaking. "Don't be afraid of me," I said, "I won't touch you; don't want to. Couldn't."

She brushed her hands over her face as if what I said dazed her. She drew a long

breath; and smiled.
"Poor girl," I said; and resumed my staring into the fire, for I had caught sight of Jack's face there, little and white in the

up-growing flame.

Presently I heard her voice far away;
"But—but what I—I want to do I—I must
do, I must do it. I've screwed myself up shirking's no good."

"Tell me your roused once more.

"You have a trouble of your own?" said

the girl.

"Yes," I said, slowly. "My wife wants to get rid of me; and I—I concur so heartily that—well, here I am." I tried to indicate the situation with a gesture. "There's one thing I haven't been square about to you; but I-meant to talk it over here-andand come to some arrangement that would make it worth your while—only you don't seem quite what I expected. The fact is The fact is that—that the evidence of detectives is pretty useful, you know, in these cases, and evidence, I am afraid, will be taken to-morrow morning. Do you mind that more than-than anything else?"

She shook her head.

"I'm in the same boat," she volunteered.

"How?" I asked.

"My husband," she said steadily, "will divorce me if I give him cause. It's my only hope.

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I sat back again shading my eyes with my hand. My eves were tired.
"You're sure you—you've considered it

all-thrashed it out?'

'Yes." said the girl.

Silence wrapped us for a while; then I said

"I took two rooms, meaning to stay in the as long as—as possible. You'll go to here as long as-as possible. bed if you want to, won't you?" I indicated the other room.

"Can I stay too, and talk?" she asked and added, "I'm frightened, somehow," She clenched her teeth to stop them chattering.

You can stay for awhile. Talk if you c. Talk if it helps. And—and don't worry. A night—what is it? A few hours. They soon pass."

I put my hand again over my tired eyes. Tears seemed to come into them very easily. I beat them back and they came again. rose and turned off the lights. was only the fire, and if I sat back my face was in shadow.

WAS conscious by and by of the girl talking in a queer little firelight voice.
"Marriage is a queer thing," she was

she was saying with broken pauses for thought-"I married when I was twenty; now I'm twenty-five. Five spoiled wasted years He never really cared; it was just passion; but I came from a respectable home and but I came from a respectable make the only way to approach me was by marriage. I was awfully well-guarded." She laughed very low and repeated: guarded.' But they let me go v guarded.' But they let me go without a thought or a word of advice as long as the end was a wedding ring. Well, I suppose parents can't help it, when there's. very little money and a largeish family

"But I do think girls ought to know more . . . I don't mean about men; but about marriage. About all the daily grinds and pitfalls and the little sneaking mean-

I heard the last words like a clarion call, and raising my head I broke in: "Yes, the sneaking meannesses that seem so impossible and yet aren't when a man or woman is goaded hard enough." "Why is it?" cried the girl, blindly. "Why

I sat clasping my hands between my knees, staring at the floor. "Because, my dear, marriage is about the only partnership two people go into blind, and which is considered still by many to be indissoluble. It is indissoluble, unless," I considered looking round briefly, "you do this. And two people who haven't the earthliest chance of finding out whether they're really suited psychologically and sexually take upon themselves this iron bond. They fasten themselves together. And then
—when they may find they aren't suited psychologically and sexually—why, there they are! And if they are two decent people there would be little bitterness about

that if they could say to each other, 'This has been a bad mistake,' and decently part.

"But they can't. When they have said, 'this has been a bad mistake,' they look around and there they still are, tied together. And they may try and try their best; but gradually as life goes on, and each is spoiling the other, they begin to hate. They can't help it. And hate drives them. In some moods, their self restraint goes, they must hurt each other. Each tries to stab the other, to drive the other into the wrong. Each tries to stab Each tries to maintain his or her place on the right side . . . till at last two quite decent people find themselves goaded into daily committing these cruelties; these weary atrocities of mind upon mind; these sneaking meannesses.

I know I was shaking my head, staring at the floor, as if seeing there the dark net of distorted anger, griefs, and injuries which filled my mind.
"It's because they can't get out."

The girl nodded. "I haven't any children." she said.

That made me grip my hands tighter upon

"I have no children either."
"My husband." she said. "didn't want them; wouldn't have them. I cried myself sick over that for three years or so. Then I was glad. It leaves me free to-to-do

"It will soon be over," I said, looking up quickly.

Perhaps," she added, "I shall have a chance of children yet. Another marriage

-who knows?" Her eves dreamed.
"There are many people," I said to her, "living in hidden depths of wretchedness, because they daren't do this; or because they can't do it, having no independence of pocket or circumstance. In many cases a home can only be kept together in unison Some men can't support two households so they stay together. In many cases a re-ligious woman imagines herself holier for keeping two people—one of them herself—insistently in 'hell. But we—well, here we are. We must consider ourselves lucky."

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As soon as these words were out of my mouth, something surged up in my heart; beyond my control, beyond all limits of human endurance. "We must consider ourhuman endurance. "We must consider our-selves lucky!" I cried urgently. Then I found myself on my knees, and I laid my head on the girl's lap.

"My little boy died two hours ago," I

sobbed.

For nearly an hour the girl held me there. Now and then she rocked me a little mater-nally. At last I pulled myself together, got

up, and walked about the room.
"I am sorry," I apologized. "You should have gone to bed; shouldn't have stayed here.

I'm sorry."
"Don't worry about me," she said pity-

She sat in silence, and I walked in silence, till a clock outside struck one.

She started and glanced at me. I saw in her mind a thought

"I'm watching the time," I reassured her. "A few minutes together—presently—will be enough. Leave it to me."

When I was very tired with pacing and thinking, more than an hour later, I dropped again into the armchair opposite her

To-morrow morning," said the girl, "I shall be a-a sort of outcast, I suppose.'

RECALLED that she came of a very respectable family.

"What will you do?" I asked.

"As soon as my husband has made—arrangements," she answered, "as soon as relief is certain; I shall go abroad.' "You have money?"

About money she was reticent, but at last

she confided.

"I have five hundred dollars. I shall have to live on it a little while, and get my passage. It will be enough. It is not his. I earned it. I have been-privately from recommendation-doing it at home-making trousseaux lingerie and things. The money is my own. I have been saving carefully for this for eighteen months."
"And he?" I enquired.

"He doesn't want me. That's over. He'll

be glad to-to-" "I repeat, we're lucky," I affirmed doggedly.

The girl smiled.
"Go to Australia," I said. "Scope for

women there. A beautiful country."
"That's an idea," said the girl thought-

"I say," I asked, "will some one stand by you? a sister; your mother? anyone?'

She smiled again.
"They are deeply religious people," she replied, as if apologizing for them. There was no bitterness about this girl; no re-There sentment; only a stoic acceptance of facts

they are; a sublime, unfaltering co trage. By and by," she asked, "do you think

world will be kinder?"
I don't know," I said. "I think so. It kinder now than it was fifty years ago.

I think that presently it will be much order. I think it has had too much law the wrong law. I think the old idea was: ive them some sort of law-any sort-but ... it hard.' But now the idea's growing:
... us the right law.' I do think," I said,
... there is mercy. But I think there is man is harder than on earth, for the law man is harder than the law of God." I do not expect mercy," said the girl.

I made up the falling fire, and we dropped are more into one of our silences. I aringed a cushion for the girl's head, but

e was not drowsy.

HE clock struck three, and she started again, glancing at me; and four, and she as plainly apprehensive.

I understood.

wish." I said, "that you had not this ng wait. It's the waiting that gets on keyed-up nerves. But hold on."

"I am holding on," she sighed.
"You trust me?" I said quickly.

She smiled in a way that left me doubtful hether she trusted me or not. In a dull ort of way I thought this hard. Yet I new, with a spark of admiration for her, that whether she trusted me or not, it would hake no difference to her dire resolve.

The clock outside struck five. It struck

"In three hours," I said to hearten her, we'll have cast the die. You don't have to
ee me again—ever. Though if there's any
vay in which I can help you—" she shook
er head—"I'd like to. In a few moments the law will knock off the chains which it put n. The world will be ours again. We hall be better people, don't you think? Kinder people? And wiser? . . . Have you ver judged anyone harshly for just what we are doing now?

"Many times," she whispered.
"And I," I said. "I have judged too. I was blind and deaf to all am ashamed. I was blind and deaf to but what I thought my own virtues. securely in the jolly sun, and often must I have helped carelessly to hunt other people into the shadows . . . but never igain."

'Never again," said the girl, "for we have

been there too

"Cold. isn't it?" I said. "And dark? And lonely?

'Lonely," whispered the girl, her lips trembling.

But we come out into the sun again on he other side," I said. "Courage!"

The clock struck seven

She put her head back like a little wild thing at bay and looked at me.
"There's one thing," I said, standing up.
Did you—did you—intending as you did, to-were you provided for the night?"

She intimated with a glance the little attaché case she had been carrying, and

which lav on the table.
"That is all right," I said, "because I think the law is better satisfied with a—a ertain effect of deliberation."

She nodded. She swallowed. Her lips looked drv. I remembered: she came of a

very respectable family, a deeply religious

Oh, my dear," I said, "I am so sorry." I turned away, leaving her to recover her oozing courage, and busied myself taking a suit of thin pajamas from my overcoat I threw the pajamas carelessly on pocket. the table as if it didn't matter; as if nothing

mattered. I wanted to help the girl.
"We should be prepared for visitors about eight," I said. "I think about eight. And I ordered tea for seven forty-five. The chambermaid

"Do you believe in God?" said the girl, "I shouldn't trouble to live through this if I didn't," I answered steadily.

"I must pray," she stammered. "It is a thing I always do . . . you think it silly . intantile?

shook my head.

"But you are a stranger," she said. "I am so lonely. I must have someone to hold my hand."

When she got up from her knees, she said: "Well, when I was a little girl I was brought up to be very religious; in a church; and a Sunday school; to think every curate a high priest from Heaven; to dogmatize; to bow to creeds made by narrow men; to think myself a good Christian for all this . . . I know now that such people have not the faintest idea of how

very, very kind God is.' She had gone into the inner room. I tried to hold myself together; not to break to pieces with my sickness of soul. I tried to think of something beautiful, for I was idealist in my way before I had to put ideals behind lock and key. Little, straight, beautiful Jack was the most splendid thing I could think of; Jack who died, still sin-less. "It's miraculous to die like that." I thought, "but oh, Jack! I could have helped vou to live! I would have shown you the truth, boy, in the daylight." Once more I began to ache horribly for the boy—and then, suddenly, a little movement sounded. I looked around. The girl stood in the doorway between the two rooms, crying as never in my life had I seen a woman cry before.

I started towards her.

'Don't worry, my dear," I urged gently. "Trust me. And remember: this is very, very small: it is only an hour or two out of all life."

HE tugs drew the big ship slowly out of the harbor. The sun shone. The wind was soft; it was warm; it was good. The ship was gay and proud in new paint, shining like a white bird. Overhead arched a blue, blue sky; under keel rippled the blue, blue waterway to new worlds. leaned over the rail of the promenade deck, and looked down at a horde in the steerage; I looked because a small lad's head down there reminded me of Jack's; and then looked again at the slight figure of a girl below, alone, aloof, withdrawn, that caught and held my eves. She raised a ghost. It and held my eves. She raised a ghost. It was my sad companion of six months ago. And all of those six months I had thought of her, longed for her. I had even searched for her, and at last had given up all hope of ever seeing her again. But I could not forget her; her brave, beautiful face; her lovely body and her courageous soul.

Now she was here-here in the same boat, but down in the steerage. Such a gulf separated us! It did not seem fair. But then, when we reached our destination we

would meet—on equal footing.

"Fool that you are," I cried to myself,

"Why wait? You may lose her again. It may be too late!'

So I went to find the captain-to ask him to perform a marriage at sea.

WOULDN'T it be easy to love a man who promised to free you from a living death? Of course it would, but if that same man broke his promise and betrayed you to the very person who had enslaved you, could you still love him? Well, love is a funny thing and I'll tell you in May SMART SET what happened when "Life Double-Crossed Me."



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# Prize Winning Letters

[Continued from page 14]

Miss LaVernia, and asked what I could do

She then asked me if I knew that Jerry was married. I did not know what to say. but I told her how Jerry had made love to me, and how he said he could not live without me, as he loved me so, and that we had planned to get married.

She then told me that she was Jerry's wife and that they had a little boy and that she wished I would give him up for the boy's sake. I told her that I would and that I was sorry that I had caused her

At that she stepped to the door and called Jerry and he came in. She asked him if he had told me the things that I had told her. He said he had, but he was sorry and that was all he could say.

Believe me, that taught me a lesson, and

that is why I say that there is an excuse for the girl. The men lead you on and then they say that it was the girl's fault and apparently folks believe them.

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M . 110

You can't believe any of the men of today as they like to see how much of a

fool they can make of you."

The letters SMART SET receives convince the Editor that many of you have had experiences that would justify you in writing them for this magazine. Read care fully what the Editor says, on page 14, about the big story in your life. Then if you have such a story sit down and write it. Also do not miss the contest on the question: "Must a Girl Use Her Sex in Business?" announced on page 26. Additional contests on page 27. ditional contests on page 80 gives you a chance to test your wits.

ID you ever try to run away from yourself -to leave your past behind you? I did, and yet, bitterly as I regretted my wild oats, there came a time, which I will tell you about in May SMART SET, when I was glad that I had sowed them. Glad, because they helped me as nothing else could have done to save my wife from herself "The Time She Didn't Tell"

### **Hunted Lovers**

[Continued from page 21]

Indian Lake Cabin with never a word beyond what was necessary to make his pur-chases at the post. That was over two chases at the post. That was over two months ago. Trappers had brought in reports of seeing him, and the biggest, huskiest dog ever about the Lakes. They stated for a fact that he was not trapping, and it was not possible for him to be staking a gold claim without this being known at the post. The mystery of the man gripped everybody in Waskia. Although I had never seen him, he had become a person in my mind. I had talked about him to Goldy, and the men just as if I really knew him.

The stories about him were many. Some suspected he was one of those strange men who hated human company. Red Morgan, who had sighted the stranger three times, swore he always struck off in another direction without answering a hail. Others said he was one of those "writing fellows." Goldv Grant bet he'd come up into the North to forget a woman. Wondering what he really was doing on the Lake was one way of for-

getting my own troubles.

My thoughts of him were suddenly inter-rupted by the crunch of feet upon the snow, and the sniffing of dogs. Instinctively I shrank back into the shadows of the room. A great hulk of a man came into view around the corner of the dance-hall. It was Wolfclaws, leading two powerful huskies whose noses kept poking the icy air as though they were after something

In spite of my new courage I began to tremble violently at the sight of Wolfclaws. and his dogs in the snow below. Afraid to breathe lest he look up and discover me by the window. I watched him tie the two dogs to trees. The truth dawned on mc. Wolf-claws was suspicious. He was afraid I might try to slip away! The dogs would warn him if I dared steal out the rear

Suddenly, he raised up from making the second dog fast, and sent his voice booming through the night . . "You, Jacqueline through the night .

geeve you few minoots. You think Wolf-claws' man fool? Sacre! You come down, queeck. Savvy?" he demanded, then disappeared around the corner, reeling somewhat as he moved.

I tried not to be afraid. That would be breaking faith with the Voice that had spoken to me. A prayer went sobbing out of my heart for the working of the miracle that would save me from Wolfclaws. I prayed the prayer of my father. And as I did a great unspeakable hunger gnawed at me for man-love, man-strength, man-comfort, and all that women, lonely and helpless, need from men at the ends of the earth as well as in the big cities

Then, like shots out of the sleeping night. Wolfclaws's dogs shattered the silences with sharp, savage barks. A door slammed. There were swift crunching sounds in the snow. Wolfclaws came rushing, bareheaded, into sight. The dogs' barking ceased at a word from him. He looked around searchingly with eyes which suddenly fastened upon the

woods to the north. He growled:
"So-you two devils still got the sharpest noses, hey? You, smell 'em comin' through the woods, hey? Jacqueline no try funny business, no try geeve me slip! You, Murdermouth, vou Sawtooth, no bark less she come out. No mind dog-team comin'."

HEN Wolfclaws swaggered around the house again, and as the Wine Star's front door slammed, a sound came to me through the night from the woods beyond frozen Wild River. Zip, Zip, Zip!

Snowshoes!

Unaccountably electrified by the sound, I strained my eyes until they picked up a blurry line moving swiftly against the for-est's deeper shadows. A sledge-team headed for Waskia. Ordinarily that would have meant little to me. Men often broke the

the sledge-team was an answer to my

seemed an eternity before I made out the lead dog was the biggest husky I'd r seen. He was running with the speed wind. The man following the team. proportioned like a fine young forest that had magically taken legs. I raised the e cry burst from my lips. and leaned expectantly over the ch railing aflame with the belief that the tery man, and his husky leader were ing because I needed them!

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WHOA, Captain!" a clear voice shouted I thrilled as if I'd heard a new sort sic. At the sound of command, the music. utiful brown ball of dog brought the m to a halt within five yards. Immediately swing, and wheel team sat back on their ! inches, but, the powerful leader kept his i r feet. His master stopped abreast of with words I could not hear. The rest husky leaped at the giant in fur coat it! cap, standing half the man's height on I feet. The man bent his face down as .. to tell the dog a secret. A moment later c ptain was sitting back on his haunches, nting spent breath into the air.

As the man of mystery mushed toward front of the Wine Star cabaret a feeling exaltation sent my soul chanting up to the starry heavens. I shot the oil lamp as the has possible, and inspected my reflection the dressing-table mirror.

My hands flew to my copper colored hair, it patted it gently. Excitement was flushing cheeks to the color of my silk stockings. I rushed towards the steps, eager for the first meeting of my eyes with those of the man who had just mushed in. But the gorgeous silver fox, draped over the foot of my bed, checked my rush.

Vanity got the best of me then. For I knew Wolfclaws had spoken no idle flattery when he said that the silver fox fur made my copper hair the color of his camp fire, and deepened my blue eyes to the hue of ring violets. The silver contrast of the fur worked that sort of magic. I draped it augly over my slim shoulders and a swift plance in the mirror showed me the alluring

It was a sweet trick of Fate! Wolfclaws's fur was not to serve its owner's ugly intention. He'd given it so as to have a claim on me. On the contrary it was going to help me catch the fancy of the mysterious young stranger whom I believed had come to the Wine Star at the command of Des-I laughed recklessly and dashed down the stairs, no longer fearing Wolfclaws. The voung master of the brown husky bad come to stand between me, and a whole North world of Wolfelaws. So I told myself as I opened the dance-hall door on a crack, and ered through.

Every head in the room was turned in one direction. The Wine Star crowd was watching the newcomer as he pulled off his fur coat. I did not see his face until he finished arranging the coat over a chair, and sat down at the table next to Wolfclaws Colombes.

I shall never forget the thrill that swept er me at my first sight of the young tranger. My heart began beating like a rnival drum.

A strange sort of hush fell over the Wine Star, but, it was always that way when a ranger first came in. Men that take their lances in the frozen North aren't generally No. the kind to say much in front of a man they don't know. They suspect every stran-zer until they know why he's around, and, ince there was deep mystery concerning the newcomer, the silence of the dance-hall grew snarper. I could see that the young stranger

# vy solitude of northern nights by mushing to the Wine Star. But, the Voice that whispered spoken to me out of the night, whispered the sledge-team was an answer to my



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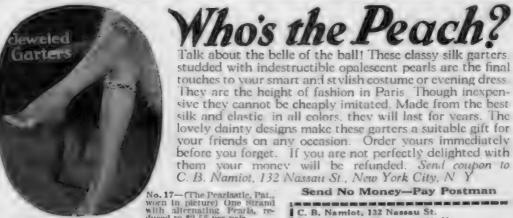
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sensed he was the cause of the awful still-An embarrassed look filled his black eves as he motioned the bartender. sire to relieve his embarrassment over-whelmed me. I signalled to the fiddler to

strike up a number for me.
As the music began I whirled out upon the floor, aflame with excitement, thrill, and anticipation. All the faces in the room, except the newcomer's, blurred into one as I whirled about, lifting my voice in a mad French love song. Even when my back was turned to him I fancied I saw him at his table playing with a glass. At the end of the number I was bowing over his table to the greatest storm of applause that had ever been given me. I suppose the fire of my own feelings had kindled sparks in the crowd.

H IS hands made only the gesture of clapping, and my eyes flew to his face. wanted to know why he wasn't applauding warmly and vigorously like the others. gave me just the faintest sort of a smile as But, somehow, it seemed our eves met. enough to make me forget for the moment that he had not warmly joined the applauding. It made me feel he had recognized me in a way of his own. After the fashion of a dance-hall girl. I went toward his table to sit by him. It was a part of our business to entertain newcomers.

But, a heavy clawish hand caught me roughly by the left shoulder, and jerked me backwards. With a little scream of terror turned, and looked into Colombes's bearded face, distorted by rage. His cruel lips were moving, and the Wine Star was suddenly booming with his voice—

"I tell you, Jacqueline, come to my table. You go for this new keed. Bah! Why you think I geeve you that silvair fox?" he demanded shaking me fiercely. If I could have squirmed about then I would have appealed to the young stranger to help me. Wolf-claw's fingers were digging unmercifully into my flesh.

"Let me go," I cried, hoping my plea would bring the newcomer to my side.

"I let you go, Jacqueline, when you come to my table like you promise . . . Sacre! What you think? I'm damfool? Bah!" he shouted loud enough for everybody to hear, You take my silvair fox—you take all I geeve you-you my gal now. What Wolf-claws want. Wolfclaws take!" he threatened.

The music for a dance struck up. was one way they had in the Wine Star of stopping an argument between a man, and one of the girls on the floor. I let Wolf-claws pull me to his table. It seemed the easiest way out of the situation.

As I passed the young stranger's table shot him a look meant to ask why he had not helped me. But, if he read that question in my eyes he made no attempt to answer it with his own. On the contrary he looked away with an expression of cold contempt on his face. All the fiery thrill, and anticipation his coming had aroused in suddenly blazed into anger at the bitter realization of what his cold contempt meant. The stranger looked upon me as a cheap dance-hall girl who belonged to the men she took gifts from! Wolfclaws's words had made him believe such a horrible thing, and, he had condemned me on the spot!

All the love I had felt for him on first sight turned to violent hate as I sat down o Colombes. Something fine and that those moments upstairs had next to brought to me, turned ugly and bitter. was no longer my father's daughter—no longer a girl whose soul had chanted itself up to Heaven at the thought of love. I was only a dance-hall girl, feeling the bitterness of a woman scorned. The demand for reof a woman scorned. burns more hercely in those of us who live closest to Nature because we become like the animals who remember only

the wrongs that have been visited upon them

My desire for revenge flamed madhy through my being, scorching me into im mediate action. I turned my back on Wolt claws.

"Bon Dieu!" he snarled, jerking maround, "You like the new cub, hey? Well I'll feex him!"

"He made eves at me. He likes me!" I

lied, sure of the effect.

Wolfclaws's savage fists thundered down
upon the table. One hand went to a wicked knife at his belt. Dancing heads looked our way apprehensively. Things were moving faster than I thought they would, but, it was too late to stop them now. Wolfclaws was already glowering over the stranger at the next table.

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The dancers had stopped, sensing trouble Wolfclaws's The music ceased abruptly. words filled the room like the thunder that rending ice made in Hudson's Bay during the break-up.

"You tlirt with my gal, Jacqueline, hey?" he boomed, moving his hand threateningly over the wicked knife.

The black-eyed young giant, still sitting at his table, coolly looked at Wolfclaws twitching knife hand and contorting face.

"I say you flirt with my gal, Jacqueline. Savvy that?" boomed Colombes again. As his fingers closed over the knife hilt for the draw, I was suddenly overwhelmed by remorse for having brought this danger to the only man who had ever stirred my heart. But, the way the young stranger's jaw shot out thrilled me. He stared unflinching at a man who killed others on the slightest pro He stared unflinching at a vocation. I wanted to rush between them. and confess I had lied to start a row. did not matter then that the man of mystery had scorned me. I knew that I had really fallen in love with him. I made a move tohandsome stranger's voice rang out, rooting me in my tracks. wards Wolfclaws. But, at that moment the

"You're a liar! I wouldn't flirt with any

girl you can give presents to."

The words were like revolver shots. They stunned everybody but me into a deathly silence. A half-smothered sob burst through my lips, and I swayed as if I had been hit Suddenly, an animal cry from Wolfelaws shattered the terrible silence. Something tlashed upward in his right hand.

SCREAMED, Men shouted. In that uproarious moment the stranger leaped to his feet, and flung out his right arm to save his face. I saw the knife flashing downward. But, I only heard a ripping sound because I covered my face with my hands. There was a swift cry of pain in the air. Then, a crashing sound split my ears, followed by the thud of a heavy body on the floor. I pulled my hands from my eyes. Wolfclaws was lying sprawled on the floor as still as Death. The young mystery man was standing over him, a chair half-upraised in his left hand

"God A'mighty, he's brained Wolfclaws!" shouted a man, and the dance-hall became more of a babel than it was the night Sergeant Greystone shot a murderer to death

at the bar

Of all the people in the place the stranger was the calmest as he put the chair down. Gazing at his right arm which hung limp and red-splotched at his side he said: "He's I might have shot him only knocked-out. dead before he struck me. My hand was on my pistol trigger in my right pocket. He'll wake up soon.

"He's a bad man to have for an enemy. The worst in these parts. He'll stalk you for this," spoke up a trapper named Jim

Maurice.

"Thanks, I'll keep an eye open," returned the stranger. His eyes fell on me and he shifted them elsewhere. "Sergeant Grevstone's due in here tomor-

He's been wantin' to get the row night. goods on Wolf a long time. He assaulted you. You oughta report it. We'll all be glad to see Wolf taken away." said another

It seemed to me that the young man started uneasily at the mention of the Mounted Police, and that a shadow flitted across his face and eyes. His voice, too, sounded a bit uncertain as he spoke . . . "No. I won't do that. I'll take care of my-elf if he starts anything more." His voice, too,

"He'll start something sure as there's bull moose in the woods. Ain't never a man got the best of him vet till you. Wolfclaws never asked the Law no favors. He swears he won't unless the same man gets him

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"Thanks, I'll be going now," interrupted e stranger. "You can take care of him." the stranger. motioned toward the log-like Colombes. My eyes, searching the handsome fellow's face, saw the pallor of pain that was spreading over it. I looked sharply at his right forearm. It was redder than ever. A feeling of anguish burned in my breast as he turned, and headed out of the Wine Star with never so much as a glance my way. When the door banged behind him I tightened the silver fox around my shoulders, and impulsively flew after him.

The young stranger was taking out a knife to rip away his reddening sleeve. Ob-livious of the cold air biting at my silken legs I ran through the snow to him:

"There's a doctor here, John McGarten. He's connected with the Northwest Mounted. You'd better let me take you to him,"

said He turned slightly at my words. His face was very white and drawn. He shook his great shoulders under their fur, as if it would free him from the torture of his arm. He shook his head, and started to walk away toward his waiting Captain, and the sledge team; but, he reeled slightly, and I believe he would have fallen if I had not rushed

forward, and steadied him.

"Please—" I begged. "let me take you to the doctor. Your arm must be cut terribly."

"Go back where you belong," he answered,

jerking his head at the Wine Star, "You'll catch your—" his voice grew thin, "your death of cold."

"I DON'T care. It was all my fault. You've got to let me take you over there to the doctor first, or I'll not go back."

I saw a struggle being waged fleetingly in his eyes. Then his lips moved: "All right, I'll go to him. But you go back to that place," his voice, thin as it had become, was like a command.

"Doc McGarten's is the second house over there with two lights." I directed, knowing that his word would be his bond. There is something about a man's voice, and eyes that tells you such a thing at times.

The next moment I was rushing back to the Wine Star. Slipping through the crowd that was still grouped around the prostrate, but vaguely conscious Wolfclaws, I hesitated second to hear what he was raving about. The savage was swearing an awful death vengeance on the man whom I had loved. hated, and loved again all in the short space of minutes. I made the stairs two at a time. Goldy and Fifi were in the room, huddling together, their faces blanched.

"If only my Sergeant was here," moaned Goldy, wringing her hands, "Oh! it was awful what Wolfclaws said when he first came 'round. He's going to take you, then

get the stranger."

"Give me my coat, Goldy, and my arctics. I've got to warn the stranger," I cut in, strangely unafraid for myself then.

You better stay out of this. It's going to be nasty. Let bad enough alone," warned

understand. I just know and feel he was sent here to—" I started to say "to love me," but changed my mind. The stranger had given no sign of falling in love with me, nevertheless, I clung to the belief that he had been sent by Destiny to save me from Colombes. What had already happened proved this . . . "to help me. Now, I must help him," I finished.

Goldy and Fifi tried again to keep me from going; but, they could not hold me. I flung them aside, and dashed down the stairs, leading from our porch. Wolfclaws's huskies barked frenziedly as I skirted past them. Fifty yards ahead I passed the stranger's great husky dog standing at the head of his squatting team, his ears up, his eyes gleaming like balls of fire as if he knew something was up.

Dr. McGarten was cutting away the stranger's sleeve as I burst into his cabin. I felt sick at the sight of blood and turned my head away, but, I steeled myself as the doctor motioned to me to hold the basin

of steaming water for him.

THE work of washing went on in silence, broken only by our labored breathing, until a gasp broke from McGarten's lips; 'Gad! you had scar enough on this arm without needing another. The ugliest, I ever saw, sir!

My eyes went to the stranger's arm. Washed almost clean from the blood whose flow had been halted by a torniquet, the flesh untouched by Wolfclaws's knife showed a big jagged scar that had just lately healed. I shuddered but could not turn away. The

fork-like scar fascinated me.
"War wound?" asked McGarten.
"No, that's in my left knee," answered the stranger, plainly showing he didn't relish

being questioned

I looked at him after those short, reluctant words. Somehow his face reminded me of a mask then, and the mystery of the man gripped me even as his appeal had kindled my blood. McGarten must have seen my my blood. McGarten must have seen my feelings revealed in the expression of my face for he stopped suddenly in the midst of swabbing, and gave me a darting look. "You better take a little stimulant, Jacqueline. It's over there in that bottle, and, give him a big drink when you're through. I've got to start sewing him."

Forcing some whisky down, I poured a stiff drink for the stranger. He gulped it.

stiff drink for the stranger. He gulped it, slightly inclining his head as a sign of

thanks.

The doctor asked me to take the man's right hand in both of mine: "Squeeze as hard as you can, Jacque," he ordered, "and try to stand all the pressure he puts on. It's going to hurt him a trifle." Then, as I did his hidding, and he pinched the torn did his bidding, and he pinched the torn parts together, "What's your name, old man? Don't believe I've ever seen you around these parts."

It was the doctor's trick to take the man's mind off of what was impending, but, from the action of the stranger's hand in mine I sensed that the trick had only made him

"Barret F. Englow," he answered in a way that made me believe he had not given

his right name.

The doctor took the first stitch. The man's mouth drew down at the corners. He looked older from the pain, but he made no outery

White bandages soon wrapped the arm, hiding the new wound and the old scar, but I still saw the fork-like scar in my imagination, as the stranger made ready to go out into the night.

"You ought to have Wolfclaws Colombes taken up for assault. It'd be a favor to the North," said McGarten pocketing the stran-

ger's bill.
"It's too much trouble." was the only "I've got to go to him. Oh! You don't answer the physician's suggestion brought.



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stranger reached for the door knob.

"Just a minute, please. I want to say something to you outside," I said, impulsively deciding not to let him go that way. He must know of Wolfclaws's oath of vengeance and, maybe the truth about me. Maybe!

He opened the door, and let me pass out. It was the first little gesture of considera-tion that he had shown me since that faint smile in the Wine Star. This knowledge was foremost in my mind as he followed me, and stopped a few feet, from where I stood

When I first danced out and sang to 

"If you know why there's little need of us discussing it," cut in the man who called himself Barret F. Englow. I felt as if he had slapped my face, and,

vet I made no motion to leave. want to. I could not let even his cold deliberate cruelty destroy the hope that he had been sent out of my father's beloved places

to save me, and love me, "Wolfclaws Colombes came to shortly after vou struck him down. He has sworn a death vengeance upon you. You must be careful," I pleaded, hoping he would look into my eyes, and see my tears. Men Men thought women who could cry were not really bad. Maybe he would not keep on condemning me in his heart.

But, he kept his eyes on the far places to the North, as if he were already free in their cathedral-like solitude. His voice came to me a faraway sound: "Thank you. I shall be on my guard," he said, and bowing stiffly, moved away, his right arm hanging close by his side.

I stood like a statue with living eyes, and watched him approach his dog team. leader smelt his master's hurt arm, licked his right hand for a moment, and then cracked out a commanding bark that brought the team to their feet. A moment later the black-eyed man of mystery was mushing away behind his huskies.

"A lot of mystery there." said the doctor's pice behind me. "Doesn't care for human voice behind me. company. If it wasn't for my knowing that his breed of men do not fear, I'd say he was afraid of company. Gad! What a scar that chap carried

"Will the new wound bother him much?" I asked anxiously.

"IF THE stitches stay it ought to heal soon. I'd say, Jacqueline, the mystery chap's about bowled you over. Keen on

"I like him," I admitted. Some of the lights in the Wine Star suddenly blinked out. "I've got to go back; they're closing up." I said, moving away. The question in my mind of what had hap pened to Wolfclaws was half-way answered by the sight of his two huskies still tied to the trees behind the dance-hall, could not have gone far. I hop Wolfclaws I hoped he was still too groggy from the blow to have made any moves by himself. The dogs barked ferociously at me as I rushed to the steps Goldy was putting on a wrap to go to Fin's room for a chat. She said Wolfclaws had refused to let the men take him from the Wine Star. He was down in the dance-hall,

lying on a table.

"Where's the young stranger?" she asked

"He's gone back." There was misery in
my voice as I told her all that had happened

between us. 'He believed you're Wolfclaws's girl, well. no wonder after what Colombes said, the dirty wolf!"

I blew out the light, and crept into bed still dressed, when she went to Fifi's. little pistol was under the pillow, but, some-

And, with a hasty good night the young how it brought no sense of safety to me.

As I lay there tortured by the thought of Wolfclaws's nearness, and the knowledge that Barret Englow had gone back to his cabin, damning me in his heart, something began to happen outside in the white night. It began with a menacing moan that deep-ened into a ghostly wail. Winter's last storm was coming down from the North. I got up, and ran to the window to see what was hap pening. The white night lay under a blackblanket of phantom clouds. swirled through the screaming air like tor-tured and torn ghosts. Winter was making a last stand.

HE voices of the living Wild joined the THE voices of the fiving wind, and the cries of stormawakened wolves, and covotes, and the yapping of the white foxes lent an cerie over-tone to the menace of storm rushing down upon Waskia. The yapping of the white foxes came to me more sinisterly than anything else, for I knew that their yapping meant Death.

My thoughts rushed through the rising storm to the young mysterious stranger, mushing into the howling night behind his lead-dog, Captain, and the team. Did the yapping of those little white animals spell Death for him or for me? Was the Great shadow already hovering over one of us, or

Suddenly there were uncertain steps on the stairs leading up from below. The yapthe stairs leading up from below. The yap-ping of the white foxes, the howling of the night could not drown out the sound of those steps. Up-up-up they came, becoming stealthy sounds on the landing. I stood frozen with fear half-way to my bed where lay my only weapon that could cope with Wolfclaws. For I was sure he was coming after me.

Fear paralyzed me as I waited in dumb, unmoving dread waiting for the door to be forced open by Wolfclaws Colombes. The flimsy knob of my door rattled above the sounds that were filling all space. Desperate at the thought that Colombes's brute strength would shortly wrench the lock out of place, I tried to command my legs. Only a few steps away, under a pilow was my toy-like pistol. Death would be my only defense against Wolfclaws, his death, or

But, fear had laid a paralysis upon my limbs. I could not move. The horrible susof the moment became unbearable. If it had not ended at the sound of my name on Dr. McGarten's tongue I think I would have died of fright.

Jacqueline," he was half-Jacqueline, calling, half-whispering outside the door.
"Oh! Thank God it's you," I cried, mov-

I swayed unsteadily to the door, ing at last. and opened it.

The doctor made a strange dim shadow in his snow-flaked parka and hood as he stepped into the room. "I didn't dare say who I was aloud for fear Wolfclaws had shadowed me back here. He's got the devil's power of knowing things."

'Then he's not asleep downstairs?" I cut in, a sense of swift relief sweeping over mc. "I was so sure you were Colombes."

"No, Wolfclaws stumbled into my place a little while ago. I had to take three stitches in his head where your mystery-man Englow crashed him with a chair. Jacqueline," the physician's voice dropped so low it was almost lost under the storm's rising roar, "Wolfclaws Colombes is making ready to follow Englow to his cabin, thirty miles away on North Indian Lake. He's never been known to give man or beast a chance. He'll get that young fellow from behind and there'll be no witnesses. Gad! I'd start after them right now if my staying wasn't a case of life or death for Jim Burton's wife. She's due to have a baby tomorrow," he said.

I made no answer in that moment. My

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brain wouldn't work, and my voice seemed trapped in my throat. But, as the yapping of the white foxes shrilled sharper and sharper my brain aroused itself. I knew way to warn the man I loved, but, I could not tell it to McGarten, because I knew he

would not let me carry it out.
"What time did Wolfclaws say he expected to start for Englow's cabin?" I asked trying to make my voice sound casual.

"He said he was going to leave at day-break. But, Wolfclaws was under a lot of liquor at the moment or he'd have been too cagey to tell me his plans. We can't depend on what he said. He may have changed his he left me, and decided to go mind once right after Englow. This storm may handicap a man like the stranger. It will help Wolfclaws conceal his tracks and he knows it. I guess I ought to shake a few good men out of their cabins, and suggest they go out to Englow's place."

'No. that wouldn't work," I said, and it was true enough.

DOCTOR McGarten was a newcomer to Waskia. He didn't quite understand, that except when Sergeant Jackson Greystone of His Majesty's Royal Northwest Mounted Police called for help the men of the place let every one take care of his own troubles. They had seen the man of mystery knock Wolfclaws down in the Wine Star after being knifed. None of them relished a brush with the savage half-breed. They would say that Englow could take care of himself. explained all this to the doctor.

"But, Good God! Jacqueline, it's awful to know a chap's about to be ambushed. Shot down like a dog-and then left to the

teeth of those little yapping beasts."
"Please stop," I cried. I was shuddering with fear and horror at the picture his words painted.

"I'd almost say you love him, Jacqueline, from what I saw in your eyes as I stitched his arm. Come, can't you suggest some way

to warn him?" he begged.

"Yes, I know a way. You couldn't go to any of the men and get them to take a hand, but there's one man who'll do anything I tell him. Don't ask me his name. I won't tell you. He'll go, but he hasn't any dogs, or sledge."

"You mean there's a man who cares enough about you to go and warn the man you really care for of danger from Wolf-claws? That doesn't sound plausible." He was plainly incredulous.

"NEVERTHELESS it's true," I lied.
"But, never mind whys, and wherefores, right now. This man hasn't any dogs

"There's two teams and three sledges over at my place. Mounted Police property. This

is a good time to use them."
"Will you hitch them and tether them to a tree behind the Wine Star right away? Then promise me, you'll run home? man won't go if there's any danger of your knowing his identity. In the meantime I'll get him," I said. I was glad that the darkness prevented McGarten from seeing my eves.

At that moment there were soft footfalls in the hall. It was Goldy, my room-mate

coming back from Fifi's room. I caught the doctor's arm and squeezed it significantly. "All right," he whispered. Then in a louder voice, meant for Goldy's ears: "Goodnight, Jacque, I'll fix you something for that hoarseness in the morning."

"Holy Pete, Doc, you gave me hardening of the arteries for a second!" blurted my room-mate. "Gee! I thought you was Wolfclaws himself. What's wrong? The kid got a rasp in her windpipe?"

I laughed at her words from sheer ner

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ROBERTS-FRANK & CO. 1733 trying Park Bled. Best, 5504, Chicago out of the Wine Star's rear door. Goldy got into bed without bothering to light the lamp and I crept in after her. The tury of the storm became wilder. As the girl next to me drifted into deep slumber, I lay wide-eyed, watching the wind driven snow swirl against the panes.

But, I was not afraid. My father's blood again leaped in my veins. I was no longer Jacqueline, a pleasure-seeking girl of the Wine Star. I was Jacqueline Mateen affame with a dream of Love that I felt waited for me at the end of a new trail

got out of bed. oblivious of the raging Even the yapping of the little white foxes did not make me quail. They were vapping of Death, yes, but not for me, nor for the man I was going out to warn. For Wolfclaws Colombes most likely!

I PUT on my clothes such as even a woman must wear to stand the icy bite of far northern cold. Over my underthings I pulled on a heavy parka, and hood. Then I crept down the back stairs. Taking matches, a flask of whisky, an extra box of bullets for my toy-like pistol, a hatchet, some crackers, and canned goods, I sneaked to the back porch. The team of seven huskies stood hitched to a robe-piled sledge.

few moments later my things were bundled under the robes, and I was giving the dogs half their heads toward Wild River. My plan was to follow it twenty-five miles. then break sharp with its left bend for North Englow's cabin was on the Indian Lake. northeastern shore. It was the longest way. but, the surest.

The wind, screaming down Wild River, struck me like so much flying, frozen steel. I gave the dogs their heads. The harder we all ran the more chance we had to weather the night's roaring fury

But, I could not keep up the heart-breaking pace very long in the heavy-furred parka. Perhaps, a mile, at best, had been covered when I reined them in. It took all my strength because they knew the sin of

slowing down the pace. They tugged and strained against me. almost jerking my arms out of their sockets. I tried shouting, but my voice was lost under the night's howling. At last, I clung to the sledge handles, and let the dogs halfdrag me through the snow. The rest of that mush along the river was physical and mental torture that I endured mostly because there was nothing to do but keep on. It fortunately stopped snowing before I turned to the left. Not until then did I climb aboard, and drive from the sledge.

At last, after two hours of going, a square shadow loomed through the half-light of misty dawn. I cracked my whip, empowered with false vitality by my excitement. square shadow ahead was a cabin! few moments I would be facing the mystery man. A queer, sinking sensation came to the pit of my stomach. I felt that I was not going to be thanked for mushing through the storm with a warning of Death.

Abreast of the cabin I pulled the dogs in and rushed up the three snow-piled steps. There were no shoe tracks of any sort the snow. I knocked at the door. Th was no answer. I kicked it. Still no There Still no one within responded. Englow had not returned!

This meant one of two ugly things. Either he'd lost his way in the storm, or Wolfclaws had, in his own devil's way, overtaken him. The cold was threatening to freeze me. I could not stand in the wind any longer. The door was made fast with a slot bolt held in place by a peg. I pulled the peg, and drew the slot bolt out of place. The door was made fast with force of the wind drove the door in. and I found myself sprawling on the floor of a room about twenty feet square.

Picking myself up, I forced the door shut and looked around. A great, wide fire-place, piled high with wood and brush

caught my eyes. I rushed over and struck a match to a sappy pine faggot. In a few moments flames were roaring up the chimney. I hung near the fire-place until warmed. Then, thinking of the dogs, I unhitched them from the sledge and drove them into a shed behind the cabin.

Back in the warmth of the place I took notice of the things in the room. Furniture was scarce. There was a wide cot, a table with dishes on one end, books, and magazines on the other, two crude chairs, shelves that held cooking utensils, and groceries. big black suit-case stood under the table. Some rough clothes, and a great raccoon coat hung from spikes

I suppose it was just instinct that made me look at the books on the table. I didn't realize then that you can often figure something about men by what they read. stranger had books that no man of my ac-quaintance would have brought into the North country. They were not books for men who set trap lines, or mucked for gold. The name "Life's Classics" was printed on their green leather covers. I put them down, one by one, feeling as if the mystery of Barrett F. Englow had deepened instead of lessened. A man who read such books had no business in a cabin forty miles from the rim of civilization.

Determined to solve the mystery of his presence on North Indian Lake, I dragged the big black suit-case from under the table. was not locked.

Beneath an assortment of clothes not adapted for wear in a zero weather country I found the big picture of a beautiful girl. 'With all my love to your dear self-Cecile" was written in backhand across the bottom of the photograph. A flame of jealousy darted through me as I read these words, and understood. Cecile, the girl of the pic-

ture, loved Barret Englow! I threw the picture to the floor and would have stamped on it if strips of printed paper had not fluttered away from the photograph toward the fire. Hoping that they would shed some light upon the mystery of Englow I picked them up just before another gust wind would have swept them into the

flames, and read the first one. It said:
"Southampton, L. I., Jan. 20.—The police
admitted today that they have been unable
to find any trace of Alan Wendring, wealthy young sportsman, who disappeared three nights ago immediately following the murder of Charlie Marino, a Broadway night-life character, whose killing they charge to Wendring. However, special detectives on the case, are confident that he will soon be apprehended. According to their statements will be impossible for the young society favorite to hide his identity very long on account of a terrible fork-like sear on his right arm which was received in an aeroplane

MISS CECILE BROADHURST, the suspected man's fiancée is still said by her physicians to be in a state of collapse, and all attempts of the police to interview her have ended in failure. Her only message relayed by Dr. William Wilson, is to the effect that she knows nothing that will shed any light upon a murder that involves society, and Broadway.

"New York City authorities are lending all possible co-operation to the local police. There is a feeling, according to admissions made by a metropolitan officer, that the crime committed in Wings, the beautiful Long Island country place of the Wendrings, heautiful was a result of some clash which occurred between Marino, and Wendring during nightlife hours in New York.

My hands were trembling violently, and my heart was beating like a drum, when I finished reading this clipping and the others, all of which were along the same lines. Intuitively I knew I had discovered the real

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ason for the young stranger's presence on North Indian Lake. Nothing could make me doubt that Barret F. Englow, and Alan North Indian Lake. Vendring, the man I had just read about ere one and the same. Wendring, masquerding under the name of Englow, was a .unted man!

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My nerves were terribly shaken as I reible scar on Wendring's right forearm. The ar was described minutely and as the words leaped at me from the page, I relived that scene in Doctor McGarten's place when the stranger's knifed arm had been -titched below a jagged scar I could never lorget.

I was about to put the newspaper clippings, and the picture back.

them when a shot barked. There was a hissing sound overhead, and the whine of itself in wood. I threw the lead burying itself in wood. I threw the strips of paper that would damn Barret Englow on the table, instinctively sensing that the pistol shot had been fired by an enemy to both of us. As they fluttered from my hands a voice that froze my blood commanded me to stand still. Another shot whizzed overhead to warn me of the penalty of disobeving. I stood like a statue. The next second Wolfclaws Colombes came rushing through the cabin door.

WITH death staring at me from the mouth of Wolfclaws's pistol, with the fate of the stranger I had dared so much to save still unknown, I might have been justified in yielding to the demands of the brute who had trailed me to the cabin, but things began to happen so fast that I didn't have time to decide what I was going to do. Circumstances decided for me and I will tell you in May SMART SET what fate had in store for all three of us.

## Dangerous Friendships

[Continued from page 79]

fearful and panicky. She drags herself into it. If I were to talk to you as mother to daughter I should probably say, "But Babe, how could you do this terrible thing? How can you be such a wicked girl? What have I ever done to deserve this? Oh, you're killing me, you're breaking my heart!" And I'd most likely get hold of Ben and call him all sorts of a blackguard or appeal to Ethel for help and it would end up with to Ethel for help, and it would end up with you two running off together and regretting it for the rest of your lives.

No, Babe, let me be what I am, a real pal, who is for you right or wrong, with

enough knowledge of men and women to save you and perhaps Ben from disaster.

Suppose for a minute that you and Ben did the bizarre, the thrilling thing and ran off together. Or suppose he consented to tell Ethel the truth and ask for his freedom. Either of those things would throw you to-gether, and right now that is the only thing you want. A lifetime is too short for you to revel in Ben's love. What a magnificent gesture it would be to tell the whole world to go to blazes! Isn't that so, Babe? Don't I understand, so far?

It's your youth, however, that colors the situation, not your ability or inability to know real love. All love is real, at the time. But at twenty nothing seems impossible. Twenty would dare anything for love; but only youth believes it can flaunt defiance in the face of the world and get away with it. the face of the world and get away with it.

They do that in stories, Babe, and in plays!



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I'm not preaching morality, Babe, simply practical common sense. If you steal a dress and get caught you pay more than the dress is worth. If you steal another woman's husband (and you would get caught) you pay more than he's worth What I've just told you are facts, gleaned from a cabinet full of letters from girls who

have tried it and failed.

Y OU think Ben's behavior is not exactly according to Hoyle; he's satisfied with a tremendously unfair arrangement. No. I wouldn't call him that, Babe. married men behave the same under similar I have countless letters to circumstances. prove that statement, too.

Why?

It's a long story, Babe, involving psychology, tradition, sociology and a lot of other big words. Call it habit and you've called it by its right name. Habit, Babe, that's at the bottom of Ben's behavior. For ten years he's been living in a certain way with a certain person. He's got used to Ethel and she's got used to him. She knows just how he likes his eggs and what day he changes his underwear, and she's wise enough to give him three evenings a week to himself. In short, she understands him. If Ben has told you differently, he's lying. On her side are ten long years of intimate association.

On your side, what? A few brief stolen kisses, youth, freshness, adoration, covering a period of eight months. Do you think Ben is going to stake his whole future and happiness on such fragile things? It's this way, Babe dear. You represent and dreams. Ethel represents You represent romance reality. Occasionally a man finds both in the same woman. Ben hasn't. Dreams are pleasant but life must be lived, and in you Ben finds merely an escape.

What shall you do?

Stop kidding yourself for one thing, Babe.

Ben's not Romeo and you're not Juliet. You're just a couple of ordinary humans Stop dramatizing the situation. If Ben

were free you probably wouldn't want him; love thrives on opposition. That's why they introduce "conflict" (that's the movie term for it) into the movies; as soon as the hero and heroine get into the final clinch the picture ends; nobody has any further interest

Don't try to put Ben out of your life; don't try to forget him; that only helps you remember

Hunt up the gang again. other fellows and take from life all the good times and fun you can. And the next time you are introduced to a married man watch out! It's not whether you're good or bad, conventional or not, but where it's going to lead. He may be the guy Diogenes never found; he may be pure as a lily, but don't kid yourself that you can keep within the bounds of companionship. Companionship and proximity have led to love more than And I can count on the fingers of

and of course in the movies. Once in a one hand the girls I know who got anything while someone tries it in real life, and then but heartaches and misery from playing around with a married man.

> "Which should I Martha wonders:

marry

"Dear Martha Madison: I am in love with wo boys and don't know which to marry. One is twenty-three, and the son of a wealthy man. Harry, the other, is twenty-three and comes of poor people and the town doesn't think well of him. The time has come when I must choose between them and I'm in a quandary. I am sure that it it were not for Harry's bad reputation I would choose him, but I could not bear to be talked about. I think a great deal of the rich boy, but I wonder if I could be happy with him, living in the same town with Harry?

I'm only eighteen, Mrs. Madison, and un fortunately I lost my mother and father when I was a little girl. It's so easy to make a mistake about marriage and I don't want

to do that

Martha G., Ft. Worth, Texas."

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Dear Martha: Why marry anyone just yet? There is plenty of time, and I am certain that whichever of these boys you chose you would wish you'd chosen the other. Why? Because you aren't really and truly in love with either. Your mother would probably have advised you to marry the rich boy; every mother wants to see her daughter "marry well." But "marrying weil" and "marrying money" should not be confused. If you happen to fall in love with a boy who has money, well and good, I doubt that you have.

No, and I don't think you really love Harry. He's sort of a picturesque, daredevil fellow who has appealed to your imagina-tion and sympathy. You feel sorry for him because everybody knocks him. He may be a delightful chap, Martha, but I would hesitate to advise your marrying him. Wait till you're twenty-five, then you'll be less apt to choose wrong. And think of all the to choose wrong. And think of all the chances you will have between now and then, and all the good times.

Mary asks: "How can I win Otis?"

"Dear Martha Madison: A month or so ago I met a man from the south. He is an electrical engineer and is ambitious and intelligent. I was immediately attracted by his Southern accent and his ideas of lite. For four days we were together constantly, and I have never known a finer gentleman. Then he was transferred to Ft. Wayne. returned a few days later just to spend an evening with me. He came again on Thanksgiving, and I let him see how much I cared. It was then I resolved to lead a different

Before I met Otis, you see, I smoked and drank and talked rather freely with men. He showed me how men take advantage of a girl who does that and I stopped it. He writes to me twice a week and I get a special delivery on Sundays, but Otis has a girl down south and I know he admires Southern girls, although he told me I was the finest girl he had met up North. He said that if it were not for the other girl he could return my love. Now, Mrs. Madison, do you think that if I direct all my energy toward improving myself, through literature, music and general information, I can one day win him for myself? He knows my reformation is sincere and complete.

Mary M., Plymouth, Ind."

Dear Mary: I should say your chances for winning Otis are pretty fair, but you must not let him feel that he is being deliberately taken away from the Southern belle. I believe he is convinced of your sincerity and that he will be impressed when he sees you striving to improve yourself, but do the thing in moderation, Mary. Become interested in these things as much for the pleasure





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you will derive from them as for the help it will give you in holding this man's in-terest. The point I am trying to make is that if you are going to win Otis it will be because you make a greater emotional appeal to him than the other girl and not because of your intellectual attainments. Every day you see brilliant boys marrying stupid girls.

I want to caution you against throwing yourself at Otis. Make him feel that you changed your ways because you saw the folly of them and not solely to please him. And no matter what you have done don't let him think you are lacking in self-respect. People accept you at your own valuation. So will Otis.

Opal says: "Marriage chilled his love." "Dear Martha Madison: When I went with Billy he loved me dearly. He was very affectionate and was continually kissing and caressing me. I know it made me love him But since we've been married he has changed. He is different. We are both very young and we've been married only a year, but Billy never offers to kiss me. He will do it if I ask him to, but I don't ask him often because I have too much pride. I do all I can to please him and I know he loves me, for he is as good as gold. But why is he not the same loving boy I used to know, Mrs. Madison? Can you tell me? Heartbroken Opal, Johnston City, Ill."

Dear Opal: He is the same loving boy you used to know. I'm certain of it, only his love has taken a different form of expression. Hugging and kissing is not a proof of love. Boys can pet without being in love. The real proof of love, Opal, is when a boy marries a girl and then is good to her.

Y OU say Billy has changed. I wonder if you have not changed, too? Are you just as interested in the things he has to say? Are you as eager to do what he wants? OU say Billy has changed. I wonder if Aren't you a wee bit restless and perhaps looking for trouble, Opal?

Now look here: how many girls do you think would be kissed if they had to ask for kisses? Have you forgotten all you ever knew about love? Suppose you and were not married, had just met; wouldn't you know how to make him kiss you without asking him to? The technic of love-making is the same after marriage as before; at least it should be. You know all about it, little girl; put that knowledge to work for you. Love is like any other live thing only a thousand times more delicate. thing only a thousand times more delicate; it atrophies with neglect. Keep feeding it, nurturing it. With pride? Indifference? Wake up, Opal!

Little Babs wants pretty clothes.
"Dear Martha Madison: I am only fifteen and very unhappy. My father is a doctor and everybody thinks he has a lot of money, but it is not so. We are a big family and my father and mother are always fighting

about money.

I go to high school and am considered pretty. I have many girl and boy friends and have loads of invitations, but I never accept because I have no pretty clothes. have overheard my friends talking about me. They say I would be tremendously popular if I would only dress nicer. How can I manage this? I could leave school and go to work, but I love school and my father wants me to continue. Everybody tells me not to care about not having clothes, but I Babs, Chicago, Ill. do care!

Dear Babs: Perhaps you use bad taste when you buy your clothes. When a girl has only a little money to spend she should buy simple things and not attempt to make a twelve dollar dress look like fifty.

I once knew a girl who had every bit as little as you have to spend on clothes, but she found that by sticking to a certain



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she appeared to have more than she Moreover, she was a business girl and o look well dressed. She decided that had to look well dressed. sport clothes suited her best, and she bought only hats of neutral shades. She never had more than three dresses and two hats at a time; sometimes she would go for weeks with only one hat, yet she always looked tylish and attractive. Two piece jersey tylish and attractive. dresses are always popular and inexpensive and if you wear fresh collars and cutts you don't get so tired of them. I know what a temptation it is, Babs, when you do get a new dress to buy something a tritle showy, hut clothes like that don't wear well and there's nothing worse than shabby finery.
As a matter of fact, the girl who isn't

onscious of how well she looks is apt to be far more charming and popular than the girl who is always thinking about it. Clothes create a favorable first impression, course, but the girl with a sweet disposition and nice personality wins out. I'm sure you have both.

Couldn't you get some part time work to do, after school and on Saturdays? It would give you a little extra money, and in a big city like Chicago there should be plenty

of opportunities.

Ruth complains: "I haven't met his

"Dear Martha Madison: I am seventeen and have been going with a nice boy nineteen years old for eight months, but he has never taken me home and introduced me to his folks, although I have met his friends. I asked him one night why he hadn't done this, and he said he didn't think it was necessary: that he wasn't making enough money to marry at the present time. I told him that I wasn't thinking of marriage but that I just wanted to meet his family. promised to take me home but that was over

six weeks ago and he hasn't done it yet.

Do you think he is ashamed of me, Mrs. Madison? Should I give him up and make other acquaintances? Please remember that I love him and would hate to lose him, but

I will do what you say.
Puzzled Ruth. Chicago, Ill."

Dear Ruth: Your attitude is unjust; the voung man's is reasonable. If he should take you to his home it would indicate that he is serious about you, and it would undoubtedly worry his mother because she knows he is in no position to marry. It seems to me that if he were ashamed of you he wouldn't have introduced you to his friends.

the circumstances, Ruth, you should be glad he hasn't let his family meet you. Families are funny, you know; they take dislikes for any or no reason, especially if some girl threatens the economic security of the home, and for all you know this boy may be paying his share of the household expenses. Remember this—he knows the circumstances; you are only surmising. Many a boy's mother has broken up his love affair by criticizing the girl. despicable practice, but nevertheless it's done under the guise of love, and it could

happen to you and your young man. So if you really mean to take my advice, as you say, Ruth, you will forget the whole thing and not drive the boy away by per-sistent nagging. I hope you're not "Puzzled

Ruth" any longer.

Irene is sad: "I have no boy friend," she

"Dear Martha Madison: My case is a pitiful one and I am indeed miserable. I am eighteen, a sophomore at the University, am considered cute and dress well. I have plenty of girl friends but no boy friends. Here's the thing in a nutshell. I hate to have a boy paw me all over; it disgusts me, but nowadays you are passe if you do not pet the way a boy wants you to. are all right, but they don't draw the line there; and they persist even though they know a girl doesn't like it I did have one boy friend and we loved

each other, but he has thrown me over Why? I don't know. But I do know that life can be rotten unfair to some girls.

Irene. Knoxville, Tenn."

Dear Irene: There are ways and ways of rebusing a fresh boy without getting him sore at you. It requires quite as much diplomacy to make a boy stop loving you as it does to make him love you. It's this way, Irene, if you act disgusted or superior or get angry, of course he'll drop you. The natural conclusion is that you're permanently angry at him and think him seventeen kinds of a bum.

BUT are the boys really to blame? They tell me that girls expect to be petted; they want to be petted; they call a boy "dumb" or "slow" if he doesn't do it! I've had girls tell me this, too. So you see, Irene! It's all in keeping with the times, So you see. and any girl who wants to be different (and I don't blame you) must do it diplomatically or she will be thought uppish.

I think, too, that your recent unhappy af fair has given you a hostile feeling for all Every time one of them wants to kiss vou, you remember, with heartache, the kisses of the one you really loved. Isn't that so. Irene? And aren't you a bit hard and critical? If I were you, for a while I wouldn't try to make any dates. Go about with your girl friends; have some kind of hobby; do anything that will keep you from brooding about yourself. Time accomplishes wonders; I know that. A little later, when you are in a less bitter frame of mind, be gin to go about with a few boys. You are going to love again, little girl, just as surely as the sun is coming up tomorrow, and it may be the very next boy you meet!

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A final tip-don't judge a boy by his behavior in a crowd and don't pass judgment on him the first time you meet him.

SUNNY: Don't run off with him; it would surely fail. Your only hope lies in his getting a divorce. I wonder if he is really entitled to it?

BABE, La Porte, Ind.: From his actions I should say that he does "really love" you Perhaps he finds it difficult to talk about But don't take him too his emotions. seriously, Babe.

Lucy, Doucette, Texas: Henry has given you no cause to be jealous and you should give him none. He has told the other girl he doesn't love her, and he has told you the

HILDA, Milwaukee, Wis.: If you decide that his love compensates you for his cruelty. go back to him. Only you can decide that.

HELEY, Muskogee, Mich.: I think you and the young man should have many happy times together, but don't give up all your other friends.

MARTHA A.: Stop trying to forget; it only helps you remember. Also, it's not alone your problem and his; what about his wife and child and your husband? That's why you must be sure

MRS. CHARLES G. H., West Hopkinton, N H.: I doubt that you would be any happier with the other man.

Dor, Waukegan, Ill.: Don't rush into marriage, but if you won't wait until he is of age, his parents' consent should be all that is necessary

HAVE you written to Mrs. Madison? Do you know that she has helped thousands of SMART SET readers in their love problems? Write her now.

# You Flappers Make Me Afraid to Marry

[Continued from page 69]

no more to that girl than so much chickenfeed. She figures it's just made to be spent. Her idea of life is to have a good time. It's the way she's been raised, I guess. Her old man spends like that, and she's never known anything different. As a wife, she'd be a wonderful sweetheart, but we'd both the in the prosphague inside a war or two be in the poorhouse, inside a year or two, especially if we had any kids.

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OF COURSE, men wno marry that work harder, I guess, and make more. They have to. Her father has, but COURSE, men who marry girls like while the old man seems to be having a great old time, I've noticed some pretty deep lines in his face, and some swollen veins around his temples that my doctor tells me mean hardening of the arteries, and high blood pressure. Men like that usually drop dead around fifty. Can't stand the And while I haven't any particular ambition to live to be a hundred, I still don't think it's good enough, wearing yourself out at fifty in a never-ending battle with bill collectors, not even for the privilege of paying the bills of a high-stepper like Peggy. So I didn't ask her. As a dinner and dancing companion, fine, none better, but as a wife, she'd be a total loss for a man with a small income. I've always figured a man's wife ought to be some sort of a helpmate to him, and I knew Peggy would be about as helpful to me as a wooden leg to a tight-rope walker, so I passed her up. I don't see anything for her but to marry a millionaire. And take it from me, it's surprising how many of the girls a fellow meets nowadays are the same way.

Rose, of course, is different. A wonderful girl. Not as pretty as Peggy, and not as bright as Alice, on the surface, but a whole lot more intelligent. She works, too, although she doesn't have to, as her parents, who are both dead, left her a very comfortable income. She is connected with a pubable income. She is connected with a publishing business and earns a big salary, for a woman. I've thought several times of asking Rose to marry me. She seems to like me a lot, but every time I get to the point, something stops me.

The reason is that Rose is awfully highbrow. She reads all the new and worthwhile books, and seems bored when I tell her I haven't. She thinks all women should work even when they are married, and has

work, even when they are married, and has a lot of ideas and beliefs about all sorts of things from Bolshevism to birth control. I guess Rose is what you would call a radical, anyhow, she calls herself one. A mighty smart and interesting woman, I'll tell the world, and miles above me, when it comes to the well-known gray matter. That's why I'm afraid of her, I guess. I must be old-fashioned, because, while I enjoy talking with Rose, at her studio, about the economic situation in Russia, or the latest production of the Provincetown Players, I often find my mind wandering off to the sort of home I'd pictured to myself, in case I ever got mar-rled, and wondering how Rose would fit into that picture. Like most men, I guess, I dream at times of a little home in the country, a simple dinner, a pipe in front of the fire, a couple of youngsters to make a fuss over, and a wife who thinks I'm just about the best and smartest thing in the way of husbands that ever came down the pike. Of course I'd know I wasn't, and no doubt she'd know it too, but we all love

drinks at a dollar apiece at some of the to be kidded—to come home to somebody neighboring road-houses. I brought up the who believes in us, after the hard knocks of subject of money, once, just to see what she the average business day. And I know in would say, and I found out. Money means my heart that Rose would never fit into any such picture. She doesn't care for the country, for one thing, and I'm sure she would never care about sitting around a fire She has her clubs to go to, and at home. her political meetings, and her papers on various subjects to prepare. I know, too, that if she ever has any children they won't be the kind that read fairy tales, and stuff candy at holiday time, and make Indian wigwams out of the parlor rugs. Not on your life they won't. Rose is too scientific for that. She has her own ideas about child raising. Such things as candy, and fairy tales are out. Her children are going to be raised on calories, and vitamines, in a nurraised on calories, and vitamines, in a nur-sery with maps painted on the floor, and new kinds of books and toys that teach children all sorts of things without their knowing it. Not that Rose isn't right. I don't claim to know about such things. But somehow the kind of children she has in mind are not the kind of children I think I should like. From the very first moment when they were talked over and scientifically decided upon in advance, I think I should lose interest in them. Not that Rose is any iceberg. Far from it. But she believes in perfect control, which may be all right, at that, only somehow it seems to me more applicable to driving an automobile, or playing golf. In love, it would seem as though you might let yourself go a bit, but Rose would never do that. So I'm afraid of her Afraid we wouldn't be become Afraid we wouldn't be happy.

Now I've mentioned these girls because in a way they typify the three things in women that make me afraid to get married. Some-how or other it seems to me that most of the girls you meet nowadays belong to one

of these three classes. Some may even belong to all of them.

Not long ago I attended a reunion of my class in college. There were five of us, all old chums, sitting together talking. Two the five, myself included, were single. The other three had been married. Of those three, one was divorced. The two married men swore they were perfectly happy, but they didn't act like it. One of them sent a wire to his wife that night saying he would be detained in town a few days on important business. He seemed like a man who had just escaped from jail and hated to go back. The other man, who lives in the town where the reunion was held and knew he would be expected home, said "Lucky dog." That was all, but I couldn't help smiling. There was, free to stay out for a week, if I felt like it, without making explanations to anyone. It's a pleasant feeling, that of being

I know that the man who doesn't marry misses the joy of having children. But the thought of bringing children into the world. in this day and generation, frightens me as much as anything else, in this matter of get-ting married. It's an awful responsibility. I wonder that parents can regard it so cheerfully. In infancy, my married friends tell me, it's just one thing after another, from whooping cough to meningitis, and when the youngsters grow up, and have survived the usual snares and pitfalls the world sets for them, are they grateful to their parents for all those years of labor and care? Just about as grateful as an artificially hatched chicken is to the incubator that hatched it. I heard one of the most charming young flappers I know say to her mother the other

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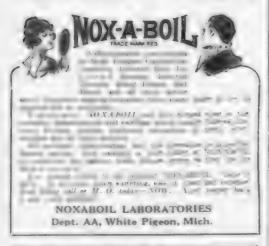
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day, when that lady asked her to drive her in to town in her flivver, "Hells' bells, mother, there isn't room. I've asked Doris and Bill. You'll have to take the train." And mother did. After twenty years of self-sacrifice. Yet that girl is no different from most of the youngsters one meets to-day. Parents are looked on as necessary nuisances. Nobody asked to be brought in

to the world. And if you think I am wrong, just stop and think how much gratitude you have shown your parents.

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have shown your parents.

Yes, I am afraid to get married. I admit it. Some day I may meet a girl who will give me the sort of courage that makes fools rush in where angels fear to tread, but until I do, no wedding bells for mine. I'm afraid of them.

DID anyone ever try to kill you with kindness? That's what my mother-in-law is doing. She plans surprises for me that completely upset my own plans, she makes excuses for me when no excuses are necessary. If you are thinking of marrying an only son of a widowed mother, read my story in May SMART SET. When I tell you how my mother-in-law's insidious sweetness is forcing my marriage on the rocks, you may save yourself from similar tragedy.

# Can a Woman Love More Than Once?

[Continued from page 67]

just got rid of one American husband, and now here I had married another!

My first experience with a jealous husband had made me wise and, resolved never to reveal any love whatsoever to another husband I kept my lips shut tightly and let myself be kissed. And he thought himself a perfect lover! He did! Oh, I assure you he did! He used to strut around the room looking at me with an air at once so proud and so ridiculous that I could hardly keep from laughing at him. Poor man, he was the one and only complete innocent I ever met.

He didn't want any frills or thrills. He was just a good, sound business man smacking of success, not kisses. He was busy riding astride his comet and his only desire was to use the first person possessive, as Pascal said all middle-class people do when they own anything.

It wasn't that I was so terribly wise or sophisticated. He could have been a sheet anchor to me if he hadn't been quite so conceited.

We went back to America, and there it was all "my" wife, "my" house, "my" town, "my" business, "my" club. I think that if we had had a son he would never have said "our."

He, at least, was perfectly happy. We went to the ladies' night when once a year the Masons flung open their doors; and of course we attended all the Chamber of Commerce banquets because my husband used to speak at them. We gave dinners sometimes too—always to his friends. In fact, in all the overgrown factory town where we lived I could find no really congenial friend of my own. I think they were afraid of me, these Main Street women When I spoke of Monte Carlo they looked shocked!

I can hardly be blamed if my thoughts were seldom in the United States. Generally they were back in Italy, in that sunken garden with its marble balustrade over which we used to lean, my first love and I, while he taught me the meaning of life.

he taught me the meaning of life Outwardly I strove to be the good little wife with a kind and considerate husband; inwardly I am afraid I was a rebel

One day I asked my husband if he really loved me.

He was astonished!

"Didn't I give vou my name?" he demanded. "Didn't I marry vou, and bring vou here, and give vou a fine home, and plenty of money to spend, and lots of fine friends? And vet vou can ask if I love vou!" I was in an unpaid job—a job I might have filled uncomplair ngly enough if it hadn't been for the memories I held. Once more the shadow of my first husband rose between us only this time it was only I who saw him.

No woman likes to be taken for granted. I exploded one day. What I said I don't remember, but it failed in its object. My husband just said, soothingly.

"Bit nervous, dear? How'd you get that way? Don't you know that we are all whirling around on Life's merry-go-round? What's the difference whether your steed is a pig or an ostrich, just so it won't break down? We're all riding around the same

way to the same tune."

This, I felt with a shudder, was his philosophy. I went to my room to dress, and before I had finished he came in and began casually to wash his teeth!

There may be some loves that can stand such a spectacle. Mine couldn't. Next day found me at a surgeon-lawyer's office, making arrangements for the knot to be severed.

I give it as my firm conviction that there's nothing in marriage without love, and tolerance isn't love. It isn't beautiful, either. There may be some kindly feeling between a husband and wife after years of married life without love, but it is like that accorded an old dog which has been in the family for years. Even though the poor tyke is a nuisance and always in the way nobody can bring himself to destroy it.

It was love that I sought, love that I always have sought, that I seek now, in spite of all past experiences and warnings, and it was love that made me decide to marry an Englishman. You may not know it but an Englishman is the hardest creature living to make up his mind. Once it's made up it stays, to be sure, but the period of indecision is awful.

WHEN I got back to France I knew this En. lishman wanted to ask me to marry him, and knew also that he couldn't believe it himself. So I just made up his mind for him

Again I can't understand what made me marry him. An Englishman was about as far from my ideal lover as any human creature could possibly be. No Englishman is a very confiding soul, especially with his own wife, and if he ever does get chummy it is with his pipe, his Scotch-and-Soda or

one of his hobbies.

My last husband alleges now that I rushed him through the marriage ceremony while

his back was turned, only telling him when

he had to say "Yes.

He was a jovial Insular and a well-known He passed most of his time yachtsman. at Cowes, Ostend, Trouville and the Medi-terranean ports where the fashionable world congregates, and it meant eating and good cheer whenever we appeared at one of these

Our wedding-breakfast was without any to-do, for an Englishman never makes a fuss about anything, much less about marrying an American. I suppose down in his heart he thought it was jolly good of him, don't you know, to take me on. But what-ever he thought he at least did not look with accusing eyes across the table or ask

me questions about my past. He suited me very well at first. He was unromantic, knew nothing whatever about love although he had played at it all his life, but he was solid and reliable and a good fellow. I nearly fell in love with him before the end came. I think this happened because I was perpetually trying to make him woo me. Just as my first husband had taught me to love, so I tried to teach him, but it wasn't much use. He was an Englishman with nothing of the Latin in him. As for his imagination it simply was not.

Soon however we both needed all the imagination we could muster, for along came the great war and wiped out our en-tire fortune. We had to play house in dead earnest, and I found out that no one can be cook and bottle-washer, nurse and wife unless she has imagination plus re-

sourcefulness.

The downward path is a steep one and soon we found ourselves at the bottom of it without even a house wherein to makebelieve. The drab surroundings of poverty

had their usual effect on love.

In the squalid, open-all-night room in Soho, London, where we had to pass the night, in a room with half the paper hanging from the ceiling and the greasy walls bearing proof of many a drunken brawl which the dilapidated furniture confirmed, my husband still retained his characteristic stolidity. He said in so many words that, although we were poor, it ought to make no difference our sentiments towards each other. He could not see why anything in our intimate lives should be altered by the fact that we were forced to spend the night in a twoand-sixpenny bedroom. And he was mar-tyred when I shrank from his caresses! How explain what I felt then? How put down on paper what I went through? "Well," he mumbled, "I never would be-

"Well," he mumbled, "I never would be-lieve it before, but now I'm convinced the fellow was right who said that when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the

window.

"I guess all the real love we have felt could fly out of the keyhole!" I answered, and shivering more from the coldness of the words than the coldness of the room I pulled up the grimy quilt under which had no doubt been lived a hundred other

such tragedies as our own.

A pea-soup fog was pressing against the windows and as I lay looking into the darkness I thought of all the hundreds of wives in the monotonous rows of jerry-built houses which form the dwellings of the industrial workers of London. How did they struggle through it, I wondered. Was it a British trait to withstand misery? I knew I could not. Poverty, I felt, was so useless. was such a stupid thing to be poor.

Just then a wheezy-street organ, played an Italian perhaps, struck up just under our window and the old-time tune it played was "Love Makes the World Go 'Round."

The incongruous surroundings were in keeping with the jangling noise, but the words the wretched music recalled fell upon my heart with such irony that I thought I should be stifled by them. They made me feel in all its tenseness the reality of the life in which I was losing my imagination and

To lose my imagination meant losing my all and, terrified at the idea, I sat bolt upright and, shaking my husband by the

shoulder I cried to him:

"Wake up! Do you know that we're not living together—but dying together?" "Shush!" he answered, sleepily. "Turn over and go to sleep."

FORGETFULNESS of the present came r with sleep for him but even that respite was denied me. Big Ben, the great clock on the British House of Parliament, tolled the quarter and half-hours as I lay there thinking, thinking

I couldn't stand it at last. My thoughts beat in on me just as the thick fog was beating in on the window, oppressing, stifling me. I felt that I would go mad if I

stayed there.

Finally I slipped from the bed and dressing quietly I gathered together a few belongings and stole out of the room and out of my husband's life.

Out in the oily mud of London, where the street-lamps were making a desperate effort to pierce the all-pervading gloom, I realized at last that it was impossible to obtain perfect happiness twice in one lifetime, and I resolved to abandon the search. Roving in quest of someone to equal my first love I had only found counterfeits. I had made not only myself, but others, unhappy.

Had I had the sense to have treated my exquisite love like a beautiful medallion, encircled in a rich frame of memories, and stored it away in my heart, I should have saved myself and these good men boundless

As a retired sea-captain will always settle in a small house near to the sea and a mountaineer will return to his mountains, so I knew that I should have gone back to, and abided with, the love of my life.

The mistake I had made was not simply in thinking I could duplicate my early love, but in my method of setting about it. Persistently I had sought in others what I felt in myself; equally persistently I had ex-pected others to appreciate the things which appealed to me.

One man will find happiness at the helm of a smart yacht in a fresh breeze; another on a golf course, another in his office sur-rounded by telephones and ticker tape. So it is with love. One man's meat is another

man's poison.

Some days I am inclined to think that the material man who thinks more about a steak, cigars and poker than any love whatsoever is better off; for as the French say, "everything tires, everything breaks, every-thing ends." Even love!

Hence those wives who feel their helpmates are unsympathetic, unimaginative and too occupied with their immediate comforts should be glad instead of sorry, for in the very stolidity of their husbands lies the anchor which will keep them from the rocks

of discontent.

ARE you laboring under the popular delusion that this is a man's world? Did you ever wish you were a boy so you didn't have to wash the dishes or mind the baby? Have you grown up wishing you were a man? Lady Drummond Hay is glad she is a woman and she'll tell you why in May SMART SET.

# Do you know 20 men? If you dowrite me

Men like you are making big money. You can do it, too. Show Harrison Clothing Styles (direct from Fifth Avenue) and take orders easily. Big repeat business follows. \$40 values at \$24.75 and \$29.75 because we sell direct to the wearer. No middleman. One profit-\$4, \$5, \$6-and that's yours. In advance.

Send me your name and a few facts about yourself. I'll send you our elegant Spring Style Outfit with dozens of virgin-wool samples. You show ten, twenty or more men. The, more you show the more money you Write for the Sales Outfit make.

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### **KeepMusterole** on the bath-room shelf

Years ago the old-fashioned mustard plaster was the favorite remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, colds on the chest and sore throat.

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Musterole has taken the place of the mustard plaster.

Rub on this soothing ointment at the first cough or sniffle, at rheumatism's

first warning tingle. Made from pure oil of mustard, with the blister and sting taken out, Musterole penetrates the skin and goes to the seat of trouble.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio my hair was straight as you may see in the picture at the left. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hair dresser before keeping my other posting appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved. I have proved to my own satisfaction that Maison Marcellers will save time, money and the bother of waiting to have one's hair marcelled.

(Signed) Miss Evelyn Anderson.





KAUFMANN & FABRY CO.
Commercial Photographers
425 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

Maison de Beaute, Chicago. Illinois.
I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Maison Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows Maison Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

(Signed) Edward J. Cook.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1926. Emma W. Stolzenbach, Notary Public.

# Glorious Waves Like This Week In . . Week Out

No beauty shop expense-no ruinous hot iron—no bothersome appointments

### Just 30 Minutes—At Home—Whenever Convenient

If anyone told you that you could have the loveliest mareelled hair you ever saw, every day in the year, without another trip to the beauty shop, without another ruinous touch of the hot iron or other torturous methods you wouldn't believe it.

Yet, it is literally true. You can have the most beautifully groomed, gloriously waved head of hair imaginable, all the time. And you needn't step outside your home to get it.

Just 30 minutes with the Maison Just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcellers, once a week—right at home—and marcels, as per-fect and lovely as the most skilled specialist in waving can give, will be yours from now on.

### A \$1.50 Marcel Saved Every Time You Use Them

No one knows better than you how those trips to the beauty shop mount up. Your Maison Marcellers will save all this expense. Think of it! In no time at all, you have saved the price of a new frock. And the initial cost is practically nothing—just the price of a marcel or two—and you are free from waving expense forever!

#### It Waves While You Dress

We very know in service. We hat if someone does phone a dinner invitation just at the last minute—you can be ready in no time at all. What if you do return from a blowy motor ride or a wave-ruining round of golf to find that the errowd is planning to leave in thirty minutes for a dance in a nearby town? You can be ready, with hair beautifully groomed and smoothly waved. All you do is slip the Maison Marcellers on slightly dampened locks—and while you freshen up and change your frock, your hair is waving. At the end of thirty minutes you slip the Maison Marcellers off—and your hair lies in smooth, soft, loose waves about your face!

#### Restores Your Hair's Natural Beauty

Consider what happens to your hair when it is continuously waved with hot irons. As you know, each single hair is a tiny hollow tube. Every time the hot iron touches it each fragile tube is bent and twisted, first one way, then another. This constant

#### All Your Questions Answered in Advance

To anticipate the questions which come up in many women's minds we offer the following answers which are vouched for by any woman who has used Maison Marcellers.

Will the hair be entirely dry at the end of thirty minutes?

Answer: Yes. In using the Maison Marcellers, you merely dampen

Is all of the hair waved by the Maison Marcellers?

Answer: Yes. The hair is waved right down to the end.

Is all the hair marcelled at one

Answer: Yes. There are ten Mar-cellers in the set, sufficient to do the hair in one operation. Is more than one set needed in a home?

Answer: No. One set of Maison Marcellers will do very nicely for the family. How long does the hair retain its waved condition?

Answer: Not less than one week, in most cases ten days to two weeks.

How long do the Marcellers last? Answer: They last indefinitely. We've never known a set to wear out in service.

I have a permanent, can I use these Marcellers?

Marcellers? Yes you can use them.
Regardless of how fuzzy the permanent is it can be shaped into a perfect marcel by these Marcellers.

bending back and forth soon breaks the hair off, and leaves you with a head of uneven-length, brittle hair.

length, brittle hair.

You won't believe how quickly your hair will regain all the soft, silky lustre that Nature has bestowed on it, once you are free from the tyranny of hot irons, the hot blast of waterwave "setting". A few months' use of the Maison Marcellers and your hair will recover its beauty. And after that, you will never go back again to hair-ruining irons.

hair-ruining irons.

Maybe you have let your hair go completely, worried along with straight, straggly, unkempt locks, because your hair could not longer stand the ruinous waving methods. This is your chance to have again all the softening, becoming beauty of naturally waved locks.

### For Any Kind of Hair-For Any Arrangement

For Any Arrangement
The photographs reproduced above tell more plainly than words just what a wonderful wave the Maison Marcellers achieve. The prominent photographer who took these pictures has given an affidavit testifying to the facts. The model herself was so delighted with the results of the Maison Marceller wave that she also added her statement to that of the photographer.

For no matter whether your

rapher.
For no matter whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short, the Maison Marcellers will give you a wave of unbelievable beauty.

No matter how you wear it—in a shingle bob, Ina Claire, horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part—you will have a perfect marcel, perfectly suited to the style you prefer.

It is the simplest thing in the world to do. Just place the Maison Marcellers on your hair and catch the locks in place. The Maison Marcellers adapt themselves to any style—any requirement. They are amazingly comfortable on the head, too. Made of soft rubber, light and flexible, scientifically designed. If you have had a "permanent," the Maison Marcellers are just the thing you need to change its kink into a lovely, natural wave or they will replace its disappearing curl with a smooth, even marcel. Of course, if you haven't had a permanent, there is no

#### Notice to Readers

A Chicago representative of this paper and representatives of over one hundred other nation-ally known magazines and newspapers witnessed a demonstration of these feats and found them to be successful and very satisfactory.

need ever to have one, Maison Marcellers make other waving absolutely unnecessary. Before putting this Marcelling Outfit on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are part of some of the letters we received. Miss M. S., Chicago: I recently had a permanent wave put in my hair and since then have had lots of trouble making my hair look right. But with your Maison Marcellers I no longer have to bother with water combs and now my hair is always beautifully marcelled.

Mrs. A. K., Memphis: I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your Maison Marcellers came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

Buy Now While the Special Price Prevails

Just to establish this revolutionary new invention—just

Buy Now While the Special Price Prevails

Just to establish this revolutionary new invention—just
to put it into the hands of the women whose words of
praise will sweep the Maison Marcellers throughout the
country, we are making this special offer. To safeguard
purchasers who order immediately we guarantee to honor
orders received from this advertisement at the price
shown in the coupon. You get a complete set of Maison
Marcellers, including a new and authentic marcel fashlon
chart, for only \$2.98, pius a few cents' postage—a price that
scarcely covers the cost of making, packing and advertising.

scarcely overs the cost of making, packing and advertising.

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny.

Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days when the
postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$2.98 with him
(plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your
first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever
made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are
ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better
and better results and you'll never have to spend your good
time and money for marcels again. After you have tried
this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 5 days, if you are
not delighted with results—If it doesn't give you the most
beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in
every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money
will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it
off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special
introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

#### Maison de Beaute 124 W. Illinois St. Chicago, Illinois

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Maison de Beaute 134 W. Illinois St., Dept. 91, Chicago, Illinois.

	you are to refund the purchase price without argument or detay.	
Ì	Name	
	Address	

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, eacloss an in with your order and the Marcelling Outst will be sent postpaid.





Rings of Contentment

